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Cover: London in crisis. See page 30. Photographs by Charles Milligan. Montage by Trevor Sutton.

London in crisis: a special report by Des Wilson

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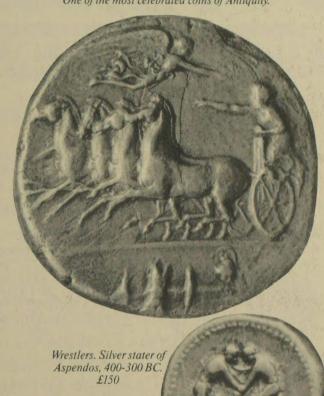
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ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS

THEATRE *

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. The Belt & Braces Company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by an Italian dramatist, Dario Fo. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.

Amadeus. Paul Scofield, as Mozart's enemy, Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer, gives the performance of the year. Peter Hall directs. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1. Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. Victoria Palace, SWI.

As You Like It. Susan Fleetwood's radiant Rosalind is at the heart of an imaginative revival by Terry Hands. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.

Baal. Last year's production of Bertolt Brecht's play by David Jones, transferred from The Other Place. With Ben Kingsley. Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2. Until Sept 25.

The Beggar's Opera by John Gay, directed by Toby Robertson. With Margaret Courtenay, Fiona Fullerton, Rosemary Leach & Brian Protheroe. Lyric, King St, W6. Until Sept 27.

Born in the Gardens. Peter Nichols's play about a curiously composed family may have a wider meaning. In the theatre it drifts along with one particularly apt performance by Barry Foster. Globe,

The Browning Version. Terence Rattigan's story of a tragic schoolmaster is probably the best short play since the war; it is now strongly revived, with Alec McCowen and-as the dreadful wife-Geraldine McEwan. Followed by the romp of Harlequinade. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South

Chicago. This American musical as directed by Peter James for the Crucible Theatre, Sheffield, is a grand example of well ordered professionalism. Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2. Until Sept 20.

Cloud Nine. Revival of Caryl Churchill's play about sexual attitudes. Directed by Max Stafford Clark & Les Waters. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1. Sept 4-20.

Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller. Directed by Michael Rudman, with Warren Mitchell. Lyttelton. Until Sept 10.

Deathtrap. A tightly-filled box of tricks by the American dramatist, Ira Levin, with William Franklyn as an author who can use a cross-bow. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.

Dr Faustus. Marlowe's tragedy, played by a cast of eight, grows with the night though it is self-conscious at times. *Fortune, Russell St, WC2*.

The Dresser. This affecting and amusing double portrait of an aging Shakespearian actor and his loyal dresser has settled into an applauded success. Tom Courtenay, the dresser, has never given a better performance. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave,

Educating Rita. Willy Russell's play transferred from The Warehouse, directed by Mike Ockrent. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1

The Elephant Man. Bernard Pomerance's play, an affecting & ironical study of two men, physician & patient, is the tale of the grotesquely deformed "freak" whom Frederick Treves saved from a side-show in the 1880s, & who spent his last years in the London Hospital. Redoubtably acted by David Schofield & Peter McEnery. Lyttelton.

An Evening with Tommy Steele. A likeable, undemanding entertainment, devoted principally to a versatile comedian at his friendliest. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.

The Fool by Edward Bond. Directed by Howard Davies, with James Hazeldine as the poet John Clare. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon,

Galileo. Brecht's play translated by Howard Brenton tells how Galileo's revolutionary theories undermined the authorities, who forced him to recant. Directed by John Dexter, with Michael Gambon as Galileo. Olivier.

Hamlet. A lucid, forthright production by John Barton, with Michael Pennington's comparable performance of the Prince. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

The Hothouse, written & directed by Harold Pinter, with Derek Newark & Angela Pleasence. Ambassador's, West St. WC2.

The King & I. The only "puzzlement" is why the celebrated Rodgers-&-Hammerstein musical has not returned earlier to the London stage. Now with Yul Brynner & Virginia McKenna. Palladium, Argyll St, W1. Until Sept 27.

Line 'Em. Christopher Morahan directs Nigel Williams's play about London working men on a picket line. With Phil Daniels. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1. Until Sept 13.

Macbeth. Sound & forthright Elizabethan-stage revival; no tricks. St George's, Tufnell Pk, N7.

The Maid's Tragedy. Jacobean revenge tragedy by Beaumont & Fletcher. Directed by Barry Kyle, with Sinead Cusack & Raymond Westwell. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Make & Break. A mild comedy, by Michael Frayn, about businessmen at a Frankfurt trade fair. Leonard Rossiter gives an idiosyncratic performance. Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.

Marcel Marceau, the French mime. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1. Until Sept 13.

Middle-Age Spread. Extremely efficient modern comedy by Roger Hall, with Rodney Bewes & Francis Matthews. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1. Until Aug 30. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1. From

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long-runner, now in its 28th year, kept alive with cast changes. St Martin's, West St, WC2.

Much Ado About Nothing. A disappointingly dull revival, partially redeemed by its Beatrice, Gemma Jones. Chichester Festival Theatre, W Sussex. Until Sept 19.

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development, is back again, & to stay: Liz Robertson as the transformed flower-girl & Tony Britton as her professor are triumphantly in command. Adelphi, Strand, WC2.

Night & Day. Tom Stoppard's play about journalism, set in Africa, with Jack Hedley & Maureen Lipman. Directed by Edward de Souza. Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10. Until Sept 6.

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longestrunning comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,000 performances & shows no sign of flagging. Strand, Aldwych, WC2.

Not Now Darling. This revived farce, by Ray Cooney & John Chapman, is hardly a plausible guide to normal life in a West End furrier's, but as a rule Leslie Phillips is helpfully visible in the swirl of events. Savoy, Strand, WC2.

Old Heads & Young Hearts by Dion Boucicault, adapted by Peter Sallis. Directed by Michael Simpson, with Judy Parfitt, Christopher Strauli, Lewis Fiander, Frank Windsor & Peter Sallis. Chichester Festival Theatre. Until Sept 20.

Oliver! An invigorating revival of Lionel Bart's musical. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.

Othello. Though certain matters in the production (Ronald Eyre's) & playing are contentious, Donald Sinden can reaffirm his quality as a classical actor. Transferred from the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2. Until Sept 25.

Othello. Paul Scofield's magnificent performance dominates the revival by Peter Hall. Olivier.

Pal Joey. Musical directed by Robert Walker, with Denis Lawson & Siân Phillips. New Half Moon, 213 Mile End Rd, E1. Until Oct 18.

Private Lives. The "two violent acids bubbling together" in Noël Coward's comedy are amus ingly expressed by Maria Aitken & Michael Jayston. Duchess, Catherine St., WC2.

Romeo & Juliet. A strenuous production, with little of the lyric quality, is memorable only for Brenda Bruce's Nurse, the woman herself, unexaggerated. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Sacred Cow. One-man show of songs & sketches by Australian Reg Livermore. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd. WC2

Sisterly Feelings. In this comedy, with a plot that can be varied according to the toss of a cointhere are four possibilities-Alan Ayckbourn continues to be an extraordinary craftsman. It should not be forgotten that he is also an acute observer of his chosen social scene. The National company, led by Anna Carteret and Penelope Wilton, does him honour. Olivier.

Stage Struck. Simon Gray's venture into the farcical-tragical is an unexpectedly inferior play; the label, no doubt, is a "thriller". Ian Ogilvy & James Cossins are the principals. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.

The Suicide by Nicholai Erdman. Last year's production from The Other Place, directed by Ron Daniels: Warehouse. Until Sept 27.

Sweeney Todd. In spite of Stephen Sondheim's music, the expertise of two principals, Denis QuilThe most luxurious pure wool cloth in the world.



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SAVILE ROW

LONDON WI



ley & Sheila Hancock, & an elaborate production by Harold Prince, this narrative of the "demon barber of Fleet Street" is oddly repetitive & unprofitable. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2

Tomfoolery. A group of Tom Lehrer's blisteringly amusing songs in a rich performance, revue fashion, by Tricia George, Robin Ray, Martin Connor and Jonathan Adams; directed by Gillian Lynne, Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.

Twelfth Night. Cherie Lunghi's Viola & John Woodvine's Malvolio are happiest in last year's self-indulgent revival by Terry Hands transferred from Stratford. The play opens during a hard winter in Illyria. Aldwych. Until Sept 27.

Writer's Cramp by John Byrne, directed by Robin Lefevre. With Bill Paterson, John Bett & Alex Norton. Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3. Until Sept 20.

The Merchant of Venice. Directed by George Murcell, with Brian Oulton as Shylock & Jenny Oulton as Portia. St George's, Tufnell Pk, N7.

Taking Steps. New comedy by Alan Ayckbourn, directed by Michael Rudman. With Dinsdale Landen & Nicola Pagett. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave,

Boy's Own Story, by Peter Flannery. Peter Sykes plays a goalkeeper, telling the audience about football whilst defending the goal during a match. Lyric Studio, King St, W6. Sept 2-6.

Macbeth, directed by Bryan Forbes. With Peter O'Toole, Frances Tomelty & Brian Blessed. Old

Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1. Sept 3.
Wielopole, Wielopole. New production by Tadeusz Kantor & his Polish Company, Cricot 2 direct from the Edinburgh Festival. Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6. Sept 3-14.

Funny Peculiar. Comedy by Mike Stott. Churchill, Bromley, Kent. Sept 3-20.

The Provocative Oscar Wilde. Brian D. Barnes plays the main characters from the life & works of Oscar Wilde in this one-man show. Purcell Room, South Bank SE1. Sept 6-9.

Lancelot & Guinevere. Dramatization by Gordon Honeycombe of Malory's "Morte Darthur". Directed by Martin Jenkins, with Timothy West, Bryan Marshall & Maureen O'Brien. Old Vic.

Timon of Athens. Directed by Ron Daniels, with Richard Pasco in the title role. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks. Sept 10.

Submariners. Comedy by Tom McClenaghan, set on a nuclear submarine, & one boy's attempts to get out of the Navy. Directed by Antonia Bird. Royal Court Theatre Upstairs, Sloane Sq, SW1. Sept 11-Oct 4.

Loot. Comedy by Joe Orton, directed by Kenneth Williams. Lyric Studio. Sept 15-Oct 4.

Watch on the Rhine by Lillian Hellman. Directed

by Mike Ockrent, with Peggy Ashcroft. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1. Sept 16.

Handle with Care. The Moving Picture Mime Show direct from the Edinburgh Festival. Riverside Studios. Sept 16-21. Oklahoma! Revival of Rodgers & Hammerstein's

musical, directed by James Hammerstein. With John Diedrich, Alfred Molina & Rosamund Shelley. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1. Sept 17.

Duet for One. Frances de la Tour plays a crippled woman in this comedy transferred from the Bush Theatre. Directed by Roger Smith. Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2. Sept 23.

The Passion. Newly extended version of Bill

Bryden's production, with Tony Harrison. Part 1: the Creation to the Nativity; Part 2: the Nativity to the Judgment. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1. Part 1, Sept 23; Part 2, Sept 24. Colette. Musical based on the life of the French writer, played by Cleo Laine, directed by Wendy Toye. Story & music by John Dankworth. Comedy Theatre, Panton St, SW1. Sept 24.

Flare Path. Terence Rattigan's play about bomber pilots & their wives during the Second World War. Churchill, Bromley. Sept 24-Oct 11.

The Merchant of Venice, directed by Michael Meacham. With Timothy West as Shylock &

Maureen O'Brien as Portia. Old Vic. Sept 24

The Winter's Tale. New production with Moira Redmond, Alex Scott & Eric Lander. St George's. Sept 30.



The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release All Quiet on the Western Front, New film version of Erich Maria Remarque's anti-war novel, directed by Delbert Mann. With Richard Thomas. Ernest Borgnine, Donald Pleasence, Ian Holm &

All That Jazz. Ritzy, splashy, semi-autobiographical film by Bob Fosse about a hard-driving American stage & film director. It's like a stick of rock that says "Showbiz" all the way through.

Angi Vera. A superb Hungarian account of the clash between passion and the Party line. Set in 1948, it is atmospherically directed by Pal Gabor and beautifully acted by Veronika Papp.

Bad Timing. A complex, allusive account of an obsessive love affair set in modern Vienna. Nicolas Roeg directs & the result has the fascination of an animated mosa

Being There. Or how an illiterate gardener became a Washington pundit. The late Peter Sellers in fine form but the fable looks stretched & implausible when set against a realistic background.

The Black Stallion. A truly awe-inspiring film about a boy who trains & rides a headstrong Arab stallion. Carroll Ballard, the director, has created a durable masterwork.

Breaking Glass. The pressures of the music industry on a rising girl pop singer. Directed by Brian Gibson, with Phil Daniels, Hazel O'Connor, Jon Finch & Jonathan Pryce.

Bronco Billy. A simple-minded film about a tat circus that attracts a motley crew of fantasists. Clint Eastwood as the headman plays against the grain of his own naturally heroic presence

Brubaker. Robert Redford plays a warder called in to investigate scandals & corruption on an American prison farm. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg, with Yaphet Kotto & Jane Alexander. Caddyshack. Comedy set in an American country club. Directed by Harold Ramis, with Chevy Chase, Bill Murray & Sarah Holcombe.

Can't Stop the Music. Musical set in New York & Los Angeles about the rise to fame of a group, The Village People. Directed by Nancy Walker, with Valerie Perrine & Bruce Jenner.

Chapter Two. Love story about a widowed novelist & a divorced actress, directed by Robert Moore. With James Caan, Marsha Mason & Valerie Harper.

Courage, Fuyons! A whimsical French comedy about the amorous escapades of a natural coward (Jean Rochefort) who falls in with a blonde chanteuse (Catherine Deneuve). Jolly nonsense.

The Day Time Ended. John Cardos directs this film about a family moving to a deserted house who become locked in a time-warp & attacked by beings from outer space.

Don Giovanni. Joseph Losey directs this film of Mozart's opera with Ruggiero Raimondi in the title role, Edda Moser, Kiri te Kanawa & Teresa Berganza. Maazel conducts the Paris Opera

The Empire Strikes Back. The inevitable sequel to "Star Wars": a technological bore.

Fame. Musical following the progress of eight students at a Manhattan school of performing arts. Directed by Alan Parker, with Irene Cara.

Fingers. Violent story of a young man who wants to become a pianist like his mother, but is dragged into the world of gangsters by his father. Written & directed by James Toback, with Harvey Keitel, Tisa Farrow, Jim Brown & Michael V. Gazzo.

Foxes. The story of four teenage girls growing up in Los Angeles. Directed by Adrian Lyne, with Jodie Foster, Scott Baio, Sally Kellerman & Randy Quaid.

Friday the 13th. Repulsive American Gothic about death striking at a New Jersey summer camp. Hugely popular and somewhat sick.

Harlequin. A faith-healer is called in by an Australian government official to cure his son. Directed by Simon Wincer, with Robert Powell, David Hemmings, Carmen Duncan & Broderick Crawford.

Hurricane. Remake of the 1937 drama set in the South Pacific, Directed by Jan Troell, with Jason Robards & Mia Farrow.

Inferno. Horror film set in New York & Rome. Directed by Dario Argento, with Alida Valli & Leigh McCloskey

Jaguar Lives. Thriller about a special agent pursuing a gang of assassins. Directed by Ernest Pintoff, with Joe Lewis, Christopher Lee, Donald Pleasence & Barbara Bach

Jane Austen in Manhattan. James Ivory directs this story of two rival New York theatrical groups' attempts to produce a newly discovered play by Jane Austen. With Anne Baxter & Robert Powell. King of the Gypsies. Relationships among three generations of a violent gypsy family. Directed by Frank Pierson, with Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon & Judd Hirsch.

Knife in the Head. An interesting German film



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about the exploitation, by right & left wings, of an incapacitated scientist. Bruno Ganz, a rising German star, gives a memorable performance as the stricken patient.

Kramer vs Kramer. Heart-wrenching but in the end life-affirming study of what happens when parents split & father is left bringing up the child. Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep & Justin Henry are superb.

The Last Flight of Noah's Ark. Disney film directed by Charles Jarrott with Elliott Gould as a bankrupt pilot flying a missionary, animals & two stowaway children to a South Pacific island.

Little Darlings, Which of two 15-year-olds will lose her virginity first at summer camp? Who cares?

Little Miss Marker. Walter Matthau plays a New York bookie left with a man's daughter against a bad debt. Directed by Walter Bernstein, with Julie Andrews, Tony Curtis & Sarah Stimson.

Long Weekend. First film by Colin Eggleston about nature striking back at a materialist city couple. Highly promising with horror suggested rather than stated.

Lover Boy. A boy of 15 falls in love with a call-girl. Directed by Bernard Queysanne, with Mimsy Farmer & Pascal Sellier.

McVicar. Based on the events surrounding John McVicar & his escape from Durham prison. Directed by Tom Clegg, with Roger Daltrey, Adam Faith & Cheryl Campbell.

Mirror. Andrei Tarkovsky's poetic, allusive account of growing up in Russia. The images are very eloquent; but piecing them together is often like doing a very difficult jigsaw.

Mon Oncle d'Amérique. Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia & Roger-Pierre in an examination of how crises bring about changes in human relationships. Directed by Alain Resnais.

Nijinsky. Based on the life of the Russian ballet dancer, starring George de la Peña as Nijinsky, with Alan Bates, Leslie Browne & Anton Dolin, Directed by Herbert Ross.

The Sea Wolves. Second World War adventure story, based on fact, about a band of ageing civilians carrying out a commando raid in the Indian Ocean. Directed by Andrew V. McLaglen, with Gregory Peck, Roger Moore, David Niven & Trevor Howard.

The Secret Policeman's Ball. Roger Graef's documentary is an edited version of the theatrical revue, performed by satirists John Cleese, Peter Cook, Billy Connolly, Rowan Atkinson, Eleanor Bron, Michael Palin, Terry Jones & others.

SOS Titanic. Film based on the events of the ship's disastrous maiden voyage. Directed by Billy Hale, with David Janssen, Cloris Leachman, Susan St. James, David Warner, Ian Holm & Helen Mirren. Sweet William. A contemporary romance written by Beryl Bainbridge, directed by Claude What ham. With Jenny Agutter & Sam Waterston.

10. Unfunny comedy about the male menopause in which Dudley Moore lumbers through some protracted sequences with Julie Andrews sunplying love interest & Bo Derek sexual diversion.

The Tin Drum. Masterly translation to the screen by Volker Schlondorff of Gunter Grass's famous novel about a dwarfish boy's vision of Nazi Germany. David Bennent is utterly astonishing as the all-seeing hero.

Tom Horn. Not many Westerns about these days but this elegiac one, directed by William Wiard, is both handsome & moving & stars Steve Mc-Queen as an old hero facing a new era.

The Wanderers. Comedy about gang warfare set in 1963 New York. Directed by Philip Kaufman, with Ken Wahl, John Friedrich, Karen Allen & Toni Kalen.

The Wishing Tree. Tengis Abuladze directs this film about life in a Georgian village at the turn of the century

★ BALLET

CARACALLA DANCE. Sadler's Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1:

Talqat an Nour, the story of the Arab revolution of the early 1900s. Sept 16-27.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET, Festival Hall, South Bank SE1:

Stevenson's Three Preludes/new work by Barry Moreland, music Maxwell Davies/Graduation

Ball/première of Pink's 1914, music Kabalevsky. Aug 29-30.

La Sylphide. Sept 1-4.

NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1: Première of Geoffrey Cauley's Miss Carter Wore

Pink, music Joseph Horovitz, designs Philip Prowse; Madame Butterfly, choreography Jonathan Thorpe, music Puccini, designs Michael Holt. Sept 29-Oct 2.

Edinburgh Festival

SCOTTISH BALLET, King's Theatre, Leven St.

Première of Cheri, choreography Darrell, scenario Colette de Jouvenel & Darrell, music David Earl, design Philip Prowse; with Galina Samsova & Patrick Bissell; Vespri, Napoli Act III. Sept 2-4. Tales of Hoffman, Sept 5-6.

★ OPERA ★

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden, WC2:

The Ring, conductor C. Davis, with Donald McIntyre/Norman Bailey as Wotan, Yvonne Minton as Fricka, Uta-Maria Flake as Freia, John Treleaven as Froh, Barry Mora as Donner, Robert Tear as Loge, John Dobson/Paul Crook as Mime, Rolf Kühne as Alberich, Matti Salminen as Fafner, Elizabeth Bainbridge/Patricia Payne as Erda, Berit Lindholm/Gwyneth Jones as Brünnhilde, Jeannine Atlmeyer as Sieglinde, Peter Hofmann as Siegmund, Fritz Hubner as Hunding & Hagen, Alberto Remedios as Siegfried, Linda Esther Grey as Gutrune, Hanna Schwarz as Waltraute.

Das Rheingold, Sept 11, 29; Die Walküre, Sept 12, 30; Siegfried, Sept 19, Oct 2; Götter-dämmerung, Sept 27, Oct 4.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

The Damnation of Faust, conductor Barlow, with John Treleaven as Faust, Richard Van Allan as Mephistopheles, Felicity Palmer as Marguerite.

The Coronation of Poppea, conductor Montgomery, with Eilene Hannan as Poppea, Geoffrey Pogson as Nero, Christian du Plessis as Ottone, Della Jones as Ottavia, Richard Angas as Seneca, Anne Collins as Arnalta, Sept 3, 6, 9, 12, 17

Count Ory, conductor N. Davies, with John Brecknock as Count Ory, Valerie Masterson as Adele, Cynthia Buchan as Isolier, Harold Blackburn as the Tutor, Niall Murray as Raimbaud. Sept 4, 11, 18, 20, 23, 26.

Fidelio, conductor Mackerras (Friend Sept 13), with Josephine Barstow as Leonore, Kenneth Woollam as Florestan, Dennis Wicks as Rocco, Sally Burgess as Marzelline, Geoffrey Pogson as Jaquino, Malcolm Donnelly as Pizarro. Sept 10,

SCOTTISH OPERA, Theatre Royal, Glasgow: Wozzeck, new production by David Alden, designed by David Fielding, conducted by Alexander Gibson, with Benjamin Luxon as Wozzeck, Arley Reece as the Drum Major, Francis Egerton as the Captain, Roderick Kennedy as the Doctor, Alexander Oliver as the Fool, Elise Ross as Marie. Sept 17, 20, 26, 30, Oct 2,

L'Elisir d'Amore, Rigoletto, The Cunning Little Vixen.

His Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen, Sept 2-6.

L'Elisir d'Amore, Wozzeck.

Theatre Royal, Norwich. Sept 9-13.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA, New Theatre, Cardiff: The Servants, world première of new opera by

William Mathias, libretto by Iris Murdoch, conducted by Anthony Hose, produced by Adrian Slack, designed by Patrick Robertson & Rose-

Tosca, new production by John Copley, designed by John Pascoe & Michael Stennett, conducted by Guido Ajmone-Marsan, with Helena Döse as Tosca, Kenneth Collins as Cavaradossi, Anthony Baldwin as Scarpia.

Also Rigoletto & Eugene Onegin, Sept 2-20.

Eugene Onegin, Tosca, The Servants. Empire Theatre, Liverpool. Sept 30-Oct 4.

★ MUSIC ★

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7: 86th Season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. Until Sept 13.

New Symphony Orchestra, conductor Tausky. Viennese evening. Sept 21, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, conductor Tausky; Valerie Tryon, piano. Tchaikovsky evening. Sept

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor del Mar; Moura Lympany, piano. Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 3; Schubert, Symphony No 9.

KENWOOD HOUSE, Hampstead Lane, NW3: Music in the Orangery:

Lindsay String Quartet; Peter Cropper, Ronald

Birks, violins; Roger Bigley, viola; Bernard Gregor-Smith, cello. Beethoven, String Quartets Op 18 No 6, Op 59 No 1; Tippett, String Quartet No 1. Sept 7, 7,30pm.

Cohen Trio; Raymond Cohen, violin; Robert Cohen, cello; Anthya Rael, piano. Beethoven, Variations on Ich bin der Schneider Kakadu, Trio in B flat (Archduke); Shostakovich, Trio No 2. Sept 14, 7,30pm.

Paul Crossley, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in D (Pastoral), Sonata in C (Waldstein), Sonatina in G Op 79, Sonata in E flat (Les Adieux); Tippett, Sonata No 2. Sept 21, 7.30pm.

Melissa Phelps, cello; John York, piano. Beethoven, Variations on Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen, Sonata in A Op 69; Shostakovich, Sonata Op 40, Prelude. Sept 28, Tickets from GLC, Room 89, County Hall, SE1,

LONDON COLISEUM, St Martin's Lane, WC2: James Holmes, Tom Wade, pianos; Moira Clark, soprano; Janet Mays, mezzo-soprano; Henry Howell, tenor; Joyce Nixon, violin. Poulenc, Sonata for piano duet; Berkeley, Waltz for piano duet; Fauré, Hahn, Massenet, Weckerlin, French solos & duets; Vaughan Williams, Along the Field: eight Housman songs for voice & violin. Sept 16, 1pm.

ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1:

Edmond Carlier, cello. Pousseur, Echos de votre Faust I; Bach, Suite No 6 BWV 1012; Kodaly, Sonata for solo cello. Sept 15, 7.30pm.

The Companie of Dansers, director Madeleine Inglehearn; Margaret Philpot, contralto. Il Ballerino, 15th- & 16th-century Italian dance. Sept 19.7.30pm.

London Mozart Players, conductor Bedford; Angela Byre, piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto No 21 K467; Schubert, Symphony No 5 D485. Sept 25, 7.30pm.

The Regent Sinfonia, conductor Vass; Ralph Holmes, violin. Mozart, Divertimento in D K136: R. Strauss, Sextet from Capriccio; Vivaldi, The Four Seasons. Sept 28, 7.30pm.

SOUTH BANK, SEI: (FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall,

PR=Purcell Room)

The Elizabethans, director Graham. Elizabethan dances & madrigals. Sept 14, 7.15pm. EH.

English Chamber Soloists, conductor Josefowitz; Dennis Milne, double bass; Christian Favre, piano. Elgar, Serenade in E minor; Mozart, Symphony No 33, Piano Concerto in E flat K271; Capuzzi, Double Bass Concerto. Sept 15, 7.45pm, EH.

Nicholas Walker, piano. Mendelssohn, Haydn, Beethoven, Chopin, Scriabin, Messiaen, Liszt. Sept 15, 7.30pm. PR.

City of London Sinfonia, London Symphony Chorus, conductor Hickox; Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Robert Tear, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone. Mozart, Symphony No 35 (Haffner), Exsultate. jubilate, Requiem. Sept 16, 8pm. FH.

London Baroque Soloists, conductor Durston; Diana Cummings, violin; Eileen Engelbrecht, viola; Keith Marjoram, double bass. Sammartini, Sinfonia in G; Dittersdorf, Double Bass Concerto; Telemann, Viola Concerto in G; Vivaldi, The Four Seasons. Sept 16, 7.45pm. EH.

London Mozart Players, conductor Elder; Iona Brown, violin. C. P. E. Bach, Symphony No 3; Beethoven, Violin Concerto; Mozart, Masonic Funeral Music, Symphony No 38 (Prague). Sept 17, 8pm. FH.

New York Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Mehta. Stravinsky, Symphony in Three Movements; Mahler, Symphony No 1. Sept 18, 8pm.

John Vallier, piano. Chopin. Sept 18, 7.45pm. EH. Courtney Kelly, piano. Songs by Coward, Flanders & Swann, Lehrer, Dring, Porter, Gershwin, Rodgers & Hart, French. Sept 18, 7.30pm. PR.

New Mozart Orchestra, conductor Fairbairn; Thea King, clarinet; Neil Smith, guitar. Mozart, Cassation No 2 in B flat K99, Symphony No 36 (Linz); Weber, Concertino for clarinet & orchestra; Rodrigo, Concierto de Aranjuez. Sept 19, 7,45pm. EH.

Eve Crosland, piano. Bach, Bartók, Beethoven, Debussy, Dohnányi. Sept 19, 7.30pm. PR.

Ravi Shankar, sitar; Alla Rakha, tabla & tanpura accompaniment. Indian classical music. Sept 20,

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Weller; Ken Noda, piano; Elly Ameling, soprano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 3; Mahler, Symphony No 4. Sept 21, 7.30pm. FH.

Andras Schiff, piano. Schubert, Sonata in B D575; Schumann, Davidsbündlertänze Op 6; Chopin, Fourteen Waltzes. Sept 21, 3pm. EH.

London Concert Orchestra, conductor Dods; Jack Brymer, clarinet. Mozart. Eine kleine Nachtmusik, Clarinet Concerto, Overture to Don Giovanni, Symphony No 40, Sept 21, 7.15pm. EH. London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Svetlanov. Bruckner, Symphony No 8. Sept 22,

Wren Orchestra, conductor Snell; André Bernard, trumpet. Haydn, Symphony No 103 (Drum Roll), Trumpet Concerto in E flat; Telemann, Trumpet Concerto in D; Mozart, Symphony No 41 (Jupiter). Sept 22, 7,45pm, EH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Solti: Maurizio Pollini, piano. Bartók, Dance Suite: Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 4; Brahms, Symphony No 4. Sept 23, 8pm. FH.

Nicholas Danby, organ. Bach Organ Festival. Sept 24, 5,55pm, FH.

Orchestre de Paris, Daniel Barenboim, conductor & piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto in B flat K595; Mahler, Symphony No 5. Sept 24, 8pm. FH.

English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Gibson; Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin. Dvorak, Czech Suite; Violin Concerto in D K218: Brahms Mozart, Serenade No 1, Sept 24, 7,45pm, EH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Muti; James Galway, flute. Mozart, Symphony No 31 (Paris), Flute Concerto in D K314; Schubert, Symphony No 9 (Great). Sept 25, 8pm. FH.

City of London Sinfonia, Richard Hickox Singers, conductor Hickox, Purcell, My Heart is Inditing: Bach, Cantata No 4: Christ Lag in Todesbanden; Handel, Dixit Dominus. Sept 27, 7.45pm. EH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Muti; Yehudi Menuhin, violin. Ligeti, Ramifications for string orchestra; Brahms, Violin Concerto; Schumann, Symphony No 3 (Rhenish). Sept 28, 7.30pm. FH. Lynn Harrell, cello; Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. Schumann, Adagio & Allegro in A flat Op 70, Fantasiestücke Op 73; Brahms, Sonata in E minor Op 38, Sonata in F Op 99. Sept 28, 3pm.

Northern Chamber Orchestra, conductor Smith: Christopher Underwood, baritone. Boyce, Symphony No 4; Pallis, Nocturne de l'Ephémère; Finzi, Let Us Garlands Bring; Handel/Beecham, The Faithful Shepherd. Sept 29, 7.45pm. EH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Weller; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano. Strauss, Tod und Verklärung; Ravel, Shéhérazade; Beethoven, Symphony No 3 (Eroica). Sept 30, 8pm. FH.

The Fires of London, conductor Carewe; Mary Thomas, soprano; Peter Maxwell Davies, piano; Eleanor Bron, voice. Maxwell Davies, Dances from the Two Fiddlers, Cabaret Songs, Hymn to St Magnus: McGuire, Euphoria, a sense of well being. Sept 30, 7.45pm. EH.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:

English Wind Ensemble, director J. del Mar. Schubert. Minuet & finale for wind octet: Gounod, Petite Symphonie; Singer, New work; Mozart, Serenade in C minor K388, Sept 1, 7.30pm.

Catherine Michel, harp; Edward Beckett, flute. Bach, Sonata in G minor BWV 1020, Partita in A minor for solo flute BWV 1013, Sonata in E flat BWV 1031; Fauré, Berceuse Op 16, Fantaisie Op 79: Damase. Sonata for flute & harp; Harp solos. Sept 2, 7,30pm.

Peter Pears, tenor; James Bowman, counter tenor; Osian Ellis, harp; Graham Johnson, piano. 80th birthday tribute to the Queen Mother. Britten, Lute song from Gloriana, A Birthday Hansel Op 92, Canticle 2: Abraham & Isaac Op 51, Songs: Matthews, Harp Suite: Purcell, Moeran, Bridge, Songs, Sept 4, 7,30pm.

Paul Crossley, piano. Grieg, Six Lyric Pieces; Beethoven, Sonata Op 53 (Waldstein); Ravel, Sonatine; Schumann, Davidsbündlertänze Op 6. Sept 5, 7.30pm.

Alexander Baillie, cello: Julian Dawson-Lvell, piano. Bach, Sonata in D; Brahms, Sonata in E minor Op 38; Britten, Solo Suite No 2; Milhaud, Elégie; Valentini, Sonata in E. Sept 14, 3.30pm.

Helena Döse, soprano; Geoffrey Parsons, piano. Schubert, Dvorak, Grieg, Stenhammar, Nielsen, Songs, Sept 14, 7,30pm.

Deller Consort, director Deller. Tomkins, Songs of 3, 4, 5 & 6 parts (1622); Robinson, Three lute solos (1603); Purcell, Part songs, catches, dialogue etc; Monteverdi, Four madrigals; Dering, The Cries of London (c. 1599); Dowland, Guédron, Bartlet, Planson, Four part ayres with lute. Sept 18, 7,30pm.

Music Group of London, Hugh Bean, violin; Eileen Croxford, cello; David Parkhouse, piano. Beethoven, Piano Trio in G Op 1 Mendelssohn, Piano Trio in C minor; Dvorak, Piano Trio in E minor (Dumky). Sept 20, 7.30pm. Katharina Wolpe, piano. Mozart, Rondo in A

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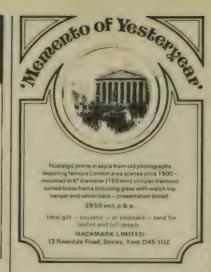
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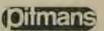
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minor K511; Schumann, Fantasia in C Op 17; Brahms, Three piano pieces Op 117, Six piano pieces Op 118, Four piano pieces Op 119. Sept 21, 3.30pm.

Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; Geoffrey Parsons, piano. Spanish & French songs. Sept 23, 7.30pm.

Nash Ensemble; Beethoven's contemporaries: Krommer, Partita Op 79 for wind octet & double bass; Hoffmann, Harp Quintet; Schubert, Octet in F D803. Sept 24, 7.30pm.

Ralph Holmes, violin; Richard Burnett, fortepiano. Hummel, Sonata in D; Beethoven, Sonata in C minor Op 30 No 2; Schubert, Sonatina in D Op 137 No 1; Schumann, Sonata in A minor Op 105. Sept 25, 7.30pm.

New London Consort, Philip Pickett, director, recorder, psaltery & doucaine; Catherine Bott, John Potter, singers; David Roblou, organ; Frances Kelly, harp; Tom Finucane, lute; William Hunt, vielle; Pavlo Beznosiuk, vielle & rebec. Italian music of the 14th & early 15th centuries. Sept 29, 7.30pm.

★ FESTIVALS ★

Minack Theatre Festival, Porthcurno, Cornwall. Until Sept 6.

Edinburgh Fringe Festival. Until Sept 6. Edinburgh International Festival. Until Sept 6. Pitlochry Festival Theatre Season, *Perthshire*. Until Oct 4.

Rye Festival, E Sussex. Aug 30-Sept 6. St Ives Festival, Cornwall. Sept 6-20.

Hexham Abbey Festival, Nr Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Sept 20-27.

North Wales Music Festival, St Asaph, Clwyd. Sept 21-27.

Windsor Festival, Berks. Sept 26-Oct 12. Benson & Hedges Festival, Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Sept 29-Oct 5.

★ EXHIBITIONS ★

Abstraction 1910-40, including works by Arp, Gabo, Kandinsky, Malevich, Mondrian, Picabia & Villon. Annely Juda Gallery, 11 Tottenham Mews, W1. Until Sept 27. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

Acquisitions 1977-80, prints & drawings. Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7. Until Nov 9, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

The Ancient Olympic Games. Scale model of the site at Olympia, statues, vessels & artefacts illustrating athletic events. *British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until Oct 26. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Artists of today & tomorrow II, Work by well known & young artists including Hitchens, Herman, Frink & Greenham. New Grafton Gallery, 42 Old Bond St, WI. Until Sept 17, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

The Benedictines in Britain. Major exhibition of Benedictine life & achievement, through MSS books dating from the Middle Ages, in celebration of the 1,500th anniversary of the birth of St Benedict. British Library, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1. Until Nov 30, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

The Blitz, Bill Brandt's wartime shelter photographs. Museum of London, London Wall, EC2. Sept 2-Nov 2, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Britain at Bay, the home front 1939-45. Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1. Until Apr 1981, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm.

British Art 1890-1950. Paintings, watercolours & drawings. Parkin Gallery, 11 Motcomb St, SW1. Until Sept 27, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. British Doll Artists' Association, dolls & figures in porcelain, wax & resins; book designs & illustrations by Gwen White on the subject of toys & dolls. Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2. Until Sept 28, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

The British in Italy: five centuries of guide books and tourism. British Library, British Museum. Until Oct 26.

British stage design, the 1979 Prague exhibit Models, photographs & costume designs which won the Golden Troika at last year's Prague Quadriennale. National Theatre Joyers, South Bank, SE1. Until Sept 13, Mon-Sat 10am-11pm. Caring for objects, eight conservation workshops including stained glass, musical instruments, clocks, books & textiles. Crafts Council Gallery, 12 Waterloo Pl, SW1. Sept 17-Nov 1, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Challenge of the Chip: how will microelectronics affect your future? Science Museum, Exhibition

Rd, SW7. Until end 1980, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Gaspard Dughet. 17th-century landscape paintings by this Roman artist & his influence on British artists such as Gainsborough, Turner & Richard Wilson. Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood House, Hampstead Lane, NW3. Until Sept 28, daily 10am-7pm. 50p.

Early Armenian Printing, 1512-1850. Display to coincide with the publication of a catalogue of antiquarian Armenian printed material. British Library, British Museum. Until Dec 31.

The English country parson. MSS illustrating the lives & varied interests of country parsons from 17th to 19th centuries. *British Library, British Museum*. Sept 1-Jan 1981.

English medieval private seals. British Library, British Museum. Until Sept 19.

15th-century Persian painting. The classical period of Persian book-painting. British Library, British Museum. Sept 1-Feb 1981.

From Pole to Pole. Celebration of the achievements of the Royal Geographical Society over the past 150 years. *Geological Museum*. Until end Sept.

Great Britain telegraph stamps, the history of private, post office & military telegraph stamps issued in Great Britain between 1854 & 1901. Stanley Gibbons Romano House Gallery, 399 Strand, WC2. Sept 1-29, Mon-Fri 9.30am-4.30pm.

Great European paintings from the collection of the late André Meyer, prior to auction in New York. *Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1*. Sept 8-13, daily 10am-6pm.

The Great Optical Illusion: 50 years of TV broadcasting. Science Museum. Until Sept 28.

Hayward Annual 1980, painting & sculpture selected by John Hoyland. *Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1*. Aug 29-Oct 12, Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm. 80p.

Sam Herman, new collection of studio glass. Liberty's, Regent St, W1. Sept 18-Oct 9, Mon-Sat 9am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sat from 9.30am. Tristram Hillier RA, recent paintings. Lefevre Gallery, 30 Bruton St, W1. Sept 18-Oct 11, Mon-

Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 1pm.

Japanese prints, 300 years of books & albums.

British Museum. Until Oct 5.

Eric Kennington, drawings & sculpture. Imperial War Museum. Until Sept 28.

Knitting, from Coptic socks of 4th-5th century AD to a Kaffe Fassett coat of 1979. Victoria & Albert Museum. Until Sept 14.

London Wing. The start of London's aircraft industry. *Museum of London, London Wall, EC2*. Until Nov 16, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Looking at London. Favourite paintings of the capital. Museum of London. Until Oct 12.

Brian Mason, "Remembered images", paintings. Alwin Gallery, 9-10 Grafton St, W1. Until Sept 4. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed Aug 25.

Medicines for Man. How man discovered remedies, the ways they work & how they are tested. Science Museum. Until Nov 2.

Miniature textiles. British Crafts Centre. 43

Miniature textiles. British Crastis Centre, 43 Earlham St, WC2. Until Oct 4, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 4pm.

John Nash, woodcuts. New Grafton Gallery. Until Sept 17.

Victor Pasmore, recent etchings. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SWI. Until Nov 2, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Victor Pasmore. Arts Council major retrospective exhibition of 50 paintings & etchings from five decades of the artist's work. Royal Academy of Arts. Sept 13-Oct 19. 80p (half-price Suns until 1.45pm).

Patterns of diversity, exhibition in connexion with the 150th anniversary of the Royal Geographical Society featuring the Society's 1977-78 expedition to Sarawak. Natural History Museum, Cromwell Rd., SW7. Until Sept 30, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm. Sun 2.30-6pm.

Roland Penrose, retrospective of surrealist paintings. Institute of Contemporary Arts, Nash House, The Mall, SW1. Aug 23-Sept 28, Tues-Sun noon-8pm. Non members 35p.

The Queen Mother: a celebration. Paintings & photographs. National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2. Until Sept 28, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Christopher Saxton & Tudor map making. Major exhibition of the work of the Yorkshire surveyor who produced the first atlas of England & Wales in 1579, contrasted with work of earlier & contemporary surveyors. British Library, British Museum. Until Dec 1981.

Sèvres—porcelain from the royal collection. Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1. Until Oct 19, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm. Sun 2-5pm. Open Aug 25. 60p.

Ruskin Spear. Pictures of the Hammersmith area. Lyric Theatre foyer, King St, W6. Sept 1-30, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

Stanley Spencer RA. A definitive retrospective exhibition of paintings & drawings, in co-operation with the Tate Gallery. Royal Academy of Arts. Sept 20-Dec 14. £1.50. (half-price Suns until 1.45pm).

Summer Show II, selected by Tony Carter. Until Sept 7; Summer Show III, selected by Stephen Cox. Sept 13-Oct 5; Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gardens, W2. Daily, 10am-7pm.

Svensk Form, modern Swedish craft & design including industrial design. Victoria & Albert Museum. Until Sept 14. 50p.

The Universal Penman. Survey of western calligraphy from Roman times to the present day. Victoria & Albert Museum, Until Sept 28.

Aart van Kruiselbergen, "Fact & fantasy", paintings. Alwin Gallery. Sept 10-Oct 2.

The varieties of western woodcuts, showing the wide range of uses to which the medium has been put in Europe. British Museum. Until Oct 5.

Carel Weight CBE, RA. Paintings, including a series done as illustrations for "Hamlet" in a special edition of Shakespeare's plays illustrated by contemporary artists. New Grafton Gallery. Sept 25-Oct 16.

Antiques fairs

East Anglia Antiques Fair. The Athenaeum, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk. Sept 4-6.

The Burlington House Fair. Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W1. Sept 9-17.

Chelsea Antiques Fair. Old Town Hall, King's Rd, SW3. Sept 9-20.

Antiques & Collectors' Fair. Corn Exchange, Market Sq, Bedford. Sept 13.

Autumn Antiques Fair. The Pump Room, Cheltenham, Glos. Sept 16-20.

Northern Antique Dealers' Fair. Royal Bath Assembly Rooms, Harrogate, N Yorks. Sept 18-25. Closed Sept 21.

Antiques & Collectors' Fair. Guildhall, Thetford, Norfolk. Sept 20.

Antiques Fair. Ardingly, W Sussex. Sept 24.

★ SALEROOMS ★

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month:

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:

Silver & plate. Sept 2, 16, 30, 11am.

Modern paintings. Sept 3, 11am.

European oil paintings, 4, 11, 18, 25, 11am. Stamps. Sept 4, 2pm.

English & Continental furniture. Sept 4, 11, 18, 25, 2.30pm.

Porcelain & works of art. Sept 5, 12, 11am. Jewels & objects of vertu. Sept 5, 10.30am.

Watercolours & drawings. Sept 10, 11am.

Printed books. Sept 17, 2.30pm.

Oriental porcelain & works of art. Sept 19, 11am. Clocks, watches, barometers & scientific instruments. Sept 19, 10.30am.

Wine. Sept 23, 11am. Coins: Part I, Sept 23; Part II, Sept 24; 11am &

Prints. Sept 24, 11am.

Decorative arts 1870-1940. Sept 26, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7:

Motoring, aeronautical & railway art & literature. Sept 2, 2pm.

Scientific instruments. Sept 4, 2pm.

Natural history & sporting trophies. Sept 13, 2pm. Dolls, Sept 19, 2pm.

Fans. Sept 23, 2pm.

Charity auction in aid of the Polka Children's Theatre, Wimbledon. Sept 25, 7pm.

Part of the EMI Collection of phonographs, gramophones & accessories. Sept 27, 1pm.

STANLEY GIBBONS, Drury House, Russell St, WC2:

All-world stamps. Sept 4, 5, 1.30pm.

Great Britain stamps. Sept 11, 12, 1.30pm.

Banknotes, playing cards, maps & bond & share certificates. Sept 24-26, 1.30pm. PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:

Furniture, carpets & objects. Sept 1, 8, 15, 22, 29,

Oil paintings. Sept 1, 15, 29, 2pm.

Furniture, carpets & works of art. Sept 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 11am.

Jewelry. Sept 2, 1.30pm.

English & Continental ceramics & glass. Sept 3, 17, 11am.

Sporting items. Sept 3, noon.

Furs. Sept 4, 10am.

Great Britain, Sept 4; stamps: Worldwide, Sept 11; British Commonwealth, Sept 18; General sale, Sept 25, 11am.

Silver & plate. Sept 5, 12, 19, 26, 11am.

Watercolours, Sept 8, 29, 11am.

Prints Sent 8 2nm

Chinese & Japanese ceramics & works of art. Sept 10, 24, 11am.

Railways & railwayana. Sept 10, noon.

Arms & armour. Sept 10, 2pm.

Musical instruments. Sept 11, 11am.

Books, maps & MSS. Sept 11, 1.30pm.

Jewels. Sept 16, 1.30pm.

Lead soldiers. Sept 17, noon.

Art Nouveau & decorative arts. Sept 18, 11am. Ethnographical items & antiquities. Sept 23, 2pm. 19th-century paintings. Sept 23, 2.30pm.

Pot lids, fairings, Goss & commemorative china. Sept 24, noon.

Clocks & watches. Sept 30, 2pm.

SOTHEBY'S, 34/35 New Bond St, W1:

Rugs & carpets. Sept 5, 12, 10am. Japanese prints. Sept 10, 11am.

Continental pictures & drawings. Sept 11, 11am

Silver & plate. Sept 11, 18, 11am. English furniture. Sept 12, 11am.

Bonds & old securities. Sept 15, 10.30am & 2pm. Modern British pictures. Sept 17, 11am & 2,30pm.

Japanese netsuke. Sept 17, 10.30am. Musical instruments. Sept 18, 10.30am.

English porcelain. Sept 18, 11am.

Continental furniture. Sept 19, 11am.

Icons. Sept 22, 2.30pm.

Old Master & 18th- & 19th-century pictures. Sept 24, 11am & 2.30pm.

Wine. Sept 24, 10.30am.

Jewels. Sept 25, 10.30am.

British prints. Sept 25, 10.30am.

Oak furniture. Sept 26, 11am.

Miscellaneous books: Part 1, Sept 29: Part 2, Sept

European porcelain. Sept 30, 11am.

At Much Hadham Hall, Herts: Sale of contents, the property of Richard de la Mare, including books, furniture & Japanese ceramics. Sept 30-

SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA, 19 Motcomb St, SW1:

Silver. Sept 4, 25, 11am.

Continental porcelain. Sept 5, 11am.

Oriental ceramics, furniture & works of art. Sept. II. Ham.

Mechanical music, talking machines, juke boxes, domestic & office equipment & scientific instruments. Sept 12, 11am.

Paintings. Sept 16, 30, 11am.

English furniture & works of art. Sept 17, 11am.

English ceramics. Sept 18, 11am.

Decorative arts from 1880 including Art Nouveau & Art Deco. Sept 19, 11am.

Watercolours. Sept 23, 11am.

17th- to 20th-century European & Oriental textiles & costumes. Sept 24, 11am. Model soldiers. Sept 26, 11am.

★ LECTURES ★

BRITISH LIBRARY, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1:

Lectures in connexion with The Benedictines in Britain exhibition: The Benedictines & the Bible, B. Smalley, Sept 11; The Benedictines & their estates in the Middle Ages, Prof P. Harvey. Sept 18: The influence of Bede as an historian in medieval England, Dr A. Gransden. Sept 25; 6.15pm. Tickets free in advance from British Museum Information Desk or British Library Education Office

The Benedictines in Britain: tour of the exhibition, D. Taylor, Mon-Fri, 2.30pm; J. Lee, Sats 1.45pm. Treasures of illumination, gallery talk, J. Lee. Sats

GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:

Films:

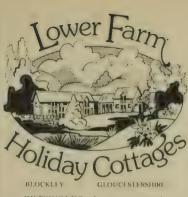
Sea area Forties; Brent log. Sept 6, 2.30pm.

The restless earth: How solid is rock? Sept 13, 2.30pm.

Polymede; Flight over the Alps. Sept 20, 2.30pm. Volcano. Sept 27, 2.30pm. LONDON COLISEUM, St Martin's Lane,

The new production of Cosi fan tutte, Sir C. Mackerras. Sept 23, 1pm. £1.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, St Martin's Pl, WC2:



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Behind the scenes: an introduction to the National Portrait Gallery, E. Hooper-Greenhill. Sept 13, 3.30pm; Sept 16, 1pm.

Thomas Hardy, novelist & poet, D. Hawkins, P. Wynn & D. Leach. Sept 27, 3.30pm.

Tudor portraits, E. Hooper-Greenhill, Sept 30.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, New Hall, Greycoat St, SW1:

The history & uses of roses, climbing & rambling, G. Stuart Thomas. Sept 23, 2.30pm. SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:

Going with the wind-power without pollution, A. Tulley, Sept 6, 3pm.

Laser—the light fantastic, A. Wilson. Sept 13,

From sundials to atomic clocks, J. Stevenson. Sept

Exploring the planets (for age 12-14), A. Wilson. Sept 23, noon & 2.30pm; Sept 24, 25, 11am &

Gas cloud to black hole-stars, A. Wilson. Sept

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1:

Masters of modern sculpture: I, Auguste Rodin & Edgar Degas, Sept 1; II, Constantin Brancusi, Sept 3; III, Sir Jacob Epstein, Sept 8; IV, Henry Moore, Sept 10; V, Barbara Hepworth, Sept 16; VI, Alberto Giacometti, Sept 18; VII, Anthony Caro, Sept 25; VIII, Richard Long, Sept 29; S. Wilson, 1pm.

Contemporary British painters: I, Francis Bacon, Sept 2; II, Hamilton & Hockney, Sept 4; III, Ron Kitaj, Sept 23; IV, Caulfield & Blake, Sept 30; P Turner, 1pm.

Matisse, "The Red Studio", S. O'Brien-Twohig,

The artistic legacy of Picasso, L. Bradbury. Sept

In the wake of Jackson Pollock, L. Bradbury. Sept

Great originals in British art, L. Bradbury. Sept

Recent modern acquisitions, L. Bradbury. Sept

The Romantic movement in Britain, L. Bradbury.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell Rd. SW7:

Films:

In connexion with the exhibition The Universal Penman: Alphabet, the story of writing: The making of letters, 11.30am; The pen is mightier than the sword, noon; Penman, printer & engraver, 2pm; Writing, Everyman's art, 2.30pm. Sept 4, 11, 18, 25.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:

Beethoven's contemporaries: introductory talk to a series of seven concerts, J. Warrack. Sept 24, 6.15pm. 80p.

★ SPORT ★

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

England v Norway, Wembley Stadium, Middx. Sept 10.

London home matches:

Arsenal v Stoke City, Sept 13; v Nottingham Forest, Sept 27

Chariton Athletic v Chester, Sept 13; v Colchester United, Sept 20.

Chelsea v West Ham United, Sept 6; v Preston North End, Sept 20.

Crystal Palace v Ipswich Town, Sept 13; v Aston

VIIIa, Sept 27. Fulham v Blackpool, Sept 6; v Walsall, Sept 20.

Millwall v Chariton Athletic, Sept 6; v Exeter City, Orient v Grimsby Town, Sept 6; v Derby County,

Sept 27. Queen's Park Rangers v Newcastle United, Sept

13; v Bristol City, Sept 27. Tottenham Hotspur v Manchester United, Sept 6; v Sunderland, Sept 20.

West Ham United v Shrewsbury Town, Sept 13; v

Watford, Sept 20. Wimbledon v Stockport County, Sept 6; v

Lincoln City, Sept 20. CRICKET

England v Australia, Cornhill Centenary Test Match. Lord's. Aug 28-Sept 2. Gillette Cup final. Lord's. Sept 6.

Courage Challenge Cup, International Batsman of the Year. The Oval. Sept 13.

(SC)=Schweppes Championship, (JP)=John Player League.

The Oval: Surrey v Lanes (SC). Sept 3; v Leics (JP), Sept 7

CYCLING

Tour of the Peak, Buxton, Derbys. Sept 14.

Skol six-day cycle race. Wembley Arena, Middx.

EQUESTRIANISM

Burghley Horse Trials, Stamford, Lines. Sept 4-7. National Dressage Championships, Stoneleigh Warwicks or Knowle, West Midlands. Sept 9, 10. World Driving Championships, Windsor Great Park. Berks. Sept 11-14.

Wylye Horse Trials, Wilts. Sept 26-28.

European Open Championship, Walton Heath, Tadworth, Surrey. Sept 4-7.

Merseyside International Open, Royal Liverpool, Hoylake, Merseyside. Sept 11-13.

Hennessy Cognac Cup matches, Sunningdale, Berks. Sept 12-14.

Haig Tournament Players' Championship, Moortown, Leeds, W Yorks. Sept 18-21. Bob Hope British Classic, RAC Club, Epsom.

HORSE RACING

Garrowby Stakes, York. Sept 3.

Vernon's Sprint Cup, Haydock Park. Sept 6.

Laurent Perrier Champagne Stakes, Doncaster.

Doncaster Cup, Doncaster. Sept 11

Park Hill Stakes, Doncaster. Sept 11.

Flying Childers Stakes, Doncaster, Sept 13. St Leger Stakes, Doncaster. Sept 13.

Ladbroke Ayr Gold Cup, Ayr. Sept 19 Mill Reef Stakes, Newbury. Sept 20

Cavendish Cape Handicap, Ascot. Sept 27. Queen Elizabeth II Stakes, Ascot. Sept 27.

MOTOR CYCLING Scarborough road races, Scarborough, N Yorks. Sept 5-7

International Motorcycle Race of the Year, Mallory Park, Leics. Sept 20, 21.

Endurance Grand Prix, Brand's Hatch, Kent.

RUGBY UNION

London Senior Chub's Festival. Twickenham. Sept 6.

Wales v Overseas XV. Cardiff. Sept 20. John Player Cup, first round. Sept 27.

TENNIS Prudential junior hard court championships of

Great Britain, Wimbledon, SW19. Sept 1-6. Kossett hard court championships of Great Britain, Bournemouth, Hants. Sept 8-14.

★ ROYAL EVENTS ★

The Duke of Edinburgh attends the Annual Congress of the British Equine Veterinary Association. Imperial College of Science, SW7. Sept 4.

Princess Anne, Patron of the Riding for the Disabled Association, attends a Gala Preview of "Oklahoma!" in aid of the Association & of the National Association for Mental Health. Palace Theatre, Shaftesbury Ave, W1. Sept 12.

The Queen Mother opens Dewar Court, the sheltered housing scheme of the Royal British Le-gion Scotland & visits Balhousie Castle, Regimental Headquarters of The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment). Perth, Sept 17.

Princess Margaret attends a Gala Dinner for the Bob Hope British Golf Classic in aid of Stars' Organization for Spastics. Grosvenor House Hotel, Park Lane, W1. Sept 23.

The Queen Mother attends a Gala Evening in aid

of the British Sailors' Society. Beach Ballroom, Aberdeen. Sept 26.

Princess Margaret attends a Concert by The Who in aid of the Development Appeal Fund. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2. Sept 28.

★OTHER EVENTS★

Edinburgh Military Tattoo. Until Sept 6.

South Bank Summer Splash, outdoor entertainment, National Theatre terraces, SE1. Until Sept

Great Railway Exposition, Deansgate, Manchester. Until Sept 14.

Summer at Snape Maltings, concerts & recitals, Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Until Sept 21. Farnborough Air Show, Hants. Sept 5-7.

Royal Highland Gathering, Braemar, Grampian.

Gorsedd of the bards of Cornwall, Saltash,

Cornwall. Sept 6. Festival of English vineyard wine, Birling Manor, East Dean, E Sussex. Sept 6, 7.

Son et lumière, Braemar Castle, Grampian. Sept

Abbots Bromley horn dance, Nr Burton-on-Trent.

Staffs. Sept 8. City of London Flower Show, Royal Exchange,

EC3. Sept 9-11.

Pitlochry Highland Games, Perthshire. Sept 13. Thamesday 80, events on & near the river between Hungerford & Westminster Bridges. Sept

King's Cup air race, RAF Finningley, Nr Doncaster, S Yorks. Sept 20.

Battle of Britain service, Westminster Abbey, SW1, Sept 21.

Great Autumn Flower Show, RHS New Hall, Grevcoat St, SW1. Sept 23-25.

Special Shuttleworth pageant, Old Warden Aerodrome, Biggleswade, Beds. Sept 28.

Sunday Times Fun Run, Hyde Park, W2. Sept 28.

★ GARDENS ★

AVON

Clevedon Court (National Trust), Nr Clevedon, Nr Bristol. Wed, Thurs, Sun, 2.30-5.30pm. Last

BEDFORDSHIRE

Stagsden Bird Gardens (Mr & Mrs R. E. Rayment), Stagsden, Nr Bedford. 11am-dusk.

Wrest Park (Dept of Environment), Silsoe, Nr Luton. Sat, Sun, 10am-7pm. BERKSHIRE

The Old Rectory (Mr & Mrs R. R. Merton), Burghfield. Sept 24, 11am-4pm.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Ascott (National Trust), Wing, Nr Leighton Buzzard. Wed, Sat, 2-6pm. Last admission 5.30pm.

Chenies Manor House (Lt-Col & Mrs Macleod Matthews), Chenies, Nr Rickmansworth. Wed, Thurs, 2-5pm. Last admission 4.30pm.

Clivedon (National Trust), Nr Taplow. Daily, 11am-6.30pm.

Waddesdon Manor (National Trust). Waddesdon, Nr Aylesbury. Wed-Sat, 1-6pm; Sun, 11,30-6pm

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Anglesey Abbey (National Trust), Lode, Nr Cambridge, Mon & Fri, 2-6pm.

Peckover House (National Trust), Wisbech. Tues-Thurs, Sat. Sun. 2-6pm.

CHESHIRE

Arley Hall Gardens (Viscount & Viscountess Ashbrook), Northwich, Nr Knutsford. Tues-Sun, 2-6pm. Last admission 6pm.

Cholmondeley Castle Gardens (Marquess of Cholmondeley), Malpas. Sun to Sept 28, 1-6pm. Lyme Park (National Trust, leased to Stockport & Greater Manchester Councils), Disley, Nr Stockport. Daily, 8am-dusk.

Ness Gardens (Liverpool University Botanic Gardens), Wirral, Nr. Chester. Daily, 9am-sunset.

CORNWALL

Cotehele House (National Trust), Calstock, Nr Tavistock. Daily, 11am-6pm (or sunset if earlier). Glendurgan Garden (National Trust), Helford River, Nr Falmouth. Mon, Wed, Fri, 10.30am-

DORSET

Athelhampton (Sir Robert Cooke), Athelhampton, Nr Dorchester. Wed, Thurs, Sun, 2-

Cranborne Manor Gardens (Marquess of Salisbury), Cranborne, Wimborne. First Sat & Sun in month. Also other days as advertised

locally (not Sun mornings).

Mapperton (Mr V. Montagu), Beaminster, Nr Bridport. Mon-Fri, 2-6pm.

Layer Marney Tower (Maj & Mrs G. Char-

rington), Nr Tiptree, Colchester. Sun, Thurs, 2-

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Barnsley House Garden (Mr & Mrs D. C. W. Verey), Barnsley, Nr Cirencester. Wed 10am-6pm or dusk if earlier (other days by appointment).

Batsford Park Arboretum (Batsford Estates Company), Nr Moreton-in-Marsh. Daily, 10am-5pm. Hidcote Manor Gardens (National Trust), Hidcote Batrum, Nr Chipping Camden. Daily (except Tues, Fri), 11am-8pm. Last admission 7pm, or one hour before sunset.

HAMPSHIRE

Furzey Gardens (Mr H. J. Cole), Minstead, Nr Lyndhurst. Daily, 10am-7pm.

Longstock Park Gardens (Leckford Estate Ltd, part of the John Lewis Partnership), Longstock, Nr Stockbridge. September 21, 2-5pm.

Mottisfont Abbey (National Trust), Nr Romsey. Tues-Sat, 2.30-6pm.

The Vyne (National Trust), Sherborne St John, Nr Basingstoke. Tues-Thurs, Sat & Sun, 2-6pm. West Green House (National Trust), Hartley Wintney, Nr Basingstoke. House & garden, Wed, 2-6pm; garden only, Thurs & Sun, 2-6pm.

HERTFORDSHIRE

Knebworth House (Hon David Lytton Cobbold), Knebworth, Nr Stevenage. Daily, except Mon,

KENT

Bedgebury Pinetum (Forestry Commission), Nr

Goudhurst. Daily, no set times. Chartwell (National Trust), Westerham. Weekdays, except Mon & Fri, 2-6pm, or sunset if earlier; Sat, Sun, 11am-6pm, or sunset if earlier. Godinton Park (Mr A. Wyndham Green), Nr

Ashford. Sun, 2-5pm. Weekdays by appointment

Hever Castle (Lord Astor of Hever), Tues, Wed, Fri, Sun, 1-7pm. Last admission 6pm, to Sept 28. LANCASHIRE

Windle Hall (Lord & Lady Pilkington), St Helens. Approach by bridge over East Lancs road, Sept 7, 2-7pm.

LEICESTERSHIRE

Manor House (Leicestershire Museums, Art Galleries & Records Service), Coalville, Nr Leicester. Wed-Sun, 2-6pm.

Stanford Hall (Lord & Lady Braye), Lutterworth, Nr Rugby. Thurs, Sat, Sun, 2.30-6pm. LONDON

Kew Gardens (Royal Botanic Gardens), on South bank of Thames at Kew, Nr Richmond. Daily, 10am-sunset.

NORFOLK

Blickling Hall (National Trust), Aylsham, Nr Norwich. Daily, 11am-6pm; Mon & Fri, 2-6pm.

NORTHUMBERLAND Howick Gardens (Howick Trustees Ltd), Howick,

Nr Alnwick, Daily, 2-7pm.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

Newstead Abbey (Nottingham City Council), Linby, Nr Nottingham. Daily, 10am-dusk. OXFORDSHIRE

Botanic Gardens (University of Oxford), High St, Oxford. Weekdays, 8.30am-5pm; Sun, 10amnoon, 2-6pm.

Buscot Park (National Trust), Nr Faringdon. Wed, Thurs, Fri; 2nd & 4th Sat & immediately following Suns, 2-6pm.

Benthall Hall (National Trust), Nr Much Wenlock. Tues, Wed, Sat, 2-6pm.

Hodnet Hall Gardens (Mr & Mrs Heber Percy), Market Drayton, Nr Shrewsbury. Weekdays, 2-5pm; Sun, 12am-6pm, to Sept 28.

SOMERSET

Barrington Court (National Trust), Barrington, Nr Ilminster. Wed, 10.15am-12.15pm; 2-6pm. Also Sept 7, 2-6pm.

Clapton Court (Capt S. J. Loder), Nr Crewkerne. Daily except Sat, 2-5pm.

Hadspen House (Trustees of the late Sir Arthur Hobhouse), Castle Cary. Tues & Thurs, 10am-5pm; Sun, 2-5pm.

Tintinhull House (National Trust), Nr Yeovil. Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2-6pm.

STAFFORDSHIRE

Hanch Hall (Mr & Mrs Douglas Milton Haynes), Nr Lichfield. Sun, 2.30-6pm, to Sept 28.

Trentham Gardens (Countess of Sutherland), Nr Stoke on Trent, 1 mile from M6, exit 15. Daily, 9am-dusk

SUFFOLK

Heveningham Hall (Dept of Environment), Nr Halesworth. Tues-Thurs, Sat, Sun, 2-6pm. Open noon on Sun. Last admission 5.30pm.

Detillens (Mr & Mrs D. G. Neville), Limpsfield. Wed, Sat, 2-5pm.

Polesdon Lacey (National Trust), Nr Dorking. Daily, 11am-sunset

Wisley Garden (Royal Horticultural Society), Wisley, Nr Ripley. Weekdays, 10am-7pm (or sunset); Sun, 2-7pm (or sunset).

SUSSEX Charleston Manor (Lady Birley), Westdean, Nr

Seaford. Daily, 11am-6pm. Horsted Place Gardens (Lord Rupert Nevill), Nr Uckfield. Wed, Thurs, Sun, 2-6pm.

Great Dixter (Mr Q. Lloyd), Northiam, Nr Rye. Daily, except Mon, 2-5pm.

Wakehurst Place Garden (National Trust, administered by Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew), Ardingly. Daily, 10am-7pm. Last admission

WARWICKSHIRE

Packwood House (National Trust), Nr Hockley Heath. Daily, except Mon, Tues, 2-7pm. WILTSHIRE

Bowood Gardens (Earl of Shelburne), Calne, Nr Chippenham. Tues-Sat, 2-6pm; Sun, noon-6pm. Broadlease (Lady Anne Cowdray),

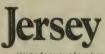
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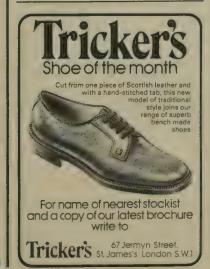
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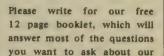
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To prove the point, we engaged the services of a 20year-old student, Sarah Dickson, who attends a secretarial college in Tottenham Court Road, London.

Sarah had all the qualifications we were looking for. She had used a camera only once before in her life.

Even allowing for the imperfect quality of this paper and uneven printing, we think the pictures she took show how well the XA performs.

What did Sarah like about the XA?

"It was a conversation piece wherever I went. And when I wasn't showing it off I could slip it in my pocket and forget it. Another thing I liked was not having to fiddle with a case"

She was referring to the XA's unique sliding cover



which protects the lens, viewfinder and rear eyepiece from dust particles and finger marks. No case to unzip. No lens cap to lose.

The cover is also a power switch. With the power on you can operate the shutter release button. It needs a touch, not a press, so you won't jerk the camera and fudge your picture.

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"When I looked through the viewfinder," Sarah noted, "I could see a double image. By moving the rangefinder tab I could make the two images coincide."

In other words, sharpness guaranteed.

And the aperture setting?

"To be honest," she admitted, "I don't understand about F Stops. I followed the instructions in the booklet that

comes with the camera."

Sarah asked.

No harm done, though not very ambitious either. For the technically minded, the XA has an aperture range from F2.8 to F22 and an electronic shutter with speeds ranging from 1/500 to 10 seconds which can be checked on the viewfinder scale.

Sarah didn't get around to discovering the rest of the XA's wizardry.

In particular, a Zuiko 35mm lens. An unobtrusive flash unit. Audio-visual battery checks. A back light compensation device. And a delay-action self-timer.

The XA costs around £115. Is it worth it?

"Well, what does it normally cost to become a famous photographer?"



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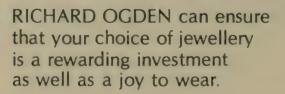
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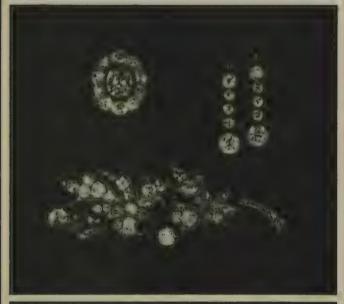














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Number 6986 Volume 268 September 1980

A touch on the wheel

Current political fashion dictates that neither governments nor parties shall commit a U-turn. It is not readily understandable why there should be such political sensitivity about it, since most governments that survive more than a year or two find themselves forced to do it in some measure and all motor car drivers in this country know it to be a useful manoeuvre if, for example, they find themselves steadily heading into the sun when they should be going north. Changing direction in these circumstances is no more than common sense. Similarly in politics it should be regarded as common sense rather than a crime if a government decides to change direction because of the force of circumstances, many of which may well be beyond its power to control.

The present Government came to office with a clearly expressed determination to reduce the level of state interference in people's lives and in commercial activity, to encourage greater independence both for individuals and for companies, and to rely mainly on monetary discipline to control inflation. But they came to office at a time when inflation was beginning another vicious spiral, fired largely by increased oil prices, and though the rise in inflation now shows signs of being checked the consequent world recession remains, and in Britain the unemployment rate continues to grow to unacceptable levels. The July figure was 1.896.634, or 7.8 per cent of the work force, a level which has not been reached in Britain since 1936. And everyone seems agreed that worse is to come this autumn. The Confederation of British Industry reported in July that both domestic demand and export orders had slumped, that the rate of decline in manufacturing investments was increasing and would continue to increase in 1981, and that the vast majority of British manufacturers were operating well below capacity and were expecting their volume of orders to continue to fall at least until the end of



this year. We must therefore expect a further decline in industrial activity and further rises in company bankruptcies and unemployment.

The Government has responded to this situation not with a U-turn-the Prime Minister was adamant in the House of Commons censure debate on July 29 that there was none available—but with enough of an adjustment in the general direction of their policy to provide some state assistance where it is most needed. In the hope of stimulating investment and creating more jobs the Government is setting up "enterprise zones" in areas of economic and physical decay. The seven locations chosen are the inner area of Belfast, the lower Swansea valley, Clydebank in Scotland, parts of Newcastle and Gateshead, Speke on Merseyside, parts of the Salford Docks area and the Trafford Park industrial estate in Manchester, and the Isle of Dogs in London. Additional zones, including one in the Midlands, are to be designated later. Under the Government's proposals each zone of up to 500 acres will be granted concessions and exemptions on rates, planning restrictions, capital allowances and priority over Customs clearances. The rates concession gives any company operating in the area exemption from paying rates for the ten years of the enterprise plan.

In addition to this pump-priming operation the Government is also providing further direct assistance to industry. The Dunlop tyre company is to receive £6,100,000 state aid to help support the modernization and rationalization of its plants in this country, and the Government has agreed to an investment of £25 million in the National Enterprise Board's semi-conductor subsidiary of Inmos, whose first factory will be located in South Wales rather than at Bristol, as had originally been planned. This project will lay the foundations for a British micro-chip industry.

All those projects were announced by the Prime Minister during the course of her speech in answer to the Opposition's motion of censure in the House of Commons. Mrs Thatcher emphasized that her Government regarded it as part of its duty to mitigate the economic and social effects of change. "We are prepared to help the transition to higher productivity and to more jobs," she said. "We are not prepared to buy a few extra jobs now at the expense of higher inflation and higher unemployment in the future." The implication is clear: consistent with its overall objectives, and with its monetary policy and public borrowing targets, this Government will help where it can to stimulate industry and create jobs provided they offer prospects of growth for the future. There are, then, limits to non-intervention, but they will be defined pragmatically rather than dogmatically. If changes of direction are needed to help mitigate the effects of recession they will be made, though the destination will not be altered and, because of the possible political consequences, no signals will be given.

Advice to the Press

If it is necessary to keep some information from the public, and thus from the enemy, in order to protect national security, then there must be some system for deciding what that information should be. In this country that system is based on what can best be described as an example of British improvisation set up just before the First World War. It takes the form of a list of advisory notices, called D-Notices, prepared by the Ministry of Defence and approved by a joint committee of civil servants and representatives of the Press. Because the D-Notices have never been published and the existence of the D-Notice Committee has not been publicized some people are suspicious of its activities, fearing that it is a form of secret censorship of the Press. In fact the system is entirely voluntary and has no legal

authority. Editors receive copies of the D-Notices, if they so wish, and are advised from them what subjects might be regarded as sensitive to the country's security. If they have doubts they may consult directly with the Secretary of the Committee, but they are in no way bound to take his advice. The decision on publication rests entirely with the Editor. There can therefore be no justification for the charge that the D-Notice system is a form of censorship. The word censorship, meaning official and enforced suppression of matter that the Press would otherwise publish, cannot be used in this context, and there is no evidence to suggest that any part of the Press has ever been inhibited from publishing material simply because of the existence of a D-Notice. The Press has always maintained a robust attitude towards publication of matters which might have been supposed to have come within this area, and if material has not been published it is because an Editor was sure that publication might have been harmful to national security.

The House of Commons Select Committee on Defence has recently been investigating the D-Notice system, which probably gave it more weight than it deserves. The Committee has published a report recommending that the system be reformed rather than abolished. The danger may be that such reformation as takes place will formalize an arrangement that has only survived because of its informality. The Press, of course, is always ready to listen to official advice, but any suggestion that there might be a commitment to take it would certainly be resisted.

Monday, July 14

Shares in four of British Rail's subsidiary companies—Sealink, British Transport Hotels, British Hovercraft and British Rail Property Holdingswere to be offered to private investors. the Government announced.

New tanks and armoured personnel carriers worth £1,300 million were ordered for the Army.

A state of emergency was declared in Missouri, as the death toll in the heatwave affecting 20 American states rose to over 1,000 since June 22.

Tuesday, July 15

A service of celebration and thanksgiving for the Queen Mother's 80th birthday was held at St Paul's Cathedral.

The Trident 1 missile system was to be bought from the US to replace Polaris as Britain's strategic deterrent in the mid 1990s. Francis Pym, Defence Secretary, told the House of Commons that the missiles, with their own multiple independent re-entry vehicles and British-built war-heads, and four new submarines would cost £5,000 million over the next 15 years.

Britain's visible trade gap was reduced to £17 million in June, £1 million less than May. On the current account there was a £33 million surplus.

Zenko Suzuki was elected President of Japan's ruling Liberal Democratic Party. He took over the premiership of the country on the following day.

The third Cornhill Test match between England and the West Indies at Old Trafford ended in a draw.

Wednesday, July 16

Sir Keith Joseph, Secretary of State for Industry, announced that the Government would introduce legislation in the next session of Parliament to break the Post Office's monopoly of Britain's mail services.

The management of The Observer newspaper gave 90 days' notice of closure because of the breakdown in negotiations with the National Graphical Association, the principal craft printing union.

The Spanish ambassador to the Soviet Union, Juan Antonio Samaranch, was elected President of the International Olympic Committee in succession to Lord Killanin.

Thursday, July 17



Ronald Reagan was nominated Republican candidate for the presidency of the US at the party's convention in Detroit. He announced that George Bush would be the vicepresidential candidate after failing to reach agreement with Gerald Ford, the former US president.



A four-engined turbo prop Viscount airliner with 62 passengers on board made an emergency landing in a field 6 miles from Exeter airport in Devon. No one was seriously injured by the forced landing, which was caused by fuel shortage near the end of the flight from Santander in Spain.

Lieutenant General Peter Walls, joint commander of the new army of Zimbabwe, and former Supreme Commander of Rhodesia's security forces, resigned. He was due to retire at the end of the year.

A military coup in Bolivia ousted President Lidia Gueiler, who sought asylum in the Vatican mission. General Luis Garcia Meza, the Army's commander, was sworn in as president on the following day.

Friday, July 18

The opening of the 86th season of Proide concerts was cancelled by the BBC because of the continuing strike by the Musicians' Union over the proposed disbanding of six BBC orchestras. On August 1 members of the union voted to accept a revised proposal from the BBC which saved three of the orchestras, and ended the nineweek strike. The Promenade concerts began on August 7.

Two bombs were discovered in Wales, one at the home of the Secretary of State, Nicholas Edwards, in Abergavenny, and the other outside a Cardiff Conservative club. The devices, which were defused, were planted to coincide with the Prime Minister's visit to Wales and the Wales Conservative Party Conference on July 19.

David Cooper and Michael McMahon, the two men accused of murdering a Luton sub-postmaster in 1969, were released from prison on the recommendation of the Home Secretary, William Whitelaw, that the rest of their life sentences be remitted.

Shahpour Bakhtiar, former Prime Minister of Iran under the Shah, narrowly escaped assassination at his home in exile in Paris. Two people were killed in the shooting.

Dr Quett Masire was elected President of Botswana in succession to Sir Seretse Khama who died on July 13.

Saturday, July 19 The 22nd Olympic Games were opened in Moscow's Lenin Stadium by President Leonid Brezhnev.

Former Turkish premier, Nihat Erim, was ambushed and killed by terrorists near Istanbul.

Sunday, July 20

A 20-year-old soldier with the Royal Greenjackets was shot dead by terrorists while drinking with his wife in a pub in Londonderry, Northern Ireland.

Tom Watson of the US won the British Open golf championship at Muirfield by four strokes.

Monday, July 21

Further measures to reduce the state control of nationalized industries were announced by the Government. Private companies would be given the right to generate electricity for sale, and to compete with the Post Office for the supply of telephone and telecommunications equipment.

Salah al-Din Bitar, former Prime Minister of Syria, was shot dead in Paris at the offices of the newspaper Arab Renaissance, of which he was editor-in-chief.

The general election in Dominica was won by the Dominica Freedom Party led by Miss Eugenia Charles.

Northamptonshire beat Essex by six runs to win the Benson & Hedges cricket cup final at Lord's.

Tuesday, July 22

The number of adult unemployed in the UK in July rose by 71,000 to a seasonally adjusted total of 1,606,000, the highest figure since records began in 1948. The number of school-leavers out of work also increased resulting in the registered total unemployed reaching 1,896,634, or 7.8 per cent of the workforce.

The Government lifted the arms embargo on Chile imposed in 1974.

The International Whaling Commission, meeting in Brighton, failed to approve a world ban on commercial whaling by the necessary majority.

A law making homosexuality illegal in Scotland was abolished on a free vote in the House of Commons.

The Rt Rev Ronald Bowlby, Bishop of Newcastle, was appointed Bishop of Southwark to succeed Dr Mervyn Stockwood on his retirement on October 31

Wednesday, July 23

90 area health authorities were to be abolished by the Government at a saving of £30 million it was announced by Patrick Jenkin, Secretary of State for Social Services. They would be replaced by about 190 district health authorities.

An extension of the state of emergency in Zimbabwe for a further six months was approved by the Parliament in Salisbury.

A Vietnamese cosmonaut was launched into orbit with a Russian companion to link up with the Salyut 6

Thursday, July 24

100 Royal Marines and 100 French paratroopers arrived on the secessionist island of Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides to maintain law and order until independence on July 30. The rebel leader of some of the islanders, Jimmy Stevens, said he would not recognize the new government.



Peter Sellers, the actor and comedian, died at the Middlesex Hospital in London after a heart attack, aged 54.

A report by an Irish tribunal on an oil tanker explosion in Bantry Bay in 1979 in which 50 people died accused two major oil companies, Gulf and Total, of indirectly causing the disaster. Total, said the report, neglected vital repairs to save money, and one of Gulf's employees was away from his post in the control room when the accident happened.

Saturday, July 26

Kenneth Tynan, the writer and drama critic, died in California from emphysema. He was 53.

Sunday, July 27
The deposed Shah of Iran died in a Cairo hospital. He was 60.

A British soldier was killed and another seriously injured in a booby trap explosion near the Moy Bridge spanning the border between Northern Ireland and the Republic. The Provisional IRA claimed responsibility.

Monday, July 28

The restoration of full diplomatic relations between Britain and Saudi Arabia was announced by Douglas Hurd, Minister of State at the Foreign Office, at the end of a two-day visit to Jiddah.

President Fernando Belaundi Terry of Peru was inaugurated at an inde pendence day celebration marking the end of 12 years of military dictatorship. Tuesday, July 29

A Labour motion of no confidence in the Government's economic and social policies was defeated by 333 votes to 274 in the House of Commons.

Lord Carrington, the Foreign Secretary, began a ten-day tour of Brazil, Barbados, Venezuela and Mexico.

England and the West Indies drew the fourth Cornhill Test match at the Oval.

Wednesday, July 30

Granada Television was given seven days by the Law Lords to name the British Steel Corporation employee who provided them with confidential information. This was used in a programme broadcast on February 4 during the course of the ten-week national steel strike. The decision upheld the ruling of two lower courts, but on August 5 Granada lodged an affidavit with BSC saying they were unable to name their source. BSC rejected the affidavit and gave Granada another seven days to do so.

An Israeli law making Jerusalem the capital city of the country was passed by 69 votes to 15 despite international criticism and protests from the US.

The Franco-British colony of the New Hebrides became the independent Republic of Vanuatu.

Thursday, July 31

The US Justice Department announced it was reopening inquiries into the activities of Billy Carter, the President's brother, because of new evidence suggesting he had lied to Federal investigators about money he had received from Libya.

The British Post Office announced increases in telephone charges of about 22 per cent from November 1

Lord Kagan, the industrialist, was extradited from France to Britain to face charges under the Theft Act.

Friday, August 1

17 passengers on board the Dublin to Cork express in Ireland were killed when the train was derailed 30 miles north of Cork.

Guidelines on jury vetting were announced by the Attorney-General, Sir Michael Havers. Under these vetting would be restricted to cases involving national security and terrorism.

Patrick Depailler, the French motorracing driver, was killed during practice at Hockenheim in West Germany.

Saturday, August 2

76 people were killed when a bomb destroyed part of the central railway station in Bologna, Italy. A neo-fascist terrorist group claimed responsibility. Sunday, August 3

A member of the Ulster Defence Regiment, William Clarke, 59, was shot dead in his car in Donegal. The Provisional IRA claimed responsibility.

Three members of the British Academy resigned over a decision by its members in July not to expel Professor Anthony Blunt, the self-confessed spy. On August 9 a fourth member resigned.

Monday, August 4

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother celebrated her 80th birthday.

Government's decision to abolish the Clegg Pay and Comparability Commission when it had completed, by the end of the year, the ten outstanding pay questions that had been referred to it was announced by the Prime Minister who said that future pay awards should be related to what the taxpayer could afford.

68 Iranian demonstrators were arrested outside the US embassy in London after clashes with the police and were remanded in custody. About 150 people had assembled to protest at the arrest of 171 Iranian students in Washington, USA, on July 27, during a demonstration in support of Ayatollah Khomeini.

Three young men, convicted in 1972 in connexion with the murder of a homosexual prostitute, Maxwell Confait, were exonerated by the Attorney General, Sir Michael Havers, in a Commons written answer. The three

had been released from prison in 1975 after their convictions had been quashed by a Court of Appeal.



President Carter, in a report to a Senate sub-committee investigating the connexion between his brother Billy, the White House and the Libvan Government, denied categorically that his brother had influenced him or US Government policy concerning Libya.

Hurricane Allen, one of the most severe ever reported in the Caribbean, with winds reaching 185mph, caused widespread damage. At least 200 people were reported to have died in the storms which swept on through the Gulf of Mexico and Texas.

Wednesday, August 6

The Government had to concede a Lord's amendment to its Housing Bill after delaying tactics by the Opposition in the House of Commons. The amendment exempted houses provided for the elderly or sheltered accommodation from proposals for local authorities to sell off council houses.

Zimbabwe's Minister of Manpower, Planning and Development, Edgar Tekere, was charged in Salisbury with the murder of a 68-year-old white farmer on August 4.

Teachers' arbitration pay awards, amounting to 13.5 per cent in this financial year and 14.6 per cent in a full year, were approved by the Government. Between January and September teachers' salaries would have increased by 35.5 per cent.

Highgrove, a Georgian mansion near Tetbury, Gloucestershire, was bought by the Prince of Wales.

Thursday, August 7

The Government shelved its plans to force British shipbuilders to resell its profitable warship yards to the private sector and announced they would not be able to improve on the compensation terms that had been offered when the yards were nationalized in 1977.

An expansion of the civil defence programme was announced by William Whitelaw, the Home Secretary. The present expenditure of £27 million a year would be increased to £45 million by 1983-84.

Friday, August 8

Richard and Penelope Arnot, who had been arrested in Saudi Arabia in May, 1979, for serving alcohol at a party. were granted clemency by King Khalid and deported to Britain.

Saturday, August 9

Yahya Khan, President of Pakistan from 1969 to 1971, died, aged 63.

Sunday, August 10

A soldier and two civilians in Belfast and another soldier in South Armagh were killed in a weekend of violence and demonstrations marking the ninth anniversary of the introduction of internment in Northern Ireland.

Monday, August 11

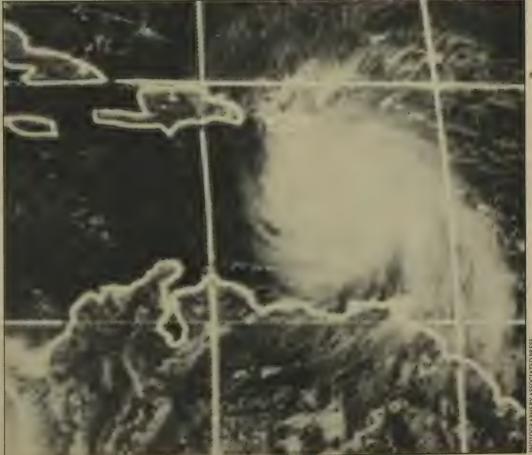
President Carter was nominated as the presidential candidate at the Democratic Party convention in New York.

British citizens Mrs Teleri Jones and her son Owen were freed by terrorists in Northern Colombia after seven months in captivity.





Killer hurricane: Hurricane Allen, the most powerful to hit the Caribbean in this century, killed more than 200 people. It devastated banana and sugar plantations in St Lucia, the Dominican Republic and Jamaica. Winds gusted up to 185 mph and 18 foot waves pounded tourist beaches. The hurricane swept towards the Gulf of Mexico hitting Cuba's tobacco crop and destroying up to 40 per cent of Haiti's housing. Texan coastal towns were evacuated but the rain provided relief from the extended drought in the State.





Massacre at Bologna: A bomb destroyed part of the central railway station at Bologna, Italy, on August 2, killing 76 people including a three-year-old girl and injuring about 200. About 40kg of high explosives packed in a suitcase were left in a waiting room; the explosion blasted a crater 5 feet wide, destroyed the restaurant

and brought down the roof. A right-wing terrorist group claimed responsibility for the attack which came shortly after eight neo-Fascists had been sent for trial accused of causing the explosion on a train near Bologna six years ago. Marco Affatigato, 22, was later held by French police in Nice pending extradition.



After the Shah: The deposed Shah of Iran died in exile in Cairo on July 27 and was given a state funeral by President Sadat, above right. Former President Nixon and the exiled King Constantine of Greece attended. Hopes that the Shah's death might lead to the release of the American hostages held in Iran were soon dashed. Demonstrating Iranian students were arrested in Washington, far right, and in London 67 others went on hunger strike in protest against their imprisonment and alleged police brutality after clashes with the police outside the American embassy, right. They were persuaded by the Iranian Charge d'affaires to give up on August 9.









Birthday celebrations: The Queen Mother spent her 80th birthday at her London home, Clarence House, where she was joined by the Queen, Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, Viscount Linley, Prince Edward, Princess Margaret and the Prince of Wales. Large crowds gathered to greet her. The Queen Mother spent the evening with her family at the Royal Opera House attending the première of a ballet dedicated to her by Sir Frederick Ashton.



Close inspection: Prince Charles made his third dive to the wreck of the *Mary Rose* off Portsmouth. He is president of the Mary Rose Trust which hopes to raise Henry VIII's vice-flagship in 1982.

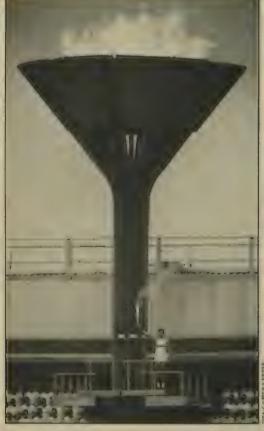


Royal christening: The third child of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, born on March 1, was baptized Rose Victoria Birgitte Louise at Barnwell parish church. Prince Edward and Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones were god-parents to Lady Rose, who is sister to the Earl of Ulster, aged five, and two-year-old Lady Davina Windsor, right.



Riding the waves: Prince Edward, attending Cowes Week with other members of the royal family, spent some time practising sailboarding in Osborne Bay.





Controversial Olympics: The 22nd Olympiad opened in Moscow on July 19. Because of the Russian invasion of Afghanistan, many thought the Games should have been abandoned. More than 30 nations, including the United States, Canada, West Germany, Japan and Kenya, boycotted them. Sixteen countries competed under an Olympic flag and ten sent only a single official to march in the opening ceremony. But the games went on, superbly organized and spectacularly staged (the efficiency no doubt made more possible by the removal of a considerable number of Moscow citizens from the city for the Games' duration). The Russians, inevitably in the circumstances, topped the medals chart with 80 gold, 69 silver and 46 bronze, followed by East Germany with 47 gold, 37 silver and 41 bronze. Britain's team, participating despite government disapproval, achieved its best results for many years winning five gold, seven silver and nine bronze. The long-awaited duel between British middle-distance runners Steve Ovett and Sebastian Coe provided the high spot of the Games, with Ovett surprisingly winning the 800 metres, Coe's favoured event, and Coe winning Ovett's favoured race, the 1,500. Daley Thompson won the decathlon with 8,495 points. Scottish sprinter Allan Wells won the 100 metres gold medal and the 200 metres silver, and Britain's fifth gold went to swimming captain Duncan Goodhew in the 100 metres breast stroke. The flag of the host nation for the 1984 Olympics, the USA, was not flown at the closing ceremony but was replaced by that of the city of Los Angeles.





Britain's Steve Ovett and Sebastian Coe, dominated the 800 metres, won by Ovett, top, and the 1,500 metres, won by Coe, above.



Daley Thompson, Britain's decathlon star, on his way to the gold medal.



Ethiopia's Miruts Yifter won both 5,000 and 10,000 metres, repeating the 1972 and 1976 achievements of Finland's Lasse Viren (left).



Allan Wells won Britain's first sprint gold since Harold Abrahams in 1924.



Britain's Neil Adams (right) won the



Victory in the 800 metres for Russia's Nadezhda Olizarenko.



E German Rica Reinisch won the 100 metres backstroke in world-record time.



Poland's Władysław Kozakleiwicz pole vaulted for gold and a world record.



Cuban boxer Teofilo Stevenson (right) celebrated his third successive Olympic heavyweight gold medal.



Britain's Duncan Goodhew swam to triumph in the 100 metres breast stroke.



The popular Italian, Sara Simeoni, jumped an Olympic record 1.97 metres to win the gold medal in the women's high jump.



Nadia Comaneci, Romanian heroine at Montreal, won two golds, one in floor exercises here, but lost her overall individual title in a judges' row.

Liberals must not compromise

by Jo Grimond

From time out of mind there have been demands for a new departure in politics. I myself suggested a realignment on the Left. Mr Cecil King suggested a government of All The Talents. Mr Dick Taverne actually formed a new party. The polls show that 40 per cent of the electorate would vote Liberal if they believed the party could win. So there must be some continuing demand for such a new departure.

Is this the moment then to make the demand effective? We have to look rather more closely at the political scene. First, it is not true that the Government are wholly dependent on monetarism. There is movement on their side. They are talking about co-operation and partnership in industry, they are changing (albeit gingerly) the nationalized industries. They are attacking the establishment and established thought. The Government can also contend that though there is room for argument about the type of monetary discipline and the level of interest rates, no government, unless it were prepared to see inflation even higher than now, could avoid trying to impose tight money. So any government would have to face high unemployment.

As for the Opposition, whichever faction wins the internal struggle the essential nature of the Labour party will remain. It is not a broadly based radical party: it is the political wing of the trade unions, the party of the establishment and of the corporate state. Therefore the present battle is not between a Conservative government ruthlessly and unnecessarily applying the conventional wisdom and an alternative championing the underdog. The underdogs have suffered more from trade union wage claims and restrictive practices than from any other single calamity. The battle on which ultimate victory will depend is not to be between the Conservative and Labour parties at all. It is between new, to some extent libertarian, thought and the old entrenched corporate thought and interests, dominant in all parties for the last 30 years and still lying behind its main (but by no means only) mouthpiece, the Labour party.

To my mind Liberal success will depend on two immediate major commitments. First, the commitment to stopping inflation. I regret that Liberals seem sometimes to have shied away from the measures necessary to achieve this. Second, we should emphasize a social or political programme. It is worth noting that the growing libertarian movement in the United States rests on freedom of education, commerce and opportunity, coupled to high social services for the unfortunate. Infla-

tion is ultimately a political disease. It destroys the cohesion of a country and thrives on disintegration. Liberals should reinforce loyalty to the community, to the firm, to the country. They have much to learn from their own founding fathers on this, from the tradition of Christian socialism and cooperation as against state socialism, from the organization of our own Armed Forces, and in some ways from the structure of industry in Japan. The country is not desperately impoverished, but too many people lack a cause in which they can work with pride.

Would amalgamation with the social democrats help? I am afraid that many social democrats are still only go-slow state socialists. "Let us have only a little more government interference, a touch of nationalization here and there" they seem to say, "We must not offend the trade unions, we must temper the wind to the well fleeced sheep." In fact they yearn after that isthmus of compromise between the Tory and Labour parties.

Among the social democrats in and out of the Labour party there are many admirable men, many able men and some who are both. If they would join the Liberal party they would bring it new strength. They would gain in return organization and a first-rate leader in David Steel. But would there have to be adjustments? And if so, over what? If anything it seems to me that the Liberal party has not been firm enough over its stance on the closed shop, restrictive practices and competition. In fact, I would like to see it on these issues stand to the right (if the word has any meaning) of Mrs Thatcher's Government. But is this the sort of adjustment which would be acceptable to the social democrats? To some—yes. But, judging by their record, to some of the better

The Liberal party is not going to win in the long run as a party of compromise, however attractive compromise may look in the short run.

But then what about an entirely new party? In practical terms the advantage of this might be that it just possibly would attract the support of some unions and some Labour MPs. It would thereby gain a base and organization. But that would mean a party as much, perhaps even more, dependent on the trade unions than is the present Labour party. I do not find that appealing.

A conglomeration of the disappointed, the muddle-headed and the timid will not get far. Liberals must be clear where the enemy lies and support any who will attack it, including on occasion the present Government.

Jo Grimond is Liberal MP for Orkney and Shetland and a former leader of the Parliamentary Liberal party.

The other side of Reagan

by Sam Smith

The first step towards understanding American politics this autumn is to stop thinking of Ronald Reagan as simply a right-wing candidate.

To project Reagan as a manifestation of a rightward drift in American political thought, you would have to assume that the public considers abortion more important than the recession, bussing more significant than inflation and the Panama canal a more pressing topic than oil. Such assumptions underrate and obscure the progressive and pragmatic aspects of Reaganism which are an important part of the Republican candidate's appeal to those other than conservative fundamentalists.

Yes, that's right. I said progressive. One of the dominant political themes of the day is the excessive power of the Washington bureaucracy. This is not right-wing propaganda; the incompetence, inefficiency and oppressiveness of the central government has been adequately documented to the point that one is almost embarrassed to admit residence in the most despised city of the country. Reagan has promised to decentralize the government—to divert funds from the bloated federal bureaucracy to the states and localities.

This promise has been made before—most recently by Jimmy Carter, but Reagan has made it believable.

The last 40 years has brought an erosion of the original federal, decentralized concept of government and a sort of authoritarianism by attrition has set in. Reagan proposes—and apparently sincerely—to reverse this and in so doing is reviving the radical, semi-anarchistic roots of American politics. He is honestly opposed to the authoritarian state.

That this is not widely noted is largely because of the authoritarian bias of the media (which like the bureaucracy live off the concentrated fat of Washington) and the anachronistic way in which we view political divisions. The Democratic party is supposed to be the party of the little man, the party of civil rights, the party of labour, the party of peace, the party of progress, and so forth. In fact, today the Democratic party is largely the creature of megacorporations and megaunions, the party that has extended centralized government control and meddling in the affairs of the little man and that has engaged in a disproportionate amount of warfare during this century. Even in the field of civil rights, the party has, with the passing of Lyndon Johnson, lived its faith more in rhetoric than in deeds.

Meanwhile, the Republicans—considered to be the party of privilege and big business—find the oil companies

filling the coffers of the Democrats as Reaganites warn corporations that you cannot have de-regulation and public subsidy at the same time. Once the best fearmongers in politics, the Republicans now find the Democrats trying to scare people away from their candidate. Once afraid that *any* idea was but an invitation to Marxism, the party is now producing suggestions for putting its ideology into practice.

You can still find the theology of fear in Republicanism: fear of the Soviets, fear of socialism, fear of homosexuals. You can still find the politics of meanness: meanness towards mothers who cannot support their babies once they are born and meanness towards those who find themselves staring at the muzzle of a handgun-but the shrillness and the cruelty has moderated. The sabre does not rattle in this year's GOP platform, it just clinks a bit. The coyness is still there: "opportunity" is used where the Democrats would give us a "right," but there also is, in a radical departure from Republican precedent, substance. Further, with Reagan, even such delicious Republican inconsistencies as a tax cut, balanced budget and increased military spending, are being made to seem plausible.

Unfortunately, politics does not take place in a Chinese restaurant, so you cannot choose one from column A and one from column B. Only one candidate this year, Jerry Brown, tried to amalgamate governmental decentralism with human decency, but he was driven out of public consideration by media too myopic to understand him.

So we are left with a variety of uncomfortable choices. This year we cannot have decentralism and abortions too. An end to the draft and an end to handgun mayhem. Or the Equal Rights Amendment as well as increased revenue sharing with the states.

In some cases, we will not have any choices at all. Military spending is going up anyway. "Socialism" will provide aid to failing corporations but not medicine to failing individuals. And resolution of our considerable economic problems will probably follow the sanitation policy laid down by the late mayor of New York, Fiorello H. LaGuardia: "There's no Republican or Democratic way to fix a sewer."

So if we get things a bit messed up this autumn don't be too hard on us. Some of us, fed to the gills with the idiocies of Washington's presumptive governance, will take a flyer on Reagan; some, fearful of Reagan's stands on various issues, will stick with the Democrats despite it all; some will follow the dictum of the bumper sticker that reads: "Don't vote; it only encourages them", and some will go for a third choice. I suspect few of us will be really happy.

The lost stability of the seventies

by Norman Moss

If five or ten years ago you had said to the average intelligent person that in international affairs he was living through a period of stability he would probably have contradicted you heatedly. Why, every day the newspapers carried news of momentous world events and great changes. But newspapers exist to report whatever changes there are ("news" is change by definition) and there is always something to report.

But the fundamental features of the international scene did not change, nor was there any question of their doing so. We can see how stable that period was by contrasting it with the present. For this is a time when many certainties that we have lived with for a generation are being called into question.

Viewed from today's perspective the world of a few years ago seems like a ship in which the passengers and crew argued sometimes about who should occupy which place, how the burden of work and supplies of food should be shared and perhaps who should be the first and second mate, but not about which direction the ship was taking, let alone whether it would stay afloat.

We have had detente by one name or another since the signing of the nuclear test ban treaty 17 years ago. The United States and the Soviet Union recognized a common interest in global stability and in limiting the competition between them. This recognition survived two Middle East wars and the Vietnam War. We cannot be sure that this perception of mutual interest exists today.

We have become used to a world of five nuclear weapons nations and no more. It is 16 years since China exploded an atomic bomb and no nation has openly joined the nuclear weapons club since then. Today the question that is being asked continually is: "Who's next?" It would be optimistic to believe that we will have to wait another 16 years for an answer.

We have become used to a world of increasing prosperity that seemed automatic and unending, and with it a world of free and continually expanding trade. Now the first has ended and the second is under threat.

The continued existence of other familiar landmarks of the international scene is also being called into question: Will Britain remain in the EEC? Will Britain continue to have its own nuclear weapons? Will the United States continue to defend Western Europe? Will there be any more East-West arms control agreements? Most urgent of all, will there be a major war? Opinion polls show that a few years ago only about 5 per cent of people were worried about a nuclear war but now 20 per cent think that one in the next ten years is possible.

It did not seem likely a decade ago, as America began its ignominious retreat from Vietnam and one world currency crisis followed another, that anyone would long for the good old certainties of 1970. But many people today must be feeling just that.

Some of the uncertainties have arisen from changed perceptions rather than changed events, and some from effects that are only now emerging of sea changes that have long been under way.

To take the most worrying uncertainty first: by the mid 1960s most of us had learned, in the now immortal Dr Strangelove phrase, to stop worrying and if not to love the Bomb at any rate to live with it. It seemed that nuclear deterrence worked, that rational control could prevent irrational destruction and that the age of world wars had passed forever, to be replaced by the age of guerrillas and terrorists. The superpowers treated one another with great caution and took care to respect each other's national interests.

Now we have the distribution of civil defence leaflets, plans to deploy cruise missiles with nuclear warheads in East Anglia and West Germany, maps in newspapers showing the routes along which Soviet forces might advance and concentric circles showing the radius of blast and radiation of the weapons that might be used to stop them.

But actually there is little sign that nuclear deterrence works any less effectively than it did. The United States fought two wars without resorting to nuclear weapons, and the Soviet Union is fighting another, in Afghanistan.

A scare was thrown into a US Senate committee when, hearing testimony about the United States' ability to move a force into the Arabian Gulf quickly to meet a threat to Western oil supplies, it was told that this force would not be strong enough to hold back a Soviet thrust for more than a day or two and that if the Russians continued their advance the only recourse would be to use tactical nuclear weapons. But this is a most unlikely contingency. The least probable threat to oil supplies from the Gulf area is a Soviet attempt to seize the oilfields, and fear of nuclear war is one reason. Anti-Western uprisings are much more likely. Despite the high profile of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the Western response to it, Iran's radical Islamic revolution is a pointer to the West's greater peril.

This increased anxiety about nuclear war has its dangers. There will be quarrels with the Soviet Union—or, at the very least, argument, as there is today over the stationing of missiles in Europe. In these arguments fear is a bad counsellor. We should not be driven to compromise with every Soviet demand by a feeling that the alternative is to risk the suffering of a nuclear war.

But to say that we should not be ruled by fear is not to say that we should banish it from our minds. Fear of nuclear war is a healthy attitude. Heightened anxiety on the subject may be an inappropriate response to the changes in the international situation. It is nevertheless a salutary reminder of the danger that still hangs over us all, that the staggeringly destructive weapons are real, that the means to fire them exist, that men are ready to obey an order to do so and that the targets are marked on maps and we all live in them.

The first shocks of the atomic age produced a desperate urge to find a solution to the problem posed by the coexistence of national sovereignty and nuclear weapons, and some radical rethinking of our position. Gradually, these weapons seemed to be fitted into the familiar scheme of things, and this feeling of desperation was replaced by complacency.

Yet the fundamental problems still hang unsolved over us. There is still a need for new thinking—about arms control and disarmament, for instance—and a readiness to accept radical alternatives to the nuclear peril.

We were complacent also about the spread of nuclear weapons. For years academic strategists had produced papers forecasting the rapid spread of nuclear weapons to other countries. But this did not happen. The fact that the strategists' pessimism was mistaken is due at least partly to the relative global stability of the 1970s. It is in time of stress and danger that countries reach for new weapons.

But now other countries are acquiring, if not the bomb, then at any rate the means to build one: India, Israel, Pakistan, Iraq. The present anxiety might give new urgency to the search for a new international consensus on trade in nuclear materials, and political arrangements which may reduce the pressure on countries to acquire their own nuclear bombs.

The identity of our enemies has changed, too. A few years ago there was no doubt who they were: Russia and China, with China the more militant and therefore the more to be feared. Now China is a *de facto* ally of the West in containing the Soviet Union and its allies in Asia, and new enemies are likely to arise, smaller countries which are not strong enough to go to war but which may be able to cut us off from important raw materials and to threaten some of our less powerful friends.

There is another class of uncertainty that has arisen. Whether Britain remains in the EEC and whether Britain continues to have its own nuclear deterrent depends largely on who wins the power struggle in the Labour Party and whether it wins the next election.

Some of the old arguments for an independent British nuclear deterrent are no longer tenable, for instance, the argument that it gives us influence, a "seat at the top table", in the old phrase. Few people today would suggest that Britain has more influence in the councils of Europe or the world than, say, Germany, which has no nuclear weapons. The reasons advanced today for British possession of its own nuclear force relate to a war rather than to the conference table and suggest that if a nuclear war broke out in Europe a British nuclear force would give this country some protection that it would not have otherwise.

The EEC has not evolved as most people expected it to evolve. It is still a trading association, with a minimal political content, based on an agricultural self-sufficiency to which Britain has to adjust. True, a constant questioning of British membership weakens the Community and weakens confidence in Britain; it is like a marriage in which one partner is always wondering aloud whether he should remain married or get a divorce. The constant questioning erodes the connubial bonds and acts as a distraction from other, more positive questions. None the less continued British membership cannot be taken as dogma and it is going to be examined sometimes in terms of benefit and loss. And it is being examined in a global recession.

For 25 years prosperity and a rising standard of living were taken for granted. With this went open trade relations: Gatt ruled. Protectionism was seen as a mistake of a past era, the pre-Keynesian dark ages when the techniques of managing national economies had not been mastered.

Now it is a very different world economically from any we have known before. The balance of economic forces has changed, and produced some effects that would have seemed incredible to an intelligent observer of 25 years ago: Europeans flocking to take their holidays in America because things are so much cheaper there; Japan as the industrial giant sweeping all competitors before it, outproducing the United States in cars, TV sets and electronics.

Whenever the international climate gets colder there is a tendency for a country to huddle into itself and to ask its government for commercial protection. In these past years the climate has never been really chilly and these requests have nearly always been refused. But now some requests for tariff protection are strong and pressing: on the EEC to keep out Japanese cars, and on America to keep out European steel, for instance. Some tariffs may be necessary. But can they be imposed without setting off a chain reaction of tariffs and counter-tariffs that will throttle world trade? The old simplicity, that free trade is good and protection bad, will not do for the 1980s.

Other old simplicities may crumble also in the 1980s, as new questions are thrown up. There will be uncertainty and inevitably anxiety. We live under what Christopher Morley called "that ancient Chinese curse: May you live in interesting times."

The legacy of language

by Sir Arthur Bryant

Of all the arts by which man communicates with his fellow men and through which, at his highest, he interprets, reveals and glorifies the maker and mystery of life which we call God and Spirit, the most basic and indispensable is that of language. Music, the visual arts, architecture, gardening and landscape can all at times convey to the senses meaning and feeling which momentarily transcend the bounds of speech. But words and their choice and arrangement are the essential currency of human communication, the cornerstone of our civilization. Without them we would all be savages.

The various languages through which men have communicated and communicate with one another are the products of geographical, hereditary and social affinity. Great literature is the fine flower of a national or regional language. In the ancient world of the Roman and, later, Christian West, the Greek, Latin and Hebrew tongues all contributed immensely to mankind's store of transmitted wisdom and understanding literatures of the highest quality-so much so that during the centuries that followed the fall of Rome and the division of her heritage among the barbaric medieval tribes of Europe, these three great classic languages still remained the principal channels of civilized communication in matters of law, public administration and the arts, and, above all, of religion.

It was only in the 15th and 16th centuries that the formerly half-barbaric languages of medieval France, Italy, Germany and, after the marriage of Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon, Spain, began, little by little, to take the place of the learned languages of the classical past. England, a mixed Teutonic, Celtic and Scandinavian nation ruled by a French feudal aristocracy, produced in the late 14th century a great poet in the court vintner's son, Geoffrey Chaucer. Yet no one outside the remote English island, even after the invention of printing. could, or would, have read Chaucer in the vernacular, or the even more obscure verse of his humble, though great. contemporary, William Langland.

It was not until the end of the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries that English became, potentially, both one of the major languages and one of the noblest literatures of the world. It did so with startling suddenness, under the aegis of, and immediately following, the reign of the great royal stateswoman, political educator and unifier, Elizabeth I, or, as the preface to the authorized translation of the James I Bible puts it, "that bright Occidental Star, Queen Elizabeth of most happy memory". Three great English works of supreme literary genius, two of them under

official auspices, took their place in the national consciousness at about the same time—a time which coincided with the beginning of a trans-oceanic migration of the English race and, through it, the genesis of what were to become in the fullness of time, the United States of America and the British Empire and Commonwealth. These were the Elizabethan Liturgy of the Anglican Church, the Authorized Version of the Bible published under James I in 1611, and the poetic plays of William Shakespeare, first published in collected form in 1623, seven years after his death. All constituted literature of the very highest quality.

For the greater part of the next three centuries the first two of these were the chief educative influence in the speech and thought of ordinary English people, both at home and abroad. The earliest in time was the Anglican Prayer Book, which had originally been conceived in the deeply poetic mind of Queen Elizabeth's godfather, the martyred Archbishop Cranmer, sired, as it were, by medieval Catholic liturgical rite and usage, though purged of what to Protestants seemed idolatrous accretions. Never used by the whole nation, like the James I Bible—for the extreme Puritans, like their Nonconformist successors, could never bring themselves to accept it as did the more conservative elements in the nation—the Anglican Prayer Book nevertheless helped to shape and ennoble the thoughts and minds of generations of English folk, gentle and humble alike. For its resounding passages and phrases, and its translations of the psalms of David, sank into the national consciousness:

"We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. . . . We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us."

"Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle,

or who shall rest upon thy holy hill? Even he, that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart... He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes, and maketh much of them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth unto his neighbour and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance."

"The Lord is my shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing. He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort. He shall convert my soul, and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for his Name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me."

"They shall perish but thou shalt endure: they shall all wax old as doth a garment. And as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail."

So, shaping the thoughts, feelings and speech of future generations, were the sayings, injunctions and definitions of the Elizabethan liturgy, as later set out in the great post-Restoration Anglican Prayer Book. "We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them." "The author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom."

What was true of the Anglican liturgy was still more true of the Authorized Version of the Bible, the supreme popular literary legacy of the Elizabethan and Jacobean age. As has been said, it made the English throughout the world and, most of all, the least formally educated, the people of one book. For generations it became natural for English men and women of all classes to lard their speech, consciously or subconsciously, with phrases from the Authorized Version

of the Bible—though they sometimes got it wrong: "I wish," cried Sairey Gamp, anathemizing the "Ankworks Package", "I wish it was in Jonadge's belly," so appearing, in her creator's words, "to confound the prophet with the whale in this miraculous aspiration."

The spiritual history, beliefs, traditions and morality of a Christian people were set out and defined in this inspired Elizabethan-translated Bible. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God . . . All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made." Nowhere in literature or in the annals of science has all that we humans know of the creation of ourselves and of the universe been more succinctly put. Nor has the veil of incomprehension between man and his Maker ever been more truthfully or better defined: "And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." What arrogance and stupidity it seems on the part of our clerical establishment to have supposed that it could have made the divine mystery of our existence more comprehensible to simple—or, for that matter, to sophisticated and complexminds by substituting for the inspired language of great poetry and prophecy the flat banalities of an elementary schoolboy phraseology.

"All things work together for good to them that love God." "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord."

In what other book in any language has more inspired truth and wisdom been set out than in the Authorized Version of the Scriptures which our Elizabethan and Jacobean forbears translated and transmitted to our race? As St Paul truly said, "Not of the letter, but of the spirit, for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."



The *ILN* of September 18, 1880, illustrated the first Test match between England and Australia, played at the Oval on September 6-8 as a climax to a tour led by W. L. Murdoch. The England side was captained by Lord Harris and the match—not then designated a Test—drew 40,000 spectators. England won by five wickets, W. G. Grace scoring 152 in the first innings.

The voice of cricket

John Arlott, who is playing his last innings as the BBC's most admired and respected cricket commentator during the Centenary Test Match between England and Australia at Lords, is so much the sound of an English summer that it's possible to believe he was born talking of cricket. In fact, he became a commentator by accident. In 1946 he was producing poetry for broadcast to Asia from the BBC Overseas Service at Bush House when the Indian touring team arrived. It was decided that there should be a few minutes' live commentary to India each day and Arlott, a cricket enthusiast, was asked to do it. The quality of his broadcasts became a talking point at Bush House and word spread to the BBC Home Service. In 1947 he was invited to take part in domestic commentaries on the South African tour and he has not missed a day of Test cricket in England since.

John Arlott is not only a man everyone appears to like, but a man many of us would like to be, for what could be better than to list such interests in Who's Who as "watching cricket, drinking wine, talking" and to be able to do all three for a living. That unmistakable Hampshire voice has during the last two seasons sounded a little weary from time to time and he has decided to close his innings at an undefeated 66. He is respected for his knowledge of the game. for he is one of cricket's historians, and for his descriptive powers. He never has to raise his voice or increase the pace to convey the excitement of the given moment; the words will do. But to understand why he is so loved, you have to look into his face, now, thanks to television, as familiar as the voice. There you can see the compassion that drew him to work for four years in a mental hospital in the early 1930s, the concern for others which led him to stand twice for Parliament and which is so appreciated by cricketers that for over 20 years they have elected him President of their own Association, and the common sense and shrewdness that no doubt made him a highly effective detective during the 11

years he served with the police (from 1934 to 1945).

It was John Arlott who heard about a young coloured South African who, he was told, was of world class but only able to play in minor cricket on bad country pitches because of apartheid; Arlott went to enormous trouble to engineer his transfer to English cricket and the Lancashire league. From there, of course, Basil D'Oliveira went on to become an England Test cricketer.

Arlott's modesty is such that he says he lived until he was nearly 60 with the conviction that every season he would not be re-engaged by the BBC, and he was never pleased to see a letter from The Guardian in his post in case it, too, was terminating his services as cricket writer. This modesty also accounts for the fact that relatively little is known about him, other than the evidence of his voice that he comes from Hampshire. He was born there in 1914 and went to Queen Mary's School in Basingstoke until he was 16 when he went to work in the mental hospital. When he was 20, he joined the police (even today he does look a bit like a benevolent village bobby). He left the force to work for the BBC Overseas Service at Bush House to pursue his interest in poetry. His first publications were books of poetry, but there have since been some marvellous cricket books, readable whether you follow cricket or not, books on wine, and books reflecting his many other interests, which include the history of the Scilly Isles, collecting books about Gladstone, collecting aquatints, engraved glass, and wine artefacts.

He is not a rich man, but is comfortably off, thanks to his books and to the recent sale of part of his remarkable collection of wine, 4,000 of his 5,000 bottles; the remaining 1,000 will travel with him and his wife to their retirement home on Alderney. Drinking wine is one of the activities from which John Arlott has no intention of retiring! He will continue to write for *The Guardian* and he will be contributing later in the year to *The Illustrated London News*.

RIBA's top seven

What are the prospects for good architecture in a Britain of drastically reduced public spending? The answer must be clouded with more than a little doubt if the Royal Institute of British Architects' 1980 awards are any guide, for in six of the seven regions where full awards were made, they went to buildings designed by public or publicly-financed clients.

For the record, the full award winners were: a new clinical sciences building for St James's Hospital, Leeds, by Building Design Partnership, for the University of Leeds; an Advance Industrial building at Winwick Quay, Warrington, by

the Farrell Grimshaw Partnership for Warrington Development Corporation; a new regional headquarters at Bedminster Down, Bristol, for the Central Electricity Generating Board, by Arup Associates; the central Milton Keynes shopping building, for the development corporation by its own architects; sheltered housing for the elderly, Lynedoch House, Edinburgh, by Roland Wedgwood Associates, for the Viewpoint Housing Association; a teahouse at Tollymore Forest Park, Newcastle, County Down, by Ian Campbell & Partners, for the Northern Ireland Department of Commerce; and finally (the one private sector client) a new draught beer department for Greene King & Sons' brewery at Bury St Edmunds, by Michael Hopkins.

ILN prize to fund bursary

Assiduous readers will know that the Natural History Museum in South Kensington carried off the 1980 Museum of the Year Award, and with it the £2,000 cash prize put up by The Illustrated London News. We have heard from Dr R. H. Hedley, the Director of the Museum, that the money is to be spent in setting up an annual bursary to enable young curators and exhibitions staff from other British museums to spend a short period gaining experience in the Public Services Department of his museum. This seems to us a most enterprising use of the award money. Like members of the public who have recently visited some of the exhibitions in Dr Hedley's museum the young curators from other parts of the country are in for an eye-opener. This year's award was a controversial one to many in the museum world because there is more than a touch of gimmickry in some of the displays used in the exhibitions on human biology, ecology, dinosaurs and man's place in evolution, as there will no doubt also be in the "Origin of Species" exhibition which is to open next year. But the encouraging feature of the Natural History Museum is its willingness to experiment and excite visitors.

The Proms at last

One of last month's more cheerful occasions was the opening night of the 1980 season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts which took place nearly three weeks behind schedule because of the strike by the Musicians' Union in protest against proposed cuts in the number of BBC orchestras. Agreement was reached when the BBC offered to reduce the number of orchestras to be disbanded from six to three, thus preserving the Scottish Symphony Orchestra, the Northern Ireland Orchestra and the London Studio Players, and to guarantee freelance work to the members of the three orchestras to be disbanded next spring.

It fell to the BBC Symphony Orchestra to give the first concert of the 86th season and the welcome extended to them and their conductor, John Pritchard, from the audience in a packed Albert Hall was probably as much an indication of public support for the musicians' cause as relief that the Proms were under way at last. The truncated season opened with Mahler's Symphony No 4, in which Jessye Norman was the soloist, the second half of the programme being made up of music by Berlioz, Messiaen and Ravel.

In the remaining 36 concerts audiences could look forward to the following operas: *Die Zauberflöte*, given by Glyndebourne Festival Opera under their musical director Bernard Haitink; Offenbach's *Robinson Crusoe*, by Opera Rara, in celebration of the com-

poser's centenary; Handel's *Semele*, on September 7; and Rachmaninov's rarely heard *Francesca da Rimini*, which will be conducted by Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, chief conductor of the BBCSO, on September 2.

New works to be given in the course of the season include Edmund Rubbra's Symphony No 11, commissioned by the BBC; the Dutch composer Hendrik Andriessen's Symphony No 4, to be played by the Concertgebouw Orchestra; and the Concerto for violin, viola and cello by Sir Michael Tippett.

The penultimate concert on September 12 will be a Beethoven night, devoted to his Symphonies No 1 and No 9, played by the Hallé Orchestra under James Loughran. On the last night Sir Charles Mackerras will conduct the BBC Symphony Orchestra, Chorus and Singers as well as a large proportion of the audience who will inevitably join in the traditional programme.

Tyneside gets its Metro

Although there were several occasions during its six year construction period when it looked as if it would never come to fruition, Newcastle upon Tyne's Metro system was officially opened last month with the first 16 miles of the 34-mile network operational. Trains run from the city centre out to Tynemouth in 27 minutes, about half the time it takes by bus. The Metro is the first of its kind in the UK, being in nontechnical language a halfway house between a fully fledged railway and a tramway. When completed in 1983 it will serve both sides of the Tyne going as far as South Shields.

In the late 1960s it became obvious that traffic problems in Newcastle and adjacent townships (now all amalgamated in the somewhat odd Tyne and Wear County) were becoming serious, and the decision to construct a Metro along the lines of many Continental systems, in effect a super-tramway, caused considerable national interest. Luckily the area had 26 miles of former British Rail tracks, which have been upgraded for the new service (it is allelectric, taking its power from over-head wires), and to these were added 8 miles of new track, much of it underground but also including a new bridge over the Tyne and a rather elegant curving viaduct in the Byker area.

The full complement of 90 articulated Metrocars, each seating 84 passengers (plus a "crush load maximum" of 188 standing), have been delivered. They will be limited to a speed of 50 mph maximum, and they run remarkably quietly and smoothly. Fares are on a zonal system which allows for transfer to bus routes and are on a par with the equivalent road services. The trains however are much swifter than the previous bus routes and this, coupled with reliability and "moderation" in fares, should ensure success.











LONDON IN CRISIS

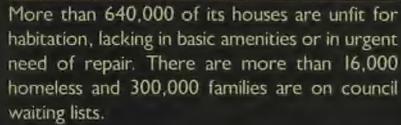
This could be a tale of two cities, except that both are London. One is regularly on view in *The Illustrated London News*, in the political columns, in the pictures of pageantry, in the articles on architecture and the arts, in the guide to activities of every kind. This is more than just a postcard London; it is a very real city, offering challenge and pleasure to inhabitants and visitors alike. It is one of the great cities of the world.

The other London is the everyday one that has to be judged alongside the aspirations of its nearly seven million people to a decent home, rewarding job and easy travel from one to the other. This is the London which appears to be coming apart.

In the last 20 years London has lost 750,000 manufacturing jobs. More than 160,000 of its workers are unemployed, and its unemployment "black spots" rank with those in the worst depressed areas.







Its services are deteriorating while rates rise. The roads get dirtier and more congested, buses run less frequently and break down more often, trains are often late and overcrowded. Fares, too, are rising relentlessly, yet London Transport is virtually bankrupt, losing over £500,000 some weeks, and British Rail is short of £1,000 million to bring its commuter service up to standard.

Faced with these and other problems, many Londoners have already fled to the outer suburbs, to new and expanding towns, or even farther afield. They are currently leaving at the rate of 50,000 a year. For them the virtues of the one London do not compensate for the frustrations of the other.



The report on the following pages is on the whole a depressing one, necessarily so for three reasons. First, London's problems are largely unrecognized because the sheer size of the city camouflages them; as a result the city's special needs are often neglected when national resources are distributed. Second, London's problems are the nation's problems; Britain can ill-afford a capital city in decline. Third, this is not another "effects of the recession" story. London's problems have been developing for years and will take many more years to solve. They are, however, assuming crisis proportions and unless they are realistically confronted there can be no hope of passing on a civilized city to the generations to come.

A special report by Des Wilson

Photographs by Charles Milligan.

In the past 20 years Greater London

has lost 750,000 jobs in manufacturing

Where have all the people gone?

In population terms London is a dramatically shrinking city. In 1939 its style to more than a handful in its cenpopulation was 8.6 million but today it is less than 7 million and still falling by over 50,000 a year. It is highly probable that by the end of the century it will be 6 million, a decline of nearly 30 per cent.

One straightforward but relatively recent contributor to the "net loss" is that fewer children are being born in London. In the mid 1960s there were 60,000 more births than deaths in the city each year but now they balance each other out; the number of births has fallen by 40 per cent in the last decade. However, while the higher birth rate of the 60s may have reduced the net loss, it also masked the exodus. If the capital was suffering a net loss of 100,000 a year at a time when there were considerably more births than deaths, what was the real number of people who were just packing up and leaving? A fair estimate

would be 150,000 a year. spectacular plan to tackle the inner city problems of unfit and overcrowded gestion, and what he saw as the undesirable intermingling of homes and factories. The plan was to move more than a number of new towns beyond a 5 miles-wide Green Belt, and then to redevelop the inner city under tight planning controls to higher environmental politicians and people, moved in the same direction. Unfortunately the exodus did not stop at Abercrombie's now trying desperately but without noticeable success to apply the brake. (Remember the Location of Offices Bureau with its posters advertising the virtues of living out of London? Only recently its remaining employees were

paid off and it quietly closed its doors.) Two points have to be made about the Abercrombie plan: the first is that if its main aim was to rid inner London of unfit housing, lack of open space and traffic congestion, it failed. The second is that while it applied official impetus to the exodus, it would have happened anyway. Of the 150,000 who were each year leaving London in the 60s, the peak years for planned migration to the new and expanding towns, only 25,000 were going to this Abercrombie "territory"; the remainder were getting out of London under their own steam, not because it was officially desired in planning sequently per capita expenditure will terms but because they found London unsatisfactory in personal terms and were seeking the "good life" of owneroccupation

A survey in 1977 revealed that over decline in rate-borne expenditure has to 50 per cent of Londoners were dissatisfied with life in the capital and

wanted to leave. Only 5 per cent wanted to live in central London. This cannot altogether be blamed on the city's inadequacies: most of those who left wanted garages, green lawns and gardens and no city has the space to offer that lifetral areas. Many of the supplementary reasons for departure do, however, reflect discontent: "I would have moved to outer London but getting into the centre to work is so exhausting and expensive that it made more sense to get right out," says an Oxfordshire local authority manager, underlining the part that iammed roads and a run-down public transport service play in persuading people to join the exodus. "I want my children to walk to a good school on clean, safe streets," says his wife, underlining concern about London's education, its scruffiness and, in the tougher inner city areas, its street crime. Employment and housing are the key

factors in the loss of much of the canital's skilled workforce. This was the group most likely to find work in the new towns and elsewhere and the most realistically ambitious to become home-The man who started the flight from owners. Unfortunately for London, in London was Professor Patrick Aber- the prosperous 50s it became clear that crombie who in 1944 produced a not only do people chase jobs, but jobs chase people. Where the skilled workers went so did many of their employers housing, lack of play space, traffic con- and London lost both people and industry. In addition to the skilled workers. the city tends to lose the young professionals who come to London when a million people out of inner London to single to enjoy all the benefits a major city can offer but who, once married and thinking of a family, wish, or often feel they have no choice but, to move out. Even if they continue to commute standards. It seemed brilliant. It was to London, they take their earnings out brilliant. For once everyone, planners, of the city to pay their rates and spend much of the balance elsewhere

There are, of course, those who believe the decline in population has been target million, but continued at such a beneficial, enabling those who departed rate that the planners and politicians are to lead a better life and those who remained to have more space and the opportunity of better conditions. Peter Hall, Professor of Geography at Reading University, believes there is a case for taking the process still further: "If London is finding a new role for itself and it is clear there isn't an opportunity for some people within it, isn't it better that they should move to where there is a chance they can prosper?"

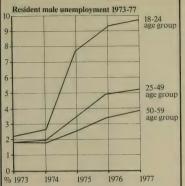
But two of the ill-effects of the exodus are established: the loss of workers leads to loss of industry and thus the loss of still further employment for those who remain, and those who do remain face higher rates or declining services. Usually both. A report to the Greater London Council last year stated: "It would be wise to assume that the capacity of London to raise resources will decline in line with population. Contend to increase, placing additional burdens on those remaining in London and quite possibly providing a further incenwe should plan for? tive to leave. In such circumstances, a First, a continuing decline: it is

Worrying about whether it was right

be looked for

Islington -67.3 -19 Southwark --67 -18.9 Kensington and Chelsea -53.2-14.7 Tower Hamlets -51.6Hackney -49.9 ---11 Westminster, City of _47.5 -16.2Camden -43.9-6.2Lewisham -43.4 - 48 Hammersmith -42.3 - 6.7 Lambeth -42 - 2.3 Wandsworth -40.7 - 2.3 Brent -32.4 _ .4 Newham -23.4 Haringey -22- 3.3 Greenwich Waltham Forest + .6 Redbridge + .3 -- 15.6 + 1.6 Merton -14.3Barking + .1 Richmond upon Thames -- 13 + .8 Enfield -10.5 Kingston upon Thames - 8.4 + .4 - 8 + 4.3 Hounslow -6.6+ 4.5 Harrow - 6.1 + .7 Bromley + 6.6 Ealing Hillingdon - 2.8 + 6.4 + .3 + 3.8 Sutton Croydon + 2.6 + 6.3 City of London + 2.6 + .8 -782 -71







industry. Manufacturing as a proportion of total employment has fallen from approximately 33 per cent to under 20 per cent (compared with an approximate decline from 36 per cent to 30 per cent for the country as a whole). The total number of people employed in London during that 20 years has fallen by around 13 per cent while it has increased in the rest of south-east England

by 30 per cent and in England and Wales as a whole by 5 per cent. This is because growth in the public sector and service industries has not matched the decline in manufacturing. Each month the national unemploy-

ment statistics demonstrate that the south-east including London has the lowest percentage of unemployment in the country and thus reinforce the view widely held farther north that, no matter how severe the problems of the regions, Londoners are "sitting pretty". Even those in London who should know better are deceived by the figures. Yet if you set aside the percentages and look at real numbers, unemployment in London is on a par with the West Midlands and higher than any region of Britain excent the north-west and Scotland. In July this year there were 160,300 unemployed in London.

The sheer size of London pushes down the percentage of unemployed but it is deceptive to look at problems like unemployment, housing, and environmental decay as if London is homogeneous. It is not. It has a larger population than eight European countries including three in the EEC; the budget of the Inner London Education Authority alone exceeds the budget total of 24 United Nations member countries, and some of its inner city areas are more heavily populated than the capital cities of many other

countries. A number of these inner city areas should appear on any map of national unemployment black spots. For instance taking the national unemployment statistics for July this year, we find that 4.3 per cent were unemployed ***

Why, people ask, if the population of London is falling so dramatically, is there still a housing shortage? The above statistics explain: while in the ten years from 1966 to 1976 the population fell by 782,000 (some people moving to new towns like Milton Keynes, above right), the number of households fell by only 71,000.

or wrong to have deliberately allowed London's population to dwindle is, of course, a bit like trying to shut the stable door after the horse has bolted. It could also be said that whether the authorities wanted people to leave or not, it does not say much for the quality of London life that they have left so willingly, and in such numbers. The real point is that they have gone, and London now has to plan and act on the facts as they are. So what are the population characteristics

realistic to plan for a London of 6.5 million by 1990. Second, a much greater

the young leave home earlier, stay single longer and, when they marry or live together, have children later. There is also a growing proportion of elderly living alone, and of single parents. Third, a mobile population. Over 10 per cent of Londoners change their home every vear. Fourth, an economically weaker and more dependent inner London population caused by concentrations of growing proportions of unskilled and low-paid workers, unemployment, higher numbers of largely unsupported elderly, a larger ethnic minority, and a tendency for the mentally ill, rootless and other minorities to be attracted to proportion of single people or couples as the inner city. If London faces a crisis it

is in the black spots or ghettos of deprivation in the inner city, the sores undermining the health of and threatening to disease the whole capital.

These black spots are largely, though not entirely, to be found in the areas vate sector does not want to know. which were in trouble before the exodus, for contrary to the aspirations of the Abercrombie era they not only remain but their problems are just as intractable and self-perpetuating. They contain the worst housing and environmental conditions, and the most overcrowding, attacking the health and well-being of individuals and families. They are the breeding-grounds and also the location of much of London's delinquency and street crime. Their poverty permeates their schools and health services. Their undesirability for skilled working people makes them unattractive to employers, and that plus lack of space for industrial live in.

growth means that unemployment is high and earnings are low. Local councils cannot, therefore, draw on a rate income high enough to make any impression on their problems. The public sector cannot cope and the pri-

To say that the rich and some groups of the creative middle-class live in the very centre of London and in pockets close to it, and the comfortably-off live on the outskirts, leaving a circle of poverty and deprivation between them, is to generalize, and yet all the indices of population, income, lifestyle and inner city stress do reflect such a pattern and broadly speaking it represents the reality. How this generation of Londoner copes with the increasing economic and social isolation of that inner circle wil influence whether it remains a city fit to

Movement to assisted areas 9%	
Movement to overspill towns 7%	
Movement elsewhere 11%	
Net difference between opening and complete closure of firms 43%	
Decline in firms employing under 20 people 7%	



in Greater London compared with 6.5 per cent nationally, but if we break London down to its "mini-cities", we find substantial areas with unemployment over twice the national figure—Stepney and Poplar, each with more than 15 per cent unemployed, Deptford and Holloway with nearly 12 per cent. (A GLC policy-maker says, "We have always seen 10 per cent as a crisis level.") If we take the employment offices in inner London and compare their resident male unemployment rate in April of this year with the national rate we find that 15 of the 20, or 75 per cent, have a percentage of unemployed higher than the national percentage. No wonder many people coping with these problems on inner London local authorities believe they should be eligible for regional aid and assisted area status, entitling them to the opportunity of

A decline in employment in manufacturing industry has, of course, taken place in many western countries and in Britain as a whole, but why has it been sharper in London? We have to start with the 1944 Abercrombie plan and its implementation. The encouragement of London industry to move to the new and expanding towns clearly had its effect, and the incentives to industry to move to other assisted areas as part of the subsequent regional policy added to the outward momentum. As was the case with the population exodus, however, the policy to encourage industry to specific destinations added official impetus to a trend but nowhere near explains it. Only 16 per cent of the jobs lost in London between 1966 and 1974 came from movement to assisted areas or overspill towns. A further 11 per cent of unplanned moves took place, primarily to locations in the south-east and East Anglia. The really disconcerting figure is that the net difference between the opening and complete closure of firms in London during that eight years accounted for 43 per cent of all the jobs lost in the city. While no one can be happy with the decline in London's industrial base, it would at least be somewhat reassuring to be able to say that it was intentional; clearly that has not been the case and the reason for the decline lies elsewhere.

One factor has been the difficulty that companies have had in expanding on their existing sites in London. Many companies found their premises becoming inadequate for modern industry. Some were having to operate from a number of separate buildings or in multi-storey blocks hampering the layout of their plant. When they tried to expand on their existing or neighbouring land, or on new sites, they found themselves confronted with all sorts of planning permission difficulties, some caused by an excess of zeal in pursuing the out-of-London policies and others by the view of local authorities that housing should have priority for all available land in inner London. Then there was the difficulty of access, with companies finding they could not move their product in and out of London fast enough because of heavy traffic and inadequate roads. Another factor was that many companies came to the end of their leases, and either could not or were not allowed to renew them, or found themselves faced with much higher rents. So they left.

Because the majority of those who left London were skilled workers, another problem for expanding companies in London was to recruit suitable labour and, of course, with fewer people to pay the rates to support services, the rate burden of companies rose, creating yet another reason for them to leave.

Many of these problems exist today. David Senior of the London Chamber of Commerce says that while he would not subscribe to the publicly stated view of some industrialists that "we would have to be mad to open a factory in London today", it has to be admitted that, "given the help a company can receive in an assisted area, and the greater likelihood of obtaining skilled labour in other parts of the country, a firm would have to have a very good reason for opening in London". These reasons, he emphasizes, do exist for some companies, and include the substantial London market for some products, and the access to air and port facilities and to Europe.

Mr Senior says: "What concerns us is that successive political approaches

Losses and gains in jobs in Greater London 1971-77					
Industry	Actual change % change				
Agriculture, forestry and fishing	—430	18.1			
Mining and quarrying	—237	5.8			
Total, extractive industries	—667	—10.3			
Food, drink and tobacco	—27293	24.3			
Coal and petroleum products	—903	25.4			
Chemicals and allied industries	—15347	23.7			
Metal manufacture	9058	38.5			
Mechanical engineering	-33673	30.2			
Instrument engineering	—11578	29.5			
Electrical engineering	—40732	24.4			
Ship building and marine engineering	—1391	26.2			
Vehicles	—3058	5.1			
Metal goods not elsewhere specified	—19182	24.9			
Textiles	—3539	25.9			
Leather, leather goods and fur	—4825	43.4			
Clothing and footwear	—27347	36			
Bricks, pottery, glass, cement etc	8319	41.1			
Timber, furniture etc	—9821	20.6			
Paper, printing and publishing	41552	25.9			
Other manufacturing industries	—15835	28.7			
Total, manufacturing industries	—273453	-26.1			
Construction	—20260	10.3			
Gas, electricity and water	—17702	27.4			
Transport and communication	47325	10,8			
Distributive trades	35420	6.7			
Insurance, banking and finance	+ 21827	5.4			
Professional and scientific services	+69452	13.7			
Miscellaneous services	+9026	2.2			
Public administration and defence	+7565	2.3			
Total	+ 7423	+ 0.3			
Persons not classified by industry	+ 101	_			
Total, all industries and services —286856 —7.3					
and policies to industry have driven manufacturing industry in London may					

and policies to industry have driven many of the new, small, expanding, entrepreneurial firms out of London taking the younger, more highly motivated people with them. While those policies have now ended the feeling that industry is not welcome in London lingers on. Also many local authorities, while paying lip service to the need to encourage industry, are still obstructive over planning permission and they create the impression that they want it 'anywhere but here'."

It is clear that while the decline in

manufacturing industry in London may reflect a national and international trend, there are specific London features, above all the astonishing failure of national and local authorities to appreciate early enough that the flow of people and jobs out of London had become a tidal wave, and to adapt policies accordingly. Local authorities continued to assign land and resources to housing, without appreciating that those who would live in the houses would have no work to pay for them. Nationally, resources were put into



This youngster has obtained a place in a training scheme funded by the Inner City Partnership in Lambeth, but thousands of his contemporaries will have no such opportunity. Even those who are similarly trained cannot be guaranteed employment later—manufacturing jobs in London have fallen by 750,000 in the past 20 years.



More than 640,000 houses in London are unfit for habitation, lacking in amenities or in urgent need of repair, and the problems are getting worse.

incentives intended to move industry from London to the depressed regions, without appreciation that parts of London had become depressed regions themselves. The capital either failed to see or stood by and watched virtually the whole of its huge dockland complex collapse without moving quickly to try to salvage what it could, stop the loss of people and regenerate the area while there was still a chance of doing so at a reasonable price. It will cost much more to do it now.

There are two reasons why the problems of London's economy should concern the rest of the country. The first is the social one that the case for creating work and thus boosting the individual and area income of the inner city is as desirable in human terms in London as it is for any other depressed part of the country. The second is that in practical terms "what is good for London is good for Britain". London's influence on the rest of the country is enormous, and no one benefits from its difficulties. As the London Employment Forum told MPs: "Because of its size the London economy must have a major influence on the national economy. London's problems are the nation's problems and a solution must be a national priority." Regional aid, others say, is not a charitable donation to needy areas but a way of reinforcing the national economy by strengthening those areas. London's inner city is not only as well qualified for that aid as most other parts of Britain, but for a variety of reasons it is likely to achieve faster results in the capital to the benefit of the country as a whole.

Victor Earl, writing in a GLC journal of which he was until recently editor, says the view that London can deal with its own problems comes from the mistaken theory that regions can be treated independently of the country as a whole. "They cannot. London is not an economic island. It is an integral part of the country's economic structure. First, its economic activity overflows its nominal boundaries to benefit other regions. Second, its wealth, as measured by the incomes of those who work there, whether living in London or not, and by the business profits generated there, results in its contributing a disproportionately large share of national resources available to the government redistribution throughout country . . . London accounts for a sixth of the nation's Gross Domestic Product; its various financial institutions provide just over a tenth of all invisible earnings; it attracts nearly two thirds of the foreign exchange contributed by Britain's overseas visitors; it makes a substantial contribution to the management of Britain's international business or of its national assets by being the location for the headquarters of so many companies, and of the nationalized industries and of that vast business, the government. Nearly four million people, about a sixth of the national total, work in London. Any harm suffered by London or any impediments put in the way of its economic growth

must prima facie work strongly against the interests of the country as a whole."

Earl is one of those who believe that unless substantial sums of money are spent in bringing the infrastructure of inner London up to the standard necessary to attract and support modern industry, the efforts of the GLC and local authorities to persuade industry and commerce back to the capital will be wasted. Mr Senior supports this point: "While we are on the whole in sympathy with the national effort to cut back on public spending, there is an enormous backlog of difficulty in London in terms of its infrastructure and transport system that can only be tackled by an initial pump-priming effort with public sector money.

There are those, of course, who say that it is too late to save London's manufacturing industry and that we should turn the city into a massive office block for the rest of Britain, administering, communicating and selling British industry to the outside world. There are others who believe that role should be mixed with strengthening London's tourist appeal. These are the people who would rather Docklands was developed as a leisure complex than as a new industrial area. The sane approach, of course, is to develop all three roles at the same time: office activity should be allowed to expand and every opportunity should be taken to develop further London's tourist potential, but at the same time the only real hope for the inner city is the creation of the only kind of work many of the people who have to live there can do, for employment is not only about having an equal number of jobs to people, and one of London's problems is the mismatch between the abilities and qualifications of the unemployed on the one hand, and the vacancies on the

This is one of the answers to those who wonder how there can be a substantial total of unemployed and unfilled vacancies at the same time. A Manpower Services Commission document says, "It is manifestly not the case that the supply of labour is suitable to meet such demand as exists." As one employment specialist says, "It's an exceptional unemployed docker who can be retrained to be a computer programmer." This is not, however, the complete explanation for the disparity. Many wonder why the Post Office has 1,600 vacancies in London on a total staff of 19,000, a staff shortage of about 8.5 per cent when there are so many unemployed? And why British Rail and London Transport blame delays and disruption on their inability to fill their staff vacancies. The answer appears to be that even the ambitions of the unemployed have their limits.

One of the problems is the relatively low rate of pay. A second is mobility. Because of the state of the housing market, it is virtually impossible for an unemployed, unskilled or semi-skilled worker to move his home across London to where a job may be. The Post Office, for instance, is short of 160 people in Paddington, but an East-

					_		
Unsatisfactory dwellings, Inner and Outer London, 1979 (in thousands)							
	Inner London Outer London Greater London						
	Number	- 070	Number	070	Number	070	
Unfit	144.7	14	108.2	6.9	252.9	9.7	
Fit but lacking at least one of five amenities	71.2	6.9	66.1	4.2	137.3	5.3	
Fit, with all amenities, but repair costs at least £3,000	89.1	8.6	163.1	10.4	252.1	9.7	
Dwellings needing attention	305	29.5	337.4	21.5	642.3	24.7	
Satisfactory dwellings	729	70.5	1233.2	78.5	1962.2	75.3	
All dwellings	1034.1	100	1570.5	100	2604.6	100	

Ender wanting to work there would have to cross London during "unsocial hours" when there is virtually no transport. The surplus of unskilled labour tends to be in the east of London and the jobs in the west, reflecting the higher prosperity of the west with its proximity to London airport, and the increasing poverty of the east as the docks decline. There is a poor transport service from east to west and it costs more to make the journey than it is worth to a lowpaid worker. Many working-class Londoners, especially east Londoners, do not think of themselves as living in London but rather of living in their own area. For an East-Ender to take a job in west London would require the same energy and imagination as for a worker in Coventry to take a job in Wolverhampton—and few do that. It is easy to dismiss such factors as frivolous, but that would not help. Human nature is human nature.

Whether industry is attracted back to London or not, it would be wise to assume that employment patterns will alter dramatically over the last 20 years of this century, and of particular concern must be the number of younger people who are unemployed. In the early 70s the number of youngsters out of work for six weeks or more in London would have been less than 1,000; now six or seven times that number are looking for work. Once more, this does not just reflect the current recession, for the number under 19 years old who have been unemployed in the Greater London Area was below 2,000 in 1973, rose to over 10,000 in 1976, and has not fallen below 7,000 since. The key is training. Clearly industry has to play its part, but a far greater input of public into imaginative schemes and a far greater sensitivity by the education service to the reality of the world that youngsters are about to enter is desperately called for. While there will always be a need for unskilled labour, that need will dwindle, and it is pointless to try to create it for the sake of it.

One final point on employment: the more skilled workers there are around, doing skilled jobs, the more unskilled workers are needed to support them. One way for London to help its indigenous unskilled is to attract back a greater share of wealth-creators. To do so it must offer a London fit for them to live in, and that takes us on to the housing problem.

The housing need

In no area of their assumed responsibility have both major political parties made so many promises and delivered so much, and yet so consistently and conspicuously failed as in housing. In London today there are twice as many homeless families and nearly twice as many families on local authority waiting-lists as there were 15 years ago; local authorities accepted over 16,000 families as homeless in 1979, an increase of 1,500 on the previous year, and there are now more than 300,000 families queuing for council accommodation.

These figures reflect scarcity but just as serious is the quality of the existing housing. In June this year even the authorities were startled by the first published results from the Greater London House Conditions Survey.

The survey broke the problem down into three areas: first, statutorily unfit dwellings. They found 253,000, three times the local authorities' previous estimates of about 80,000. "The number of unfit dwellings found in the survey is far higher than expected and suggests that this problem may also be increasing." Second, housing lacking at least one of five basic amenities (inside lavatory, fixed bath in bathroom, wash basin, sink and hot and cold water at three points). The survey showed that 238,000 dwellings, 9 per cent of the total, lacked one or more of these five amenities. Third, apart from the above, houses requiring repairs costing at least £3,000 if they were to have a notional 30-year life. They found 484,000 dwellings or 19 per cent of London's total housing stock in this condition, suggesting "a worsening of the disrepair problem in London". Altogether 642,000 dwellings in London, or a quarter of the total, are unsatisfactory in at least one of these three ways.

Once more the inner boroughs face the major problem. "Of the total of 253,000 unfit dwellings, 57 per cent are in the nine inner boroughs where they represent 14 per cent of the stock, which is double the proportion in the outer boroughs." The nine inner boroughs (Camden, Hackney, Hammersmith and Fulham, Haringey, Islington, Kensington and Chelsea, Newham, Tower Hamlets and Westminster) contain 40 per cent of all London's unfit dwellings.



Outer London, however, is beginning to develop its own problem, that of an increasing number of houses that are not sub-standard but are in need of sub-stantial repairs. It is believed that this reflects an increasing number of people, many of them elderly owner-occupiers, whose houses are becoming older and require attention but who cannot afford to have the work done. If this is the case, the authorities face a new problem: can they afford to allow that housing to continue to decline to the point where in ten or 20 years it may constitute a new and

serious housing problem for the metropolis, but on the other hand can they afford to help those owner-occupiers to make the repairs? Admittedly the use of improvement grants, with the national exchequer covering between 50 and 90 per cent of the cost, has been extended to cover not only the addition of amenities but a greater element of repair, but many owner-occupiers cannot afford the balance.

The allocation of special funds to help local authorities in London tackle their housing problems has been reduced by

around £230 million for 1979-81 and the allocation for 1980-81 is about 53 per cent of the money actually requested. Even the Conservative-controlled GLC estimates that at least 37,000 families who would have moved into a new council house or flat in London before 1983 will no longer be able to do so as a result of the cutbacks.

Gladys Dimson, Housing Spokesman for Labour GLC for a number of years, does not exaggerate when she says that London's housing problem is once more moving towards "crisis pro-

portions". She says that national expenditure plans indicate a longer-term plan of sustained reductions in the public financing of housing. "Local authorities will be forced to maintain their programmes on higher rents. There is a myth that council tenants can afford more, but over 300,000 London council tenants receive some form of financial assistance with rent payments, either in rent rebates or supplementary benefit, and there is no way they can finance a housing programme for London."

Why is there still a scarcity of houses when London has built about 20,000 new homes a year for 20 years while the population has consistently fallen? The answer is that while the population has declined, the number of households has fallen at a much slower rate. This reflects an increase in the proportion of smaller families, and a considerable increase in one- and two-person households caused by more elderly persons living alone and the tendency of younger adults to set up their own home earlier. Another reason is that much of the building has not been for a net gain; not only have the bulk of new council houses merely replaced slums that have been knocked down, or houses demolished for roads, but often the rebuilding has been at a lower density.

Politicians anxious to boast of their housing performance will still say that the "crude housing shortage", that is the difference between the number of dwellings and households, has fallen to a point where there may even be a surplus of dwellings over households. Even so, the total of available accommodation is only one factor in housing; the homes must be in the places where people have to live in order to work, of adequate standard, of the appropriate size, and available at a price that people can afford. As we have seen, many of those "dwellings" are unfit. Many more are beyond the incomes of those who need them. For instance, there are now many flats empty and for sale near the centre of London, but those in desperate housing need in the inner city live in a different world from those who can afford to pay £30,000 and more to buy

One aspect of London's housing that the authorities have been unimaginative in is the admittedly difficult task of reducing under-occupation. There are many elderly people living in homes far larger than they need, but they have not been given incentives to move into smaller accommodation to make way for families. Another problem is the lack of appropriate accommodation for the substantial number of single people who live in the city.

Of course, housing is also concerned with personal aspirations and a central problem is a lack of choice within the housing market. This means that people become trapped within certain kinds of housing. Lower-income families in privately rented accommodation have little chance of council housing because of the length of the waiting lists and cutbacks in provision. They have less chance of owner-occupation,

because the high rents they pay reduce their ability to save for the ever-rising deposits for increasingly expensive houses, and such savings as they make have not the hedge against inflation which ownership brings. Council tenants find themselves trapped in their existing home because of the difficulty of exchanges with council tenants elsewhere, and because they, too, find it almost impossible to move into the owner-occupation bracket. This immobility caused by the housing problem is reflected in the London economy and is one of the reasons why there are unemployed in some parts of London and jobs in the other parts, with an inability to match the two.

The Conservatives claim that their programme of selling council houses to tenants will increase choice, security and satisfaction. But the critics of this policy say that the discounts are an unfair handout of scarce public funds and that it would be better to help such people to buy houses on the open market, thus keeping council accommodation to meet the acute need of those families either on the waiting lists or trapped in expensive and substandard privately rented accommodation.

Perhaps the key to not only the London but also the British housing problem lies in housing finance. Only private and public money can create enough homes of a sound standard, but the system of housing finance is such that more and more money is required to achieve less and less. The concentration of assistance to owner-occupiers in tax relief and council tenants by subsidy helps to cut their immediate consumption costs (in favour of other consumption and imports) without producing new houses. It has also led to a tendency for people to invest their savings in housing, forcing prices up at a colossal rate, and so guaranteeing that the ordinary inner city family has no chance of paying them. Many experts believe the only way to reduce housing prices and establish a financial basis for solving the housing problem lies in trimming tax relief on owner-occupation-gradually, since they recognize that otherwise the value of owners' savings would be jeopardized. Then a Chancellor of the Exchequer could convince them that, without relief to finance, taxes could be lowered to offset their loss of tax-free

The concentration of financial assistance on owner-occupiers and council tenants, together with a variety of controls (which have had the desirable effect of giving greater security to tenants but have undesirably frightened off landlords) have finally broken the back of the private landlord. Between 1966 and 1973 privately rented accommodation fell from 39 per cent of all households to 28.7 per cent, while local authority housing went up from 21.6 per cent to 26.2 per cent and owner-occupation from 38.5 per cent to 45.1 per cent of total accommodation.

The approach that now has to be adopted to London's housing problem has to be associated with the strategy for

population. If it is intended to retain London's existing population and to attract back the younger middle-class, or at least not to lose any more, the policy must both enable those who can afford to support themselves to do so by ensuring that there is accommodation for them to buy or rent, and make provision for those who need assistance to house themselves and their families. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the difficulties, nor is there any one direction in which the policy-makers can go. Clearly, financial incentives to repair and rehabilitate have to continue, and be widely and urgently publicized.

Because the housing in disrepair is dotted about all over London the problem cannot be solved by blanket programmes of rehabilitation; many owner-occupiers and landlords will need to take their own steps to attract rehabilitation aid from councils and this is only likely if they are reached by public appeals and publicity. Clearly there has to be more new building, and in this respect the Abbey National Building Society's initiative in itself building property for sale is promising. There is still a lot of land being wasted in Greater London and a more ruthless approach by the authorities to making it available could help the private building industry.

There will be no alternative but to continue local authority provision, both in terms of new building and in terms of taking over from private landlords the property that they themselves cannot afford or do not wish to keep in reasonable condition. The key to all this is a continued recycling of public money; and at precisely the point where the size of the problem is being recognized anew the policy towards public expenditure is such that there is little immediate prospect of action. Nor is an overhaul of housing finance a political likelihood. It is a grim picture.

Inner city neglect

Housing is of course one aspect of a wider malaise of inner city deprivation. There is no better way to illustrate the interlocking and self-perpetuating problems than to look at one area through its own eyes. Hammersmith and Fulham was selected for special Exchequer assistance within the Inner City Partnership scheme in which extra funds are available for projects carried out by a partnership of all government agencies in the area. The following are extracts from Hammersmith Council's own analysis of the area:

"Levels of deprivation and social stress—as measured both by conventional indices and by the evidence of the lives of all too many residents—remain high. The borough's stock of privately rented accommodation has always attracted a transient and often disadvantaged population, with a high proportion of those from ethnic minority backgrounds. Older residents find themselves living in areas where housing costs have risen out of all proportion to incomes, where their own children can no longer afford to live, and

where informal community ties inevitably break down as a result of high population turnover . . . latest projections show a continuing loss of population from the borough by over 1,000 citizens a year . . . unemployment levels are currently estimated at 8 per cent for male residents ... a relatively high proportion of unemployed are young and the trend in the past three or four years has been for people to be out of work for longer periods . . . low income groups compete for a shrinking pool of public and private rented accommodation . . . there is a very high and increasing level of homelessness . . . polarization within the local housing market between high cost owner-occupation and public/private renting is increasing. Without the middle rungs of the housing ladder, local families cannot move through the housing market . . . there remain some 50,000 residents who still do not have exclusive use of the three standard amenities, and over 13,000 in overcrowded conditions . . . only 200 to 250 lettings per year can be made to applicants on the housing register at a time when some 1,400 applicants are already above the high rehousing points level.

"Increases in the priority waiting-list for borough council day nurseries and the number of case conferences relating to child abuse show pressures to be worsening . . . latest available figures show Hammersmith and Fulham having the second highest admission rate per 100,000 population to mental hospitals or psychiatric units in Greater London and a suicide rate twice that of the national average ... existing provision for the mentally handicapped is extremely low, with local day-carefacilities overstretched. With about twice the national average of physically handicapped adults in the borough, we can provide only a limited aids and adaption service ... the provision of home help in the borough is well below the average and demands on the service at present are overwhelming, and increasing as the elderly population becomes more frail . . . there are still areas acutely short of sports facilities, clubs, and places to meet for young people. Problems of juvenile delinquency are always severe in inner city areas, where family life is under great stress. There is urgent need for new approaches in this field . . . the particular disadvantages faced by ethnic minorities tend to be exacerbated in an inner city area and local evidence confirms the employment difficulties facing young blacks . . . the basic physical infrastructure, the borough's roads and main drainage, are aging and inadequately maintained.

"Financial cutbacks are creating a widening gap between required maintenance levels and the stop-gap repairs currently being carried out, thereby storing up problems for the years ahead... traffic 'congestion and inadequate parking continue to create problems for local commercial business enterprises... the borough remains deficient in open space."

This depressing picture, it has to be

said, is painted of an inner city area whose problems are in many ways not as severe as some others, for because of its proximity to main roads out of London, in particular in the direction of London airport, Hammersmith has suffered less from the decline in industry than most boroughs, and there has been considerable expansion of office building. There has also been some improvement in housing and environmental conditions compared with other boroughs. Nevertheless, the council's definition of the problems of an inner city area in London speak for themselves.

The needs make a mockery of the resources that have followed the Inner Urban Areas Act 1978. In London. only Docklands, Lambeth and Hackney-Islington were considered to be deserving of the full resources available under the Inner City Partnership scheme and these resources are lamentable in the context of the overall problem; Lambeth last year received about £84 million, a small sum compared with the £200 million a year which represents the total ongoing public expenditure in the borough. Hammersmith, whose problems are outlined above, receives £2 million a year from a second tier of the inner city programme.

There has in recent years arisen a new concept for dealing with the inner city problem. It is summed up by the words "benign neglect". Its advocates say that the problems are now beyond solution without the unrealistic injection of public money and thus it is better to let these areas die away, clear them and start afresh, while encouraging the departing population to go out of London or in the direction of Docklands, where the opportunity already exists for a major new initiative. Opponents of this approach point out that it would in fact be wasteful of much infrastructure that remains—roads, transport services, public facilities and the like-and that it condemns many people in these areas to unrelieved deprivation for many years. This would actually be accentuated as the area around them was allowed to die. In any event, apart from planned population growth in Docklands, where would the people from the inner city go? Unlike skilled labour or professionals, they cannot afford to buy in outer London, the home counties or elsewhere. Nor does it follow that there is any more appropriate or available employment for them elsewhere than in London. "Benign neglect" is really just a way whereby one generation can rationalize its neglect of a problem, despite the fact that it is inevitably passing on a far worse one to its children.

The present Government's approach to problems such as that facing the inner city is to give the market every chance to act freely, reducing controls, releasing land and providing incentives to private builders and private industry. It is, however, naïve to believe that this will succeed without programmes to house workers and to create better transport for goods from inner city industry to the outer reaches of London and thus the rest of the country.



"A timebomb ticking over London"

More than 600,000 Londoners, nearly 9 per cent of the population, were either born or are the children of parents born in what is delicately described as "the New Commonwealth"—in other words, the non-white countries. About 250,000 originate from the West Indies, about 200,000 from Asia, and more than 60,000 from Africa. Sixty per cent of them live in the 13 innermost of the 32 London boroughs.

To quote a GLC document, "The presence of ethnic minorities within an indigenous population is of itself unremarkable; London has played host to many for centuries and has in consequence been enriched both commercially and culturally ... there are, however, several factors which serve to accentuate the difference between minority and majority ..."

It would require a book to explore those "factors": the evidence that some housing authorities have "dumped" black families on the least desirable housing estates; that in the past London energetically recruited labour from the New Commonwealth to do its dirty work, only to act in a less than hospitable manner when they arrived; that blacks have suffered disproportionately from the decline of manufacturing industry in London because 40 per cent have been employed in that sector compared with 29 per cent of whites.

The outstanding problem faced by London's ethnic minorities is the everincreasing anger and alienation of their young, fuelled by their exceptional difficulty in finding work and by what they perceive to be discrimination by the police. Community workers describe it as a timebomb ticking over London and in the aftermath of the riot in Bristol's St Paul's district earlier this year there are few who would care to say that this was an exaggeration.

The black youngsters are not alone in being unable to find work; the unemployment of school-leavers of all races represents a serious national problem. This is, however, a relatively recent problem whereas the blacks have lived with it for years, and their unemployment is still disproportionately high. In 1977 a survey in Lewisham of young people coming on to the employment market for the first time found that black youngsters were three times as likely to be refused a job as whites, yet, "The blacks took longer to find a job, made more applications and went for more interviews. They were just as persistent as their white peers in looking for work."

In some areas of inner London today more than 50 per cent of young blacks are out of work. Why? Everyone concerned with their problems believes prejudice is a factor—that given a choice between candidates of equal merit, the white will be employed. The prejudice will in many cases not so much reflect dislike of blacks as ignorance, a gut feeling that employing a black means employing some un-

defined problem. But, of course, not all candidates are of equal merit. The standard of educational achievement by young blacks is still inferior to whites for a variety of reasons to do with language, family difficulties and a lack of adaptability by the education service itself. Another factor is that young blacks often approach potential employers with an abrasive or defeatist attitude, based, it has to be said, on experience.

Most of their parents came to Britain with their employment prospects decided; they knew they were going to be working in the public sector or in unskilled or semi-skilled jobs. Rightly or wrongly they accepted that. But many of their teenage sons and daughters were born in Britain, share the aspirations of their white peers, and when they fail to obtain the work they desire their sense of injustice causes them to reject alternative, less skilled employment. This difference in attitude between the generations creates its own tensions and causes many unemployed teenagers to leave home, adding a further dimension to their problems. The last straw is that they cannot even lounge on a street corner chatting to their mates without the risk of being questioned, sometimes searched and even arrested under the "sus" law, section four of the Vagrancy Act 1824 allowing the arrest of a "loiterer" on the suspicion that he is about to commit a crime.

The price paid for the insensitive use of this law by the police cannot be exag-

gerated. A House of Commons Select Committee earlier this year recommended its abolition and it is to be hoped that its advice is acted upon with some speed for there is no measure the Home Secretary could take that would do more to take the tension out of the relationship between blacks and the police in London.

The CRE has called for a massive escalation of Manpower Services Commission training programmes, official encouragement of employers to play their part in equal opportunity programmes, closer links between industry and schools and the use of public sector employment to redress the imbalance in opportunity.

David Lane, CRE chairman and a former Conservative minister, says, "It is becoming more and more obvious to all that expressions of good intent are not sufficient. If extra public funds are not expeditiously diverted into those areas such as unemployment, housing and social services where the black minorities form such a large proportion of the disadvantaged, small incidents may well lead to further outbreaks of violence, particularly on the part of frustrated black youngsters."

There is no evidence that young blacks believe London owes them a living. What they need is encouragement and opportunity, imaginative training and the chance to work. Most were born in the capital. They are London's children. They deserve no less.

LONDON IN CRISIS LONDON IN CRISIS









Environmentalists are anxious to save historic warehouses such as Tower Wharf in Wapping, top, as the now desolate docks, top left, are redeveloped. St Katharine Docks have, however, been converted into a hotel, trade centre, marina and museum, and shops, restaurants and luxury flats which show, above and centre, what can be done to generate new life effectively in London's East End.

the site for the Olympic Games. The coalition of interests that has sought to joint committee, however, has stuck carry the plan forward up to now. The firmly during the past five years to a balance between new housing and factories and sites for new industry, all linked by new roads and the underground line. The loss of the Jubilee Line need not harm the plan, for an efficient bus service operating on its own tracks will probably be adequate. The cancelled Southern Relief Road was already a

have already been proposed. The UDC

key to success in Docklands, however, as with so many of London's other problems, is money, for if industry is to be attracted to the area it has to be on the promise of good communications, a sound area infrastructure, assistance with factories and available labour living in decent housing, all of which will only be achieved by massive pump-priming source of controversy and alternatives with public money. It has, of course, been promised. But promises have been

Developing Docklands

Many of the hopes-perhaps too many-that London can find an answer to its intractable inner city problems are invested in Docklands. Unfortunately it is already in danger of becoming a monument to the disunity. political fantasy and inter-party suspicion, changes of policy and failure of will that have bedevilled so much ac-

tivity in London over the past 30 years. In July, 1976, for instance, the Docklands Joint Committee, a partnership of the GLC and the East End boroughs concerned, came up with a strategic the Underground line was never really necessary and would have been incredibly expensive, or that the Docklands Southern Relief Road was bitterly opposed even by some of the boroughs on the Joint Committee-they were in the plan. That plan has formed the basis of all that has happened for four years new road prominently featured, has carrying containers and requiring deeper

marketing operation. In June this year the Minister of Transport killed them operation has taken yet another of its are cynical about the whole concept and industry is unconvinced.

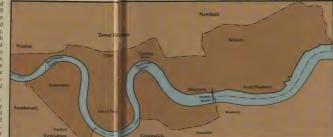
firm that make Beefeater Gin, decided to add another plant to the one they have in Kennington. They considered Docklands but finally decided to build it out of London on a 10 acre site near the A12. "The way we read it," says Alan Burrough, "is that Docklands is a lot of

talk with little prospect of action." All this is very sad because a success in Docklands could mean a great deal to London as well as to an area that has plan for the area, including an extension desperately needed help since the first of the Jubilee Line and a Docklands signs in the mid 60s of what became a Southern Relief Road, Never mind that dramatic collapse of London's great docks. The East India Dock closed in 1967, St Katharine and London Docks in 1969, the Surrey Docks in 1970 and the India and Millwall Docks earlier this year. Even the Royal Docks are under threat and if they cannot be kept viable all that will be left will be the docks at the Docklands developers believe or Tilbury. What happened was a revoluand, with the Underground line and the tion in shipping with much larger ships

load and unload them, and faster and more reliable turn-round. In a 1978 both stone dead. The morale of the whole report to its workers the Port of London Authority admitted it had not adapted many beatings. No wonder East-Enders fast enough to what was happening. "For a variety of reasons for which management, staff and unions must Recently James Burrough Ltd, the share the blame, there has been too often a persistent gap between what the PLA offered in terms of facilities, price and quality of service, and what the customer wanted and could get elsewhere-in Felixstowe, Rotterdam and Antwerp for example.

Within 15 years the jobs of thousands of dockers have been lost together with a few thousand more in associated businesses and industries. This has led to a drop in population and the devastation of the economy of East London. It has also left the area covered by the former docks and their warehouses derelict and partly deserted, its cranes idle.

is a powerful one. First, land is a scarce commodity in London and there is land in and around the old docks (though many argue not as much usable land as poverty bite deep in the East End and new industry and jobs are sorely been the basis for an international water in which to moor, fewer men to needed. Third, opportunities exist for tine, Secretary of State for the Environ



providing in the Docklands, through more housing, play space and imagin-The case for redeveloping Docklands ative choice or encouragement of the right industry, part of the answer to the

problems of inner London generally. So, while there are many who argue that redeveloping Docklands is a fantasy and that it is not inherently wrong pretend). Second, unemployment and to leave it to die, there is much to be said for it-if only it would get off the ground. This is where Michael Hesel-

ment, comes in. He took a quick look at Docklands from a bus and helicopter and decided the GLC, the local authorities and their joint committee were not the answer. Instead he is imposing a new-style Urban Development Corporation on the area with powers to do more or less what it likes and instructions to do it quickly. Most objective outsiders believe he is right, but the move is bitterly resented by the local

Newham, Southwark, Lewisham and Greenwich, Paul Beasley, feader of Tower Hamlets Council, describes it as "dictatorship" and says it undermines and underestimates all the work that has been done over the past few years. He and other Labour politicians are using energy and resources to fight a battle

they cannot win. There have been a variety of proposals for Docklands, from turning it into a kind of Disneyland to making it will be far more decisive than the uneasy authorities involved-Tower Hamlets,











First achievements of the 80s

One threat which London has recognized and faced up to is that of flooding. The unique Thames Barrier under construction at Woolwich will have cost over £400 million by the time it is completed in 1983, but the cost of a major flood would be over £3,500 million as well as many lives. Work began in 1974 and the 2,000 men on site are working in shifts 24 hours a day. The Barrier will consist of a number of huge steel movable gates, pivoted and supported by concrete piers. The gates will lie horizontally in recesses in concrete sills in the river-bed, allowing river traffic to pass between the piers. If flood threatens they will be swung up through about 90° into a vertical position, forming a continuous steel wall as high as a five-storey building. It is only to be hoped that the Barrier will not be too late for until it is completed there is a real danger of a surge tide starting in the North Sea, thundering up the Thames and causing a catastrophe by inundating the capital.

The unveiling in June of the architecturally restored and commercially revitalized Covent Garden Market in the centre of the Piazza, preceded by the opening of the newly located Transport Museum on its south-east corner, represented a vital stage in one of London's most widely recognized successes in neighbourhood renewal. After the capital's fruit, flower and vegetable markets moved to Nine Elms in 1974, the GLC and a lively local residents' association worked their way through many controversies and disputes to an uneasy partnership, with the GLC providing much of the money and, albeit reluctantly at times, the planning approval, and the association providing the insistence on conservation and a fair proportion of housing. When all the work is done neither party will have achieved all it wants, but London will be the real winner, for the partnership has given new heart to an area which has been one of the city's best servants since the first market there in 1670.

Transport in chaos

Apart from difficulties with housing and employment, no aspect of a city's life does more to lower morale than inability to travel conveniently and comfortably around it. Because everyone is affected, this is the hottest political issue in London today.

Responsibility for London transport is shared by a number of authorities:

39 per cent of those who work in London commute on trains run by the London and South-East region of British Rail. In 1978 that represented 409,000 passengers a day;

45 per cent travel to work by underground train or by bus, both services run by London Transport, for which the Greater London Council has overall responsibility for policy and finance but no day-by-day operational control. In 1978, 325,000 travelled to work by underground and 133,000 by bus;

16 per cent, more than 175,000 people, in 1978 travelled to work by car on roads which are the responsibility of either the Government or the Greater London Council.

There are already serious problems with all three forms of travel, and there is every reason to believe they will become worse. British Rail has the particular headache of dealing with what its chairman, Sir Peter Parker, calls "a massive invasion and exodus" concentrated on a small proportion of the day. More than 50 per cent of the trains serving central London are time-tabled for the peak hours before and after work. For the rest of the day expensive and extensive rolling stock stands idle. The main problem, however, is that the engines and coaches (the rolling stock) are having to serve for up to 40 years and, as they get older, the engines break down and the coaches become unattractive and uncomfortable.

The mismatch of vacancies and labour supply, lack of mobility in housing and low pay all affect British Rail and London Transport. The former is short of 8 per cent of its required staff (145 guards short out of 720 in one district alone) and London Transport after strenuous recruitment still ended 1979 with 200 fewer bus drivers than at the beginning of the year. Thus buses and trains break down, are late and are overcrowded—all this at a time when commuters have seen their fares triple over the past six years.

Sir Peter wastes no time disputing that the service is unsatisfactory and the fares are too high. "The position is simply explained," he says. "Historically it was national policy financially to support the railways from taxation. In recent years, the policy has been to reduce the tax-payer's contribution and we have been told to become more profitable, in other words to shift the burden onto the passenger.

"There are two broad areas of cost, the first of operating the service day by day, and the second of investing in the infrastructure, the tracks, the rolling stock, the stations and such. We don't duck the responsibility of raising revenue from customers; they must pay their whack. But if we asked them to pay for both sets of costs no one could afford the fares. In our view it is completely improper that the social value of the railways is not properly taken into account."

The fact is that in the London area British Rail is in danger of falling apart. It has plans to spend some £900 million over the next 11 years on London and the south-east, and yet Sir Peter says that if you doubled that "you wouldn't be wasting it". Present plans are to spend £300 million on passenger coaches, £200 million on renewing rail track, £190 million on renewing signalling and improving track layout, £160 million on electrification, and £40 million on renewing and renovating stations. Why, then, is another £1,000 million necessary?

British Rail says that another £100 million should be spent on electrification, another £300 million to reduce the average age of rolling stock from 40 to 30 years, a further £150 million to raise all signals to modern standards, a further £200 million to improve communications and the quality of stations, £50 million on automatic revenue collectors, £50 million on automatic ticket issuers, £100 million to enable more driver-only operations, "and even then we will have the service up to the minimal standards customers are entitled to demand". Of course, none of that £1,000 million is available, nor is it likely to be made so. That being the case, the equipment will continue to deteriorate, and the service with it, and the longer the expenditure is postponed, the more the work will eventually cost, assuming there are any customers left wishing to use British Rail at all.

Before we look at the financing of British Rail, we should perhaps look to London Transport, which has had an unhappy year. While services appear to be steadily deteriorating and fares steadily rising, it has come under heavy criticism, not least from its political boss, the Greater London Council, whose Conservative leader, Sir Horace Cutler, fears that London Transport could lose him next year's election. Last year it lost £31.4 million and had to use its entire reserves to reduce the deficit to £15.7 million to be carried forward to this year, and now it estimates a deficit of £40 million for this year and £134 million for next year. On top of all this there was recently published a devastating report on the quality of its management. leading to the dismissal of its chairman. If London Transport were not in the public sector, it would by now be declared bankrupt. Fares will have to rise by up to 40 per cent during the next 12 months or services be ruthlessly cut, and both are possible. Like British Rail. London Transport is watching its trains and buses become antiquated knowing that the situation will further deteriorate and there is little it can do.

While the problems are very serious, they are in some respects more easily soluble than the more intractable Lon-





don problems like housing. Without denying weaknesses in the way either is run, the problem is really one of political policy.

First, many of the detailed problems could be sorted out by a merger of the region's share of British Rail and London Transport bus and rail services under one London Transport Authority. Sir Peter is wary of this, saying that, "While we need a more sophisticated mechanism for co-ordinating what we're doing you won't dissolve your problems just by reorganization. The fundamental problems have to be faced and they have to do with money." On the other hand, the London Transport Executive says that the best way to achieve a fully co-ordinated public transport system would be to establish one public transport authority in the London region. This would permit much closer integration of services, enabling the fares, service levels and investment priorities to be worked out so that passengers, ratepayers and taxpayers get the best possible value for money.

With a merger, services could be rationalized so that they are fully complementary, and a variety of measures could be taken to reduce infuriating delays. For instance, a fortune could be saved on ticket issuing and much aggravation in queuing by selling tickets, or season tickets, usable on the railways, the Underground and the buses. At present you cannot even move from one

bus to another without buying another ticket.

But one London Transport Authority will achieve little without a wider political decision to invest public money in public transport at a level consistent with its value to the city as a whole. While it is necessary to maintain a road system adequate to sustain industry, the case for maintaining a high level of public transport to conserve energy, and for convenience of travel, is surely overwhelming and is recognized by nearly every other major city in the world. One does not need to be a socialist to make the case for subsidies of public transport in cities. What is surprising is that London's public transport is less subsidized than even a capitalist citadel like New York, which last year subsidized its public transport operating costs by 47 per cent compared with the subsidy to London Transport of 26 per cent (including the subsidy for free pensioners' travel). Paris subsidized operating costs by 59 per cent, Washington by 55 per cent, Munich by 52 per cent, Montreal by 50 per cent; and the list could be continued.

The trouble is that the higher fares rise, and the worse services become, the more people turn to cars, thus creating even less fare income for public transport and worsening the problems. At the same time the additional car-users are further congesting the roads which is undesirable. Sir Peter says, "If you want a dynamic London,

LONDON IN CRISIS

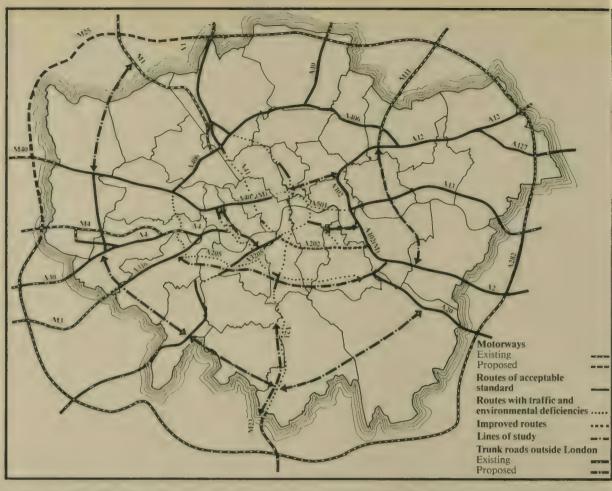
you need a dynamic public transport system, and you cannot finance it as if it exists only to serve its passengers. If it is to survive and flourish, you either have to decide who else benefits from it, and tax them directly—perhaps a payroll tax on employers, or a sales tax on retailers—or there has to be a greater social input in terms of subsidy. On British Rail the customer is now paying for two-thirds of the service and in my view that is unfair. It is also a form of slow suicide."

Londoners do not have to travel far to see that the problems of public transport are open to solution. For the past 20 years in Paris there has been one transport authority, directly accountable to the government, not only well subsidized but also able to raise additional funds by a payroll tax on companies of medium size and larger. They have been able to invest in decent rolling stock, across-the-board season tickets and modern technology. As a result, a far higher proportion of Parisians use public transport, they receive a far better service and the city benefits in terms of less traffic congestion and higher morale

The London Labour Party will next month consider a radical proposal to finance London Transport out of rates and make travel by bus and Underground completely free. Its advocates not only see it as a vote-winner but also believe it will dramatically shift traffic from private to public transport, end restrictions on the mobility of workers, and establish public transport as an essential social service. They claim that the typical ratepayer's weekly bill would increase by £1.25 a week and in return all members of the family would have access to free travel on buses and tubes.

Within the London Labour Party itself there is a lot of head-shaking about the scheme, and the Labour leader of the GLC, Andrew MacIntosh, puts the negative view as well as anyone: "I think we will decide on lower fares, with taxpayers and ratepayers meeting a higher proportion of costs as they do in other countries, but I don't think we could proceed with free fares for four reasons: first, London Transport is substantially used by people who don't pay rates in London, outsiders and tourists who would then be receiving a free service at the ratepayers' expense. Second, London Transport is not the only transport system in London and people travelling by British Rail would be understandably bitter if some colleagues were travelling free to work while they were not. Third, a free fare is also a flat fare, and that means that subsidies help those who make longer journeys from the wealthier suburbs as well as those in the inner city, so benefiting the rich more than the poor, Fourth, it would put up the rates substantially and poorer people also pay a higher proportion of their income on rates than those who are better off, and thus would be bearing most of the burden. Speaking practically, we just don't have the resources to do it.'

British Rail and London Transport



The GLC had hoped that by 1983 we would have arrived at the above position; in fact, this could be a map of fantasy-land. It is based on spending £70 million a year: last year the GLC spent £11 million on roads; it is now budgeting for £20 million. The abandoned Docklands Southern Relief Road would alone have cost £240 million. The main area of concern is the inadequacy of south London access and of east-west routes. The South Circular Road (the A205) has been described as "more a collection of signposts than a road". One road that may be proceeded with soon is the projected one between the A3205 and the A40, the new west London relief road. The projected road from the A2 across the river to the A13 and on to the A12, vital to the regeneration of Docklands, is also likely to make progress in the 1980s.

are in the London area mainly concerned with passengers. Over 90 per cent of the 250 million tons of freight moved in and out of and around London are carried by road. While the railways make a lot of sense for the transport of freight between cities and countries, they are virtually useless to industry in cities because they cannot wend their way down narrow streets into factory yards and deliver to the door of other premises in all sorts of corners of the city. Thus, even if public transport were immeasurably improved and nearly everyone travelled to and from work in this way. London would require a convenient network of roads for freight traffic. It is, however, also unrealistic to pretend that there is no need to cater for the private car; no matter how difficult parking becomes, no matter what extra costs are piled on the motorist, there will be practical reasons why many still have to drive cars round London, and there will be others who are determined to use their car no matter what it costs to do so and what obstacles are put in their way.

The GLC has a ten-year programme for improving London's main road network and, if parts of the programme are not blown away by fresh political winds, this will cost about £700 million. In addition, the Ministry of Transport is responsible for 151 miles of trunk roads and motorways in the Greater London area and plans to spend about

£150 million over the next five years from the national road programme. However, both these programmes are already being affected by the public expenditure axe.

As far as the Ministry is concerned, it sees its outstanding contribution to London as completion during the next few years of the M25 orbital motorway. This is at present the country's "highest priority" route. It will run for 120 miles in a complete circle round London and it is hoped that the considerable traffic which now crosses the capital will then be able to circumvent it, thus reducing congestion. However, even this welcome project carries with it another headache for London, for it could actually further undermine industry in the capital. The danger is that industrialists, frustrated by the continued problems of conveying freight across London to the M25, will move their factories out of the city and build on land around the motorway in order to have speedy access to the rest of the country. There is already evidence of land around the M25 being bought with this in mind. This is why the CBI refers to "a serious risk to inner London's industry and commerce if this welcome new highway is not complemented by the essential feed roads, or 'spokes', which will allow ready traffic flow between the M25 and the inner London 'hub' area." It warns that "unless such vital complementary

works are planned and undertaken rapidly, we foresee a ring of industry and commerce attracted away from London's inner areas to the vicinity of the new orbital road, with consequent new problems in the transport of personnel and an accelerated decline of London's areas of decay and unemployment which already presents so massive a problem."

Since the 1960s it has been fashionable to see roads as an evil, unanimously condemned by environmentalists and advocates of every cause who see in a cutback in the roads programme the possibility of more resources for other things. This has undoubtedly helped to stop excesses, and from the energy and environmental point of view it is proper that planning for roads be approached with exceptional caution. On the other hand, it takes at least ten years from the creation of the first plan for a new road until the time when work actually starts. and thus the sooner London decides what its road needs will be in the 21st century the better. The days when planners dreamed of spectacular motorway boxes and the like may have passed, but the value of the M25 to London will be undermined and London's existing roads will become more overcrowded and ineffectual unless, to use Professor Peter Hall's words, a way is found to "plug the centre of London into the national motorway network".

A Channel Tunnel at last?

Many believe that the key that could turn the lock to considerable opportunities for London in the business and tourist markets of Europe would be a Channel Tunnel. Any day now we could hear that such an initiative, first conceived by no less than Napoleon in 1802, will be under way.

The most likely scheme, a rail link with a main British terminal in London, would, its advocates say, benefit the city enormously, opening up fresh opportunities for the tourist industry, enabling manufacturing industry to transport its products to the Continent more easily and reinforcing or reestablishing the historic junction role of London. It would also put London within easier reach of people living in the densely populated and prosperous areas of northern Europe, hopefully increasing the number of day excursions and shopping trips.

Studies in the 1950s and 60s proved

that both a bored tunnel or a bridge were technically feasible. A bridge would be more expensive and there is the risk of hazard to shipping, but nevertheless it remains the firm proposal of an organization called "Link into Europe" of which the consulting engineers Freeman Fox & Partners are the driving force. Their project would cost over £2,200 million for the bridge and appropriate road work, but they say traffic revenues would be much greater and that it would be a more profitable "adventure" in the longer term.

The official view, however, seems to be that a tunnel is more desirable, and the leading candidate could be built by a consortium of British Rail and the French railways system. Its proposal is for a single-track rail tunnel operating on three-hour cycles, involving convoys of ten trains travelling at fixed intervals under the Channel in one direction over a period of about one hour and 25

minutes, and then ten minutes later another ten trains returning in convoy over a similar period. Assuming a sixhour spell for maintenance, some 120 trains, 60 in each direction, would make the 35-minute journey through the tunnel each day. British Rail estimate that if the tunnel opened in 1988 it would carry about six million passengers, increasing to eight million by the year 2000, and 5.5 million tons of freight, increasing to 7.9 million by the year 2000.

They estimate the total cost at 1978 prices as £650 million. "If spread over a seven-year construction period, total investment, which would be shared between Britain and France, would equate to an average annual investment of less than £50 million by each country, a very small proportion—just over 6 per cent—of Britain's current annual total transport infrastructure spending of £800 million."

British Rail emphasize energy con-

servation, saying that it would require more than four times the fuel to carry a passenger between London and Paris by aircraft than it would by electric train via the tunnel

The Minister of Transport, Norman Fowler, announced this year that Britain's policy on the Channel Tunnel was, in effect, "If you think you can do it, if you want to, you pay for it and we won't stand in your way." Rival consortia are now busy putting together competitive proposals, designed both to persuade the British and French authorities that they are the best and to attract EEC financial support. Sir Peter Parker, Chairman of British Rail, says he is confident that its scheme will win the day: "The final feasibility studies will show it will work, economically it makes sense and our scheme, which is exclusively rail, does not exclude other schemes later on, if it's decided there should be a road link as well."

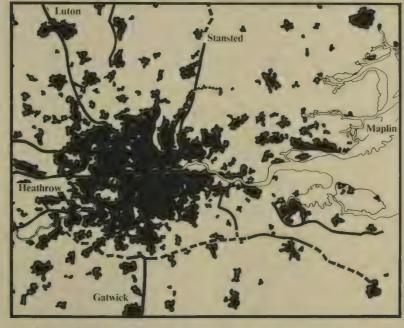
London's third airport

"Years of indecision, decision and counter-decision reflect no credit on this country's capacity to make difficult but necessary choices," John Knott, Secretary of State for Trade, said last December about the 20 years of controversy over whether London needs a third airport and where it should be. His own decision to develop Stansted will come to reflect little credit on him.

The question of whether London needs a third airport at all is still debatable. In 1978 the four London airports of Heathrow, Gatwick, Stansted and Luton handled 36 million passengers but they could accommodate 50 million. As it is, a fourth terminal is to be added to Heathrow and, if it is approved following a public inquiry, a second terminal to Gatwick.

Mr Knott says policy must assume between 70 and 80 million passengers using London's airports in the late 1980s. If that is so, the proposal to develop Stansted to accommodate 15 million passengers a year, instead of the four million it can accommodate at the moment, has to be seen as merely a first step. This is implied in the decision by the British Airports Authority to seek immediate planning permission for a further 1,500 acres to add to the 1,000 acres it already owns, but also to apply to reserve a wider area, covering an additional 2,500 acres, "which may be needed ultimately if the airport has to expand to meet air traffic demand".

Stansted was first named as the site for a third London airport in 1963, but there was no support for the plan from a public inquiry; then it was considered by the Roskill Commission but not even shortlisted as a possible site. Now the people of the area prepare once more to defend their countryside from the proposal, this time with impressive support. The Greater London Council opposes the plan, preferring an airport based on



Maplin Sands in Essex, and this is one of the matters on which both parties are agreed. This, they say, could be built more quickly and more cheaply. Alan Greengross, GLC Planning spokesman, says, "The environmental advantages of Maplin's coastal site are incalculable. And it will be built on reclaimed land. It is economic and planning madness to develop an airport where it will destroy fine agricultural land and open countryside, and swallow up a huge proportion of the region's resources, and yet miss the opportunity to help those parts of the region in such desperate need as the Thames corridor and London's East End. We know Maplin is the best choice for London.'

The GLC scheme for Maplin is imaginative. Special airport trains would run directly into the airport and up to the steps of the aircraft, and passengers would step immediately on to them to be sped into London, with customs and im-

migration procedures being carried out on the journey. Thus half the airport operation would be at Maplin and the other half in London, splitting the jobs between Maplin and the East End and using land in the docklands and the East End for housing workers.

The Town and Country Planning Association also comes down on the side of Maplin. It says that "an airport at Maplin would be a godsend to London. There is little else that side of the city that could offer the East End a renewal of life".

The fact that the decision is up to the Secretary of State for Trade speaks for itself. It has been taken on commercial factors alone, without the environmental and regional cases being properly considered.

If there is a case for a third London airport, the decision has to be based not only on the best site from the point of view of the air lobby and the tourist

lobby, but also for the health of London itself. Professor Colin Buchanan, a member of the Roskill Commission, speaking at a meeting in London this year, addressed himself to the tourist industry, the airlines, the British Airports Authority, and the Secretary of State for Trade.

He said: "Less than ten years ago you had the chance of a new airport at Maplin. You know it would have worked as an airport creating a fair balance round London. The noise effects would have largely been contained over the estuary. The on-land activity could have been directed to offer positive social and economic benefits to the eastern side of London. But you wantonly threw your chance away, and now you come back and demand Stansted.

"Do you not understand that the odds are heavily against your getting Stansted, whatever the Secretary of State may say? For the people of Stansted this matter was closed years ago. They will fight you tooth and nail. County councils are powerful bodies and you will have two, Herts and Essex, opposing your plans every inch of the way. All the other local authorities will be against you. They will be supported by many other disinterested people who feel deeply about London's countryside. Experience shows that governments do not over-ride opposition when it is expressed on this scale.

"You have brought this on your own heads. You have been obsessed with one idea and one only—Stansted. Your comprehension of environmental matters is minimal... you seem ignorant of the efforts made since the war to rectify the social imbalances in our country. It is not for ordinary people to solve your problems. It is for you to go away and rethink your policies and come up with ideas more in tune for the well-being of our country."

What kind of heritage?

The early 1980s will have an enormous influence on the look of London well into the 21st century. A variety of plans are in the air for redeveloping considerable stretches of the banks of the Thames from Battersea down to Docklands. The historic fish market at Billingsgate is to follow the fruit and vegetable market of Covent Garden out of the centre of London. Vital decisions will need to be taken on how available land in London is to be deployed to meet the rival demands of housing, industrial premises and leisure facilities.

These are questions the people of London would be wise to become involved in, for the architecture and planning of the capital should not just be left to the architects and the planners; some would say they should be left to them least of all. However, while the environmental case deserves respect, even preserving the city's heritage has to be properly balanced beside the basic needs of the people who will live in it in 20 and 30 years' time. After all, those who are boroughs have failed to take construchomeless or unemployed in the 21st tive initiatives to obtain conservation century may not necessarily thank those who opposed every attempt to develop duced a catalogue of historic buildings London so that it is economically viable as well as environmentally pleasing.

In many ways the Jubilee Hall affair has been a classic. This rather plain building in the Covent Garden Piazza was to be demolished by the GLC and This was to be the site of the proposed replaced with a building designed to fill an economic function, while at the same time conforming with environmental enthusiastically supported by people who, one suspects, had not even been down to Covent Garden recently to see the building, and under pressure the Environment Secretary, Michael Heseltine, put it on the list of buildings of special architectural and historic interest, thus setting the scene for a public inquiry. If the environmental lobby wins Rogers for a combination of offices, the day, says Judy Hillman, planning iournalist, London will retain "a solid, fairly plain building" when it could have Council, however, wanted to use it for had an attractive one with more inten- council housing. The Secretary of State sive use, more jobs and homes for 200 has once more turned down all the oppeople, which would relieve the citizens of about £125,000 net in interest payments a year and raise £750,000 a year in rates. "There has been a natural reaction towards preservation because London suffered post war from overambitious development. The capital could now be in danger of suffering The organization SAVE has come up equally from over-zealous attempts to with its own plan to restore it in the same freeze too much of the existing fabric,"

she says. The determination and media-appeal recent years made "offices" a dirty word and more important to Londoners. By 1976 office workers represented nearly 40 per cent of total employees. Even so,

almost every attempt to build an office block is accompanied by protest and obstruction. I have no wish to play down the importance of the environmental issues. On the contrary, Londoners, however, should appreciate that there are more ways than one of reading many media stories on these matters.

For instance, there has to be a sensible middle ground between the positions adopted by, on the one hand, Sir Horace Cutler, who rejoices in the way St Katharine Dock has been redeveloped, and says that this points the way to what can be done in Docklands. and, on the other, former Evening Standard editor, Simon Jenkins, who describes it as "a tragedy only partly mitigated by the imaginative marina which has taken its place. No amount of poured concrete will equal the tourist potential which existed in the now vanished warehouses.

Marcus Binney, chairman of SAVE, the preservation pressure group, says that London's skyline has been "utterly prostituted in the last two decades". He complains that the listings of historic buildings for inner London are inadequate and out of date and the London area grants. His organization has probeing neglected or under threat. This, then, is the background to the

controversies over a number of central London sites, including: Vauxhall

European Ferries building, the so-called "Green Giant", a 500-foot skyscraper which was the subject of much indignaambitions for the area. However, a tion and was finally denied planning "Save Jubilee Hall" momentum built up, permission by the Environment Secretary. The site will probably still be used for office buildings of some sort.

Coin Street

Near the National Theatre, this site has been the subject of a number of imaginative proposals, including some for office buildings, and the best of them is a spectacular plan by architect Richard luxury homes and leisure area. The GLC Labour Party and Lambeth tions and called for fresh ideas.

Billingsgate

The environmentalists are likely to win the day on this one. The City of London had planned to pull down the old building, but a variety of schemes are being floated for re-developing it as it stands. way as the market building in Covent Garden and waterfront buildings in San Francisco. The market halls would be of the environmentalist lobby has also in used for restaurants and shops of the kind to be found in Covent Garden, and in London, despite the fact that, as an attractive building constructed on the manufacturing industry has fallen, adjoining lorry park to incorporate office employment has become more more restaurants and bars, offices and

sports facilities. Hay's Wharf

There have been manoeuvrings for these surely the right one



Vacant land in Coin Street, near the National Theatre, right, is the centre of controversy, as is Billingsgate, above, soon to be vacated by the fish market.

38 acres of mainly derelict warehouses for nearly ten years. They are mainly owned by one company. Hav's Wharf Limited. The latest proposals are for a £200 million combination of offices and factories and planning permission is being sought by the land-owners.

Whitechapel

For Whitechapel and the East End there is a proposal for what would become London's biggest shopping centre. It would have 860,000 square feet of shops, 70,000 more than the huge Brent Cross complex, together with 200 flats. 380,000 square feet of offices and parking for 1,400 cars on a site next to Whitechapel Underground station. It would increase by 50 per cent the total retail floor space of the entire borough of Tower Hamlets, and create thousands of jobs in that deprived area, However, it also threatens the livelihood of local retailers, and nearby shopping centres and will be hard fought.

These are but a few of the controversial plans currently being debated in London. There are two ways of looking at all this: one is to shake one's head at all this commercial activity and wonder who is getting what out of London: the other is to be excited by the expression of confidence in London that it represents, and to try to find a balance between protecting the beauty of the old city and creating a vibrant capital for the 21st century. The second approach is





Overseas visitors spent £1,694 million in London last year. Such income both for London and for Britain underlines the importance of tourism to the capital and of the capital to the country. Last year 66 per cent of visits by overseas visitors were to London and 62 per cent of their

spending was in London. For some years it has been the policy to promote the regions but the British Tourist Authority is about to recognize the importance of London and its possible decline in tourism by launching a campaign based exclusively on the capital. Its success is vital for many Londoners, for 50,000 are directly employed in tourism and an estimated 250,000 others are indirectly involved.

Of the £1,542 million spent by overseas visitors in 1978, £500 million was spent on accommodation, £153 million on transport, £105 million on leisure activities, £286 million on food and drink, £410 million on shopping (mainly clothes) and £88 million on other items. The picture is changing, for as hotel prices rise to what many believe to be a ridiculous level, tourists are left with less to spend on other things. This is one of the ways in which all is not well with tourism. Visitors to London this year may fall by 10 per cent and this is only partly accounted for by the exchange rate. London's international image as one of the most expensive cities in the world, of becoming dirty and grasping,

may be exaggerated but it is partly the

city's own fault. A survey in 1979

showed that one in three visitors was

disappointed by the high prices and one

in four by the dirtiness of the city.

Too many of those concerned with tourism give the impression of being "out for a quick buck" rather than making their visitors welcome and providing a service. Such an attitude is hardly discouraged by the GLC policy document on tourism which begins: "The fundamental principle of the council is to base any action it may take, or encourage others to take, on cost effectiveness to produce a greater

financial yield from tourism." London has to "get its act together" on tourism, alert itself to the benefits tourists bring, and learn that what happens to tourists is reported back to

friends and neighbours at home. Perhaps one of the biggest blunders of the past 20 years has been to neglect the obvious need for a new national exhibition centre. Given that conferences and exhibitions are worth £150 million a year to London and that London has on a number of occasions been the top city in the world for international conferences, the need to keep facilities in line with the growing demand should have been obvious. The Wembley Conference Centre and the Barbican are obviously valuable additions to London's conference accommodation but the need for a modern exhibition centre is urgent. This the GLC has belatedly recognized by ploughing some money into Earls Court, but GLC leader Horace Cutler admits that, "It's just keeping our foot in the door of the exhibition business until we can build the

centre we should have.

"Private sector must play its part"

An interview with Michael Heseltine, Secretary of State for the Environment, who says he wants to "break up the blockages" of public sector control.

Do you believe London is a city in decline?

A lot of Western world cities are in decline and parts of London-partshave the obvious characteristics of declining inner city areas, but of course there are vast areas of London that remain immensely prosperous. We still have some of the finest architecture in the urban world, and fantastic parks, but we are very much, as all cities are, a patchwork quilt. There are areas with real problems, however, and unfortunately they seem to be areas where the public sector has become involved and engulfed-they own it all. The people living there work for the local authority or a public agency of one sort or another, they're tenants of the local authorities, they're educated in state schools, and the whole problem has become the public sector's out of which there appears to be no escape. The more people throw money at it, which is what the traditional remedy has been, the less the effect.

To what extent do you see the public and the private sectors contributing to solving the inner city problems and reinvesting in London's infrastructure?

It would be stupid to approach the many and complex problems I face on the basis of demanding guidelines which effectively apply a private sector solution to whatever I'm looking at. You have to look at the problems, analyse the relative strengths and weaknesses of both the public and private sector, and balance your own philosophy with your own judgment as to whether the solution will come mainly from the private or the public sector.

To start with the basics, we as a nation are consuming too much of our resources and spending too little on investment, and many of the points you have drawn from your research about the problems in industry, transport, infrastructure and housing are a result of cutting down on capital investment because political pressure for more consumption has been so great-we've not been able to face the political adjustments required to cut the consumption, so we've cut the capital. We need greater wealth so that we have more resources to distribute, and we have to take the difficult political step of switching from consumption to investment.

Looking at the inner city problems, which are immense, I detect a flight from the inner cities by those most able to leave and that would include companies looking for the green fields and the skilled workforce. So I see a central theme of our approach to the inner city being to try and reverse this process and persuade those who don't want to live here that they ought to. We have to make it attractive enough to reverse their present judgments and to persuade industry that it's profitable and desirable



to invest there as opposed to investing in the other areas. These two aims have been behind the policies I've adopted at the DoE. The Urban Development Corporation concept, the enterprise zones, the very different planning procedures which we have partially announced and are about to extend. We are seeking to alter the balance of expenditure within urban programmes to concentrate on wealth creation, job creation, environmental improvements to attract back industry.

We are seeking to create the opportunities which the private sector will take up because then you can perhaps get £2 for £1-£1 of private money added to £1 of public money. Then we're seeking to free more land with our land policies, and as you know we're making inner urban area authorities list all the sites in their areas that are publicly owned, whether they be by nationalized industries or local authorities or central government, so that we can tackle the problems of dereliction and empty land very largely owned by the public sector. We are establishing land registers and I shall be going over them and asking questions as to why land is not being used, why it isn't on the market and why it isn't being developed. I've announced initiatives to bring the private sector into much closer partnership with the public authorities in the discussions of where DoE money should be spent.

Do you accept that many people living in the inner city who need rehousing cannot be catered for by the private sector because it cannot build at a price those people can afford?

Yes—that is why we have such a big local authority housing programme, why we help local authorities to modernize houses, why we have a Housing Association budget of over £400 million a year.

The local authorities in London who have been pinpointed as villains in terms of the level of public expenditure say that your policy is imposed as if all local authorities are facing the same problems and have the same needs, when in fact

their problems are much greater. They say they are being punished for facing up to their responsibilities in their area. What is your reply to that?

If you put your rates up year after year how many businesses do you destroy? What is the risk of pursuing policies which are wholly inimical to the prosperity of the private sector in a particular area? It's a trade-off, isn't it, it is a balance and you can't expect the wealthcreating sector of the economy to remain forever in a political climate which is wholly hostile to its success. I would have thought that the most cursory comparison of one authority with another gives you clear grounds for realizing that where those authorities wish to they can run their affairs and offer perfectly adequate services at realistic levels of rate increases, realistic having in mind the pervading economic climate, the rate of inflation and the aspirations of the people concerned. Then there are those local authorities that decide they're going to have a totally different approach to rate increases, irrespective of the side-effects of their policies, which are to drive out those from whom the rates come.

As you know, the local authorities in Docklands bitterly resent the introduction of the UDC. Why did you decide to do this?

Have you been to Docklands?

Yes.

Well, I would have thought that was the answer to your question.

Well, they say they have done all they had planned to do by now.

I can well believe that, but the plans were not ambitious enough, the opportunities have not been grasped, the private sector has not been given sufficient opportunity. Too many people are involved and a single-minded set of decisions that need to be taken and applied are best given to one UDC.

The local people believe it to be undemocratic—they call it a form of dictatorship.

How curious that identical authorities on Merseyside should have welcomed and co-operated with what I've tried to do. The concept of a new town is well tried, well proven, and seen as one of the most effective instruments for achieving community development in Britain; it is ludicrous to dismiss it as dictatorship.

Do you really believe that the private sector is the fundamental answer to the problems of the inner city when the infrastructure is in such decay?

I am not a black-and-white thinker. I'm not saying and I've never said and I don't believe that the private sector or the public sector can alone solve the problems. They can't. But we have to break up the blockages caused by public sector control, and free the land and create the opportunities for the private sector to play the part that it can.

Where does London go from here?

The objective of the preceding pages has been to document aspects of London's decline—in population, employment, housing, the inner city and transport—not to belittle its attractions or underestimate the other strengths of one of the world's outstanding cities, but rather to warn that the foundations of a civilized life for the citizens of London are being eroded by neglect.

The last impression I wish to create is that London has become a teeming slum. Visitors will still find it a beautiful and magnificent city. Its potential for regeneration is beyond doubt. Sir Horace Cutler, Leader of the GLC, emphasizes that "one of London's best qualities is its resilience, its capacity to adapt and change". However, he is not the only politician to speak of "the unmatchable spirit of Londoners", but he overlooks the fact that "Londoners" do not exist today in the same way as they did in wartime. London is a cosmopolitan city, and also a collection of villages. Few of its residents would call themselves Londoners and the GLC is not the most inspirational of coordinating forces. It was only the drama of the war that united the people of the city in the 40s; today's crisis is of the slow-burning variety.

It would also be a disservice to list a series of ideas or solutions, no matter how much one believed in them, as if they in themselves held the answer. The fact is that London's problems are insoluble unless we find the answers to two key questions:

First, who is to be responsible for their solution?

Second, where are the resources to come from?

Before we approach these questions there is perhaps one other to which we should address ourselves: does it really matter? One can imagine this question being asked with special bite by those in the north, in Wales or Scotland, who have for years been fed on a diet of percentages and prejudice to confirm their belief that their problems are made worse, indeed are magnified by (if not actually caused by) selfish Londoners. Three points should be made in answer to this: first, London is such a size that a small percentage figure can hide a considerable problem. In terms of those who suffer directly from unemployment, bad housing and poor transport, the numbers in London are as bad as for many other parts of the country, if not worse. Anyway, the problems of different areas of Britain should not be looked at as if they are competing for the honour of being worst; unemployment is the same in its impact on the individual wherever he or she may live, as is bad housing, or inner city deprivation. Second, London's health is crucial to the health of Britain. London bears much of the cost of services for the nation as a whole and the solution to London's problems will contribute to the solution of Britain's. Third, whether London's problems are less or greater than the rest of the country's, London, too, has a right to be heard. The various facets of London's decline have not been well stated, and this is why so many of the facts in this article may have come as a surprise to readers.

Where does the responsibility for London's problems lie? It is easy enough to say with "them", and indeed if "them" means the politicians and the bureaucrats who govern, there are plenty of "them", for London has for years been an over-governed, overadministered, over-planned city and many of its problems owe their existence to these facts. The GLC in a report to London last year stated, "London is the only major capital in the developed world whose economic decline has been accelerated-and some would say induced—by deliberate policy." A plea of guilty, if not guilty but insane! For as the GLC went on to say, "Since the late 1940s it has been the policy to divert industry and investment from the southeast region, assumed to be well endowed with industrial activity, to areas of Britain with chronic unemployment problems. The immediate effect upon London has been both to hold in check the natural forces of economic regeneration necessary for the capital to thrive and prosper and to add to the aging process of its industrial installations, its infrastructure, and its other public assets."

One of the main obstacles to solving London's problems is the way London is governed. First, there is the GLC, which in recent years has shed most of its responsibilities for direct services and tried to develop in their place a strategic role. Second, there are the 32 borough councils, responsible for nearly all the direct services, from housing to social services, street lighting to refuse collection. Third, there is central government, which keeps a firm grip by use of planning controls and by the deployment of Exchequer allocations to local authorities. If all three centres of government for London pulled in the same direction, they would still represent excessive bureaucracy, but at least their efforts would presumably reinforce each other; the tragedy is that much of the time they are working in direct and even hostile opposition to each other.

For instance, at present the Conservatives control a majority in those two historic buildings confronting each other across Westminster Bridge, the Houses of Parliament and County Hall. In the meantime, Labour controls most of the inner London boroughs. The Conservatives are committed to cuts in public expenditure at national and local level, while the Labour councils believe the solution to most of their problems lies in greater public expenditure. Given such diametrically opposed views and policies, there is no way that these different sources of power over London can work together; indeed, much of the political energy that should be employed to the benefit of London is used in mutual abuse; such communication as exists is riddled with suspicion; political

opposition consists almost entirely of promises to undo what any existing administration is trying to achieve.

London has suffered enormously from four political problems. About-turns after each set of local authority elections mean that it has been impossible for a coherent and effective policy to be developed for London; the over-governing of London has led to the employment of an enormous number of bureaucrats and public sector workers.

whose determination to protect their careers and incomes and the status quo of their bureaucratic structures is such that it is virtually impossible to break the stranglehold; while there are a number of local authorities which switch backwards and forwards at each election, and decide whether or not the GLC is Conservative or Labour, there are others which remain firmly one or the other, the Conservatives tending to be in outer London and the Labour authority.







Above, Sir Horace Cutler and Mr Andrew McIntosh, the two men who will lead the rival political parties in the battle for control of the Greater London Council in May of next year. Cutler, who leads the Conservative majority, is 68, a millionaire, and an ardent believer in private enterprise solutions to the capital's problems. McIntosh, who is 47, runs an industrial market research company. He was elected leader of the Labour minority earlier this year. He believes London's problems can only be solved by a substantial investment of public money. Thus the stage is set for a classic debate. McIntosh, however, begins as the favourite to win because voters traditionally use local authority elections to express their discontent with the performance of the national government; with the Conservatives in control of Westminster, Labour can therefore be reasonably confident of winning County Hall.

orities in inner London. This, in turn, is reflected in lack of co-operation between inner and outer London. Finally, the political process does not work as it is intended to, for people use local elections to reflect their opinions of central government, instead of focusing on local issues.

Just as the political forces have tended to work in opposition to each other, so the bureaucracy has tended to want to push and pull people in the opposite direction to which they wanted to go. The extent of the people's rejection of what their leaders have created has not been reflected in the way they have voted at local elections, but in the way they have voted with their feet. Over a million people do not leave the city in a period of ten years out of a sense of satisfaction! There is too much control, too much planning and too much discouragement of initiative. Yet this is the opposite of what London needs. It needs planners who can plan for less planning by identifying the opportunities that exist for entrepreneurial initiative in London and clearing away the financial, planning and other controls that surround them like a tangle of barbed wire.

So to question number two. If it were possible to cost to the last penny what needs to be done over the next 20 years to put London into shape for the 21st century, to repair its unfit housing, to replace deteriorating rolling stock and tracks of London Transport and British Rail, to establish effective road links between the centre of London and the M25, to free and repair the land that is available for industry, to develop Docklands, and to overcome the disadvantages of minorities, it would add up to a colossal sum of money. A start on this substantial task is urgently called for. Yet at the same time, public expenditure is being cut back. So where are the resources to come from?

The London Labour Party is in no doubt. On industry, it says in its policy documents: "The decline is now so serious that only a large-scale investment programme aimed at key sectors of London's industry will rescue the capital's manufacturing economy from almost total annihilation. The public sector will have to take an active role in such a strategy." It promises to spend on building more council housing. It promises cuts in London Transport fares, if not free fares altogether.

Labour GLC leader Andrew MacIntosh says that this will indeed be the fundamental issue between the parties next year. "There is no alternative but for public intervention, public expenditure on public transport, and public investment in the infrastructure for industry. We don't deny that the rates will have to go up, but we argue that people will be getting better value for them and the resources of the city will be better distributed, with to some extent the rich contributing to the poor." (By this he at least in part means outer London contributing to inner London.)

If Mr MacIntosh and his colleagues come to power in London next May, not only will they immediately be in direct policy confrontation with the



Government on this question of public expenditure, but with the ratepayers, who are becoming increasingly indignant about paying rates far higher than anywhere else in Britain. If rates continue to rise, the likelihood is that even more of those who can will leave the centre of London, those remaining being even less able to pay the high level of rates. Likewise, at a time when London needs more small, entrepreneurial businesses, higher rate levels are just what the city does not need. Yet it is clear that if London's problems are to be solved there is a need for considerable public investment. How, then, do we reconcile the fact that the city's rate levels are already too high, and that the Government is ruthlessly cutting back in public expenditure, with the need for greater public investment?

People would be more willing to pay rates and taxes if they felt they were getting value for money, and there is a need not only for much greater productivity within the public services, such as British Rail and London Transport, and greater efficiency, but for people to be convinced that public money is not being used where private money would get the same if not much better results.

In this respect, there is a growing body of opinion that believes that many of the functions carried out by local authorities could be given to private enterprise and that the result would be greater productivity and better results at lower cost. The argument is that refuse collection, public cleaning, public construction, gardening and work in open spaces could all be done by private enterprise. This has already been tried on a small scale in different parts of the country with outstanding success. To take just one case, Humberside City

Council closed down the direct labour section responsible for cleaning school windows in Hull. Private contractors did it for £35,000 compared with the £85,000 it had been costing the council.

Councillor Michael Forsythe of Westminster City Council has made a study of this and wrote recently: "Overwhelmingly, the evidence both from overseas and from experiments tried here at home is that turning to the private alternative offers the most effective and easiest option. If the private contract alternative had achieved mixed results elsewhere, it would be worth applying it selectively. But it has not had mixed results. Wherever it has been allowed to operate, it has shown itself both superior at providing a service and more efficient at keeping down costs."

Unfortunately a substantial move from direct labour to the private sector would run into the same obstacle to so many of the reforms we desperately need in this country-hostile union reaction. Not only would the London Labour Party be opposed to it, but they plan to increase the proportion of direct labour. In the industrial policy document for the London Labour Party conference next month they refer to direct labour forces as offering "better value for ratepayers, better service for tenants, and better working conditions for building workers". There is no evidence that this is so, and London ratepayers could point to plenty of evidence that it is not.

The fact is that, as Mr Michael Heseltine conceded in our interview, there is a role for both the public and private sector in tackling the problems of London, and it is a question of which should be applied where. Sir Horace Cutler has no doubt either: "I believe in back-end intervention," he says, "Take

the case of London Transport. There are four approaches to its problems. One is to put up fares, one is to take the money out of the rates, one is to reduce services, and one is to get productivity. There are no other options and remember this is a vital service. Now I put the fourth option first. Let's get the productivity right so that we're getting value for money, then let's decide the level of service that is required, and what the traveller can afford to pay in fares. Then, the balance can be an input from rates, either for capital expenditure or to meet revenue needs, but that input is coming at the back end. The trouble with front-end intervention is that everyone involved knows that the Government will step in and meet the balance, so there's no incentive for efficiency, productivity, or value for money.'

Surely the truth about London is that its problems are so colossal that there is plenty for public money and the public sector to do without taking on more than it absolutely has to. Government should make available the land, the planning permission and the infrastructure for the building of houses and factories, not build them itself. The land and infrastructure will be costly enough for the ratepayer and the taxpayer. The costs of maintaining London's infrastructure inadequately and running London's services badly have risen and risen, despite the fact that fewer people are around to live with them and use them. Increased public sector intervention has clearly not come up with the goods. On the other hand, the private sector has not shown great enthusiasm either. That is because the role of one has been exaggerated beyond the ability of the taxpayer and the ratepayer to finance it, and beyond its ability to work

efficiently, while the role of the other has been killed by restriction and regulation and excessive rates and taxation.

No wonder that Mr Heseltine decided that Docklands should not be bedevilled by the political and financial problems that are setting back the rest of London, and imposed an Urban Development Corporation with considerable freedom to do almost what it likes. If that UDC is able to merge the public resources put at its disposal with a real input of private initiative it could show the way.

Another radical proposal for increasing London's resources comes from planner-journalist David Wilcox, who maintains that a "ring city" has developed beyond and around the Green Belt but benefiting directly from London. Many of its residents commute to London to earn their living and take their money out. Given the availability of additional land in this outer area, and the wealth that is taken-from the centre to it, Wilcox suggests that the GLC boundary should be extended outwards to encompass at least some of this area. An appropriate boundary, he says, could be just beyond the M25 circular bypass. This would lead to the end of divided powers in housing, transport and planning, the better use of the whole land area, and greater rate income for London. "The problems would not disappear," he writes. "The creation of the GLC has not ended the hostility between inner and outer London. But there might be some prospect in the longer term that the prosperity of the outer ring could be used to regenerate the inner city." In the last resort, however, one

wonders whether Londoners will really benefit from further cuts in taxation financed by North Sea oil revenue while their railways and environment continue to decline, and the city becomes even more a combination of wealthy pockets and ghettos of poverty. A considerable injection of that money in a once-andfor-all rehabilitation of London's infrastructure and regeneration of its economy will in the longer term give Londoners better value from North Sea oil than the chance to consume a little more in the short term. As it is, the relatively small sum of additional money individual Londoners will receive in tax relief will be used up paying higher fares and higher local authority rates, when the huge sum that the total additional relief would add up to could make their travel to work a great deal easier and their city a great deal more tolerable to live in.

As Californians showed recently when they rejected a proposition that would have cut their taxes, people are able to understand the issues that are at stake and the value of "the social wage". Their lack of sympathy with increased rates and taxes tends to be because of dissatisfaction with what they receive for their money. The tragedy is not that the people do not care or do not want to see these problems tackled, but that government in London at least has consistently been unable to employ that sympathy and support to good ends

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Retreat from St Kilda

by Ian Southern

Half a century after the last St Kildans left their island for the mainland, the author looks at the reasons for the decline of this once self-sufficient community.

Fifty years ago on August 29, 1930, the remaining sad population of 36 St Kildans were evacuated from their island. The present residents of St Kilda represent a different order. The 30 or so men living in a modern village at the east end of Village Bay on the main and only permanently inhabited island of the archipelago, Hirta, are members of the British armed forces, under the command of the Royal Artillery.

So St Kilda has been reborn. Construction started in 1957 with a radar station near Conachair, the summit of Hirta, put there to help locate any sailing vessels in or near the target area of missiles fired from South Uist and invisible to radar beamed from the Outer Hebrides. This resulted in disfigurement of the landscape, but by normal construction standards this has not been excessive (though some would argue differently) and the island's owners, the National Trust for Scotland, have accepted it in exchange for the help given to them by the Army in transporting materials and providing "civilized" comforts for their renovation parties.

An added bonus of the detachment's flag, seen clearly from the bay, lies in its deterrent effect on further mutilation of the archaeologically and sociologically interesting black houses and cottages of the partly renovated village.

For many centuries life on the Scottish mainland, though tumultuous, was probably not desperate enough to warrant risking the hazardous crossing to the occasionally visible island group of St Kilda, 45 miles farther west than the nearest point of the Outer Hebrides. At the same time the St Kildans, thought once to have numbered 180, must have been marooned on their islands, since trees for boat-building did not grow there. They were thus left for 800 years or more on their hilly island, not quite $2\frac{1}{2}$ square miles in area and almost totally surrounded by cliffs, to develop entirely independently and work out their own methods of survival.

The St Kildans' method of survival was perhaps unique. The islands could not support sufficient sheep or provide more than a meagre supply of vegetables to last a largish population through successive winters. However with energy and skill, and the abundant populations of migratory sea birds, the St Kildans had not only a plentiful supply of food but also bedding, oil for lighting and footwear when needed.

No doubt through necessity, the islanders learnt how partly to dehydrate the thousands of fulmar. \Longrightarrow

The white buildings of the Army camp in Village Bay lie below Conachair, Britain's highest sheer cliff at 1,396 feet.





Retreat from St Kilda

gannet and puffin carcasses obtained during the summer, and this in a North Atlantic climate without using ovens or salt. Their skill at catching large cliffnesting birds was amply demonstrated to early tourists, though the hundreds of draughty cleitan used as winter larders as well as for drying grass for fuel were treated with some derision.

Many must have wondered why these buildings had been made with watertight roofs, yet with apparently incomplete walls, seemingly allowing the misty and damp climate to penetrate inside. But these cleitan were designed to restrict the rotting of the bird carcasses and were highly practical for this function. Providing there is some wind, which there almost always is on St Kilda, the atmosphere within the cleitan is never fully wet. Saturated air when passing through the restrictions of the gaps in the walls tends to lose some of its moisture on to the stone through the pressure of its passage. Consequently anything hanging within the cleitan. such as meat, will be subjected to a slight drying and hence preserving influ-

During the "harvest" the whole of the island's able-bodied population went to work. The men, swinging from or supported by a horsehair rope, would catch the birds, and the women and children

would transport and pluck them. This was an efficient system and early visitors described the islanders as being well fed and thriving.

Inevitably this concentration of energy became diluted when the St Kildans became exposed to the allpowerful and once unknown desire to trade. The first visits made by people from the mainland to St Kilda were in longboats. To brave the Atlantic swell for probably 24 hours or more in open boats more suitable for coastal sailing took some courage. Naturally the visits would be during long periods of fair weather, which was, coincidentally, also the ideal time for fowling. The whole island simply downed tools for the day when a visiting boat arrived, and pandered to the needs of their guests.

Compounding these time-consuming, visits, mainland religious habits were also adopted. Observance of the Sabbath deprived the people of one-seventh of the time available at this important period in the year. Inevitably food became scarce during the long winters and soon food was being imported, setting the import-export spiral in motion.

But although lack of food would certainly have made life difficult—though not necessarily impossible—this is far from the whole story. Well-meaning visitors had a catastrophic impact. The St Kildans soon succumbed to the ravages of disease, from which they had been shielded by lack of contact with outsiders. In 1724 smallpox decimated



The 19th-century cottages on the island of Hirta, top, used by National Trust groups, are near the Army camp, whose presence is signified by the Union Jack.

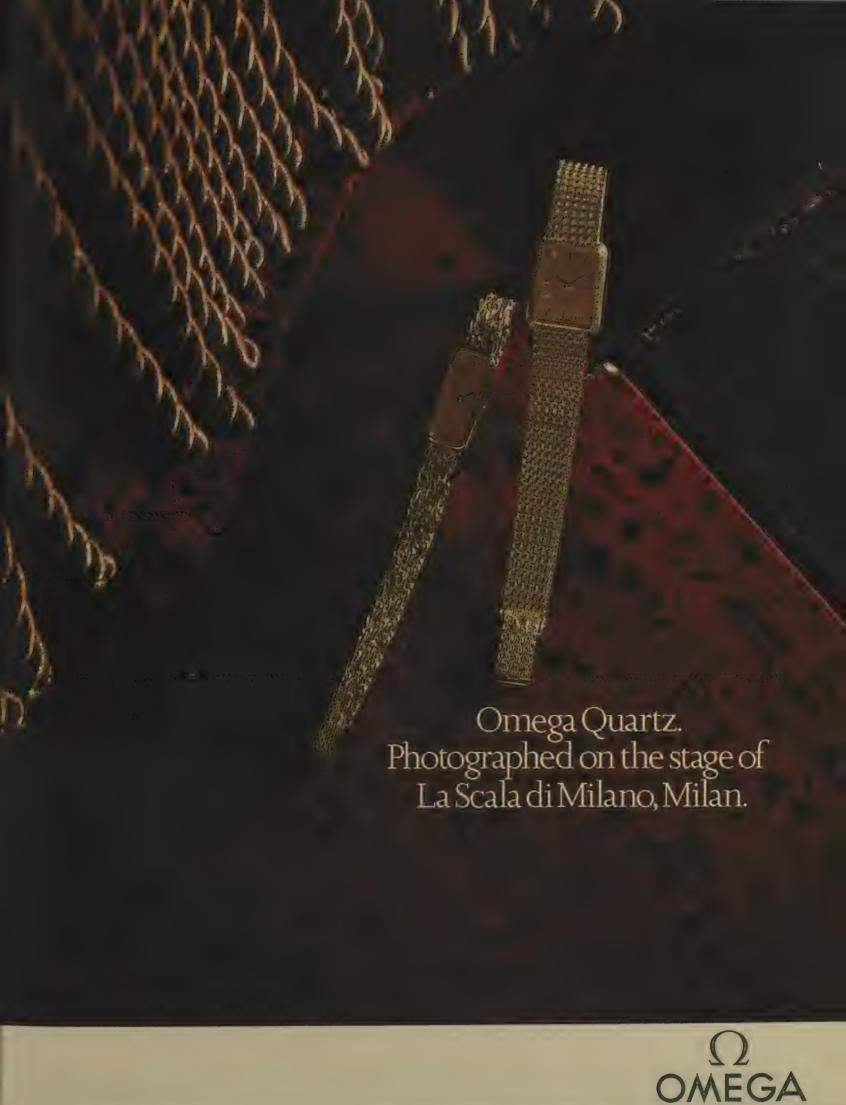
the population, and no sooner had life improved with the help of immigrants from Harris than other illnesses took their toll. Even the common cold could and did kill.

Finally in a letter dated May 10, 1930, authorities on the mainland were told that the islanders, now a much diminished group, had accepted defeat and evacuation went ahead. Many had already left over the years to seek a decent living, and there had always been the possibility of their returning to a still living society on St Kilda. Now return was impossible.

Life on Hirta is now far from difficult,

though totally dependent on the outside world. The Army detachment enjoys most of the creature comforts of its mainland counterparts: an oil-fired power station provides heat, light and noise, there is a well-stocked bar, a slightly temperamental TV, a sauna and a sports hall—and the men can look out on one of the best views in Britain.

The old village, now partly inhabited during the summer by the NTS groups, is if anything all the more impressive when viewed in total with the Army camp. It serves to demonstrate the fragility of communities exposed to previously unknown influences



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Zennor

by E. R. Chamberlin



Harvest Thanksgiving Evensong, Zennor. The ancient granite pillars of the church glitter in the soft, artificial light; vegetables, fruit and wheat are heaped against their bases, on the window ledges, in niches—wherever there is space. The church is full, most of the village's 400-odd inhabitants seated in the cosy-looking box pews.

Afterwards the entire congregation—chance visitors and all—sweep next door to the village hall. It used to be the village school 40 years and more ago. Today it is set for the harvest supper.

Grace Jelbert, aged 80, a matriarch at the centre of her clan, her grandsons towering over her, tells me, "I used to go to school in this building. With Bob Berryman-but he's older than me." Bob Berryman smiles vaguely. His eyes are not as good as they were, but the massive frame is upright. He was born in this village and farmed all his life in it. In his sitting-room is a photograph showing his grandmother in front of the farmhouse in which he was born, that photograph linking a span of at least 130 years. The youngest present in the room is a babe in arms whose mother is a foreigner from Penzance, all of 6 miles D. H. Lawrence and his German-born wife spent 19 months during the First World War in a Cornish village, Zennor, above, in an attempt to create a private literary republic—Rananim.

Photographs by Roy Giles.

away—but her father was born here, and so was his father. Probably everybody in the village has a television set; most have telephones, cars. The outside world is ten minutes away by road, a millisecond by electronics. There is an easy acceptance of strangers, but the stranger is very much aware of being an outsider. And if it is like this in 1980, what was it like in 1916?

That was the year in which D. H. Lawrence and his German-born wife came to the village. He was in retreat—in retreat from the harsh northern winter's assault upon his ruined lungs; in retreat from the savaging of the authorities who had only recently suppressed *The Rainbow* for obscenity; in retreat from the war. In January he was writing to Katherine Mansfield: "I've done bothering about the world and people. I've finished, There now remains

to find a nice place where one can be happy. And you and Jack will come if you like, when you feel like it. And we'll all be happy together: no more questioning and quibbling and trying to do anything with the world."

The Lawrences found a temporary resting place in St Merryn, staying in a cottage that had been loaned to them by J. D. Beresford. In February they drifted farther south, finding lodgings at last in the Tinners' Arms, Zennor's sole pub, while looking for a permanent home. They found it in March. The Zennor experience which Lawrence was later to describe in the chapter entitled "The Nightmare" in Kangaroo began with every auspice of happiness. "It is a most beautiful place: a tiny granite village nestling under high shaggy moorlands, and a big sweep of lovely sea beyondsuch a lovely sea, lovelier even than the

Mediterranean..." They had found a tiny group of stone cottages called Higher Tregerthen down an unpaved track about a mile from Zennor itself. "There are two little blocks of buildings, all alone, a farm 5 mins below. One block has three cottages that have been knocked into one and the end room made into a tower-room. What I hope is that one day you will take the long house with the tower and that somebody else will have the second cot, that we are like a little monastery."

"A little monastery"—that was the primary attraction of Higher Tregerthen for Lawrence. He was once again in pursuit of his private Utopia, his Shangri-La, his own personal version of the Land of Cockaign which he had named Rananim. Earlier attempts to found this republic of letters, where equals relaxed secure in intimate friendship, had ended disastrously. But the Cornish Rananim was to be a success. He threw himself into the business of renovating the cottage, painting, decorating, building shelves and cupboards which he painted royal blue and urged the Murrys to come and throw in their lot with the Lawrences as

Zennor

founder members, "Good, All is well between us all. No more quarrells and quibbles. Let it be agreed for ever. I am Blutbruder, a Blutbrüdersschaft between us all. Tell K, not to be so queasy,

And on a cold day in April, 1916, they arrived. Katherine Mansfield had considerable reservations about the whole thing. Apart from having a pretty clear idea of what it would be like living in close proximity to the erratic Lawrence, she found little attraction in abandoning the south of France in May for the cold north Cornish coast for she, too, was an invalid. And that year it rained and rained and rained.

Frieda Lawrence might delight in housewifely tasks but Katherine Mansfield indubitably did not and search was made for a domestic help. Grace Jelbert-Nankervis as she then wasgot the job. Her memory has doubtless been stimulated decade by decade, for she must now be a fixed point on the itinerary of any Lawrence biographer. But the vividness with which she can recall events of more than half a century ago is, in fact, all of a piece with the effect made by Lawrence on this village where he lived scarcely 19 months. "Lawrence? He was all right. A bit odd, but all right. But Frieda-ah, she was the one." Mrs Jelbert's eves light up, her whole face responds. "So alive she was, full of jokes and light-heartedness and always with a kind word. Katherine Mansfield? Kind enough. But standoffish. Very pretty with that peachesand-cream look. But oh, that cough, cough, cough." One of Lawrence's biographers sent Mrs Jelbert a copy of one of the novels and she was indignant. "A filthy book. If I'd known, I wouldn't have talked about the man.

Grace Nankervis is probably the "Pasty" to whom Katherine Mansfield refers in her undeniably catty letter written to her friend, S. S. Koteliansky in June, a little more than two months after the May, only a few weeks after settling their longed-for arrival. Lawrence was in. She was bored, irritated, lonely. The sea-mists pressed in; there was nobody to talk to. "Murry and Lawrence have too rugged for them. And Murry and I plunged off to St Ives with rucksacks on are not really associates." their backs." Above all, she was tired of the "Community", at once apprehensive of, and irritated with, their enforced neighbours the Lawrences, and their evokes the beauty of the moors and endless ferocious marital fights. "I hate coast, the contrasts between the great games when people lose their tempers in this way, it's so witless. In fact they're emeral delicacy of wild flowers. not my kind at all. I cannot discuss blood affinity to beasts, for instance, if I before the "persecution" began, he have to keep ducking to avoid the flatirons and saucepans." She described one particularly frightening occasion when Frieda Lawrence had sought refuge with her: "Suddenly Lawrence the villagers make of him? Celts they appeared and made a kind of horrible blind rush at her. He beat her, he beat her to death, her head and face and breasts and pulled her hair. . . I shall from a tough country. What would they never forget how L looked. He was so have made of such a performance as he white-almost green and he just hitthumped, the big soft woman

in sight almost before it began. listen to the blackness and call, softly,





Middleton Murry and Lawrence were having their own disagreements: the discomfort of the damp cottage under the endlessly weeping skies, the claustrophobic intimacy, the lack of any outside stimulus, drove the Murrys away in writing scornfully: "The Murrys have gone over the south side. The north was

But he himself loved the place. Again and again in his letters, and in the fictionalized versions of the events, he brooding black stones and the eph-

And the people. In those first months, writes admiringly of the Cornish, contrasting their Celtic flexibility and warmth with that of the stolid Teutons and Saxons, But what, one wonders, did may have been but they were also farmers and miners, down-to-earth, practical people wrestling a tough living describes, in his fictionalized person of "Somers", in Kangaroo: "He would go The end of yet another Rananim was out into the blackness of the night and



Top left, Higher Tregerthen, a mile outside Zennor, where the Lawrences set up home during the First World War. Top right, Zennor Quoit, a megalithic burial chamber which dominates the landscape. Above, the village church. Right, the Tinners' Arms public house where the Lawrences lodged on their arrival at Zennor.

for the spirits, the presences he felt com- Berryman said hesitantly. "I wasing down from the moors in the night busy-in 1916," "Busy"-an un-Tuatha de Danaan, Tuatha de Danaan, Be with me. . . '." With the best will in the world they would have been likely to to Zennor, Bob Berryman left it for expect something odd from the people France, for the Somme and Ypres and at Higher Tregerthen when the rumours Vimy Ridge-very busy indeed. "I began to circulate.

"I can't say I remember them," Bob be stories about spies when I came back



on leave. She was a German, wasn't she? Richthofen's sister, or something. We called him the Red Baron, The Aussies shot him down."

D. H. Lawrence was no pacifist and in his more sober moments, was perfectly capable of seeing the dilemma in which the authorities found themselves, as witness the speech he puts into the mouth of "Somers": "This trench and machine war is a blasphemy against life itself, a blasphemy we are all committing. All very well, they said, but we are in for a war, and what are we to do? We hate it as much as he does. But we can't all sit safely in Cornwall" But Lawrence's natural perverseness. coupled with the war-fever raging and the undeniable fact that his wife was German, ensured a clash between himself and the military authorities. Some of the official "snoopers" who pestered the Lawrences in their cottage were undoubtedly jacks-in-office revelling in a little brief authority. But many, probably most, were conscientious people doing an unpleasant duty as best they could. The idea of D. H. Lawrence signalling to submarines seems, half a century later, purely absurd. But a D. H. Lawrence defiantly singing German folk-songs, showing his contempt for those pursuing their duty, had finally only himself to blame when the inevitable happened. He described the end in Kangaroo: "Somers, white and very still, spoke no word but waited. Then the police sergeant, in rather stumbling fashion, began to read an order from the military authorities that Richard Lovat Somers, and Harriet Emma Marianna Johanna Somers of Trevetham Cottage etc. should leave the county of Cornwall within the space of three days . . . And they were forbidden to enter any part of the area of Cornwall etc. etc.

Between the Lawrences' arrival in Rananim, and their expulsion in October, 1917, scarcely 19 months elapsed. But it is as though Lawrence had burned a brand in the corporate memory for the name is most vividly remembered in the village, even if remembered with no particular affection. Apart from the cottage itself there is only one tangible piece of evidence of that brief sojourn. In the Tinners' Arms is an unframed oil painting, by Borlase Smart, purporting to show Lawrence outside the cottage of Higher Tregerthen. The foreground is dominated by gaudy flowers; tucked away in the background like an afterthought is a red-bearded, red-haired man, reading.

The cottages themselves now bear, almost mockingly, it seems, that name of a private dream "Rananim". The one home. Lawrence's cottage has been occupied, since 1961, by Lea Camack and she has paid dearly for the privilege. "People seem to think it's nationally owned or something. They come down here, clambering all over, taking photographs. They even bawl me out sometimes for being in the photo-in my own home. I only let people in now if they've made a written appointment. But there's nothing to see."



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The Arts Council collection



by Edward Lucie-Smith

It is not going too far to say that the exhibition of a portion of the Arts Council Collection—less than a tenth of the total—at the Hayward Gallery amounted to a revelation. It was as if the Tate's Modern British Collection had been joined for the occasion by a sister museum on the other side of the Thames. The effect of coherence was the more surprising in view of the various circumstances in which the collection has been made, since Cema (Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts), the Arts Council's predecessor, first started to

Top, Reflected Man by Allen Jones, 1963, bought by the Arts Council in 1964; right, Head of a Woman by Walter Richard Sickert, 1906, bought in 1953; far right, Portrait of Hugh Gaitskell as a Famous Monster of Filmland by Richard Hamilton, 1964, bought in that year.







purchase works of art in 1942, in order to make a touring exhibition of modern British paintings.

It was this nucleus which the Arts Council inherited when it was formed in 1946. For a long time purchases were made chiefly for exhibition purposes, and until the beginning of the 1960s there was even a rather desultory policy of trying to fill historical gaps, and to show the development of 20th-century British painting as a whole. This accounts for the presence of items such as the Sickert *Head of a Woman*, dated 1906 and bought in 1953.

During the 1960s the purchasing allocation rose sharply from £5,000 to £21,000, and the policy of acquiring earlier work was discontinued. On the other hand, the money was no longer tied to works needed for immediate exhibition. One third was reserved for general purchases; the rest was still allocated to building up "theme" exhibitions, which now became the responsibility of an individual selector-organizer.

Recently there has been another slight shift of policy. Purchasing still follows the same pattern but the Arts Council now also receives work from artists to whom it has made major grants. Since private patronage of the visual arts continues to be at a low ebb in Britain, the Arts Council exercises a major influence over the development of the British art scene.

This is the official history of the Arts Council collection (some 5,000 items in all); there are, inevitably a number of undercurrents. The Arts Council's purchasing fund, though now increased to £80,000, is a drop in the ocean if one looks at the number of professional artists working in Britain and tries to estimate their financial needs. The Arts Council provides some artists with jam, but the bread and butter comes from elsewhere, most of it from teaching. Yet to be purchased by the Arts Council has become an important step in a young artist's career: the kudos is disproportionate when compared with the actual sums of money involved. In addition to this, the Arts Council is highly visible in the art world, a focus for fantasy and indeed for paranoia. Anyone who serves on the Art Department's advisory panel becomes keenly aware of the amount of lobbying that goes on, both in the matter of grants and in that of buying. This is both human and inevitable, and it is useless to complain about it, but it does have some influence on the way in which purchases are made.

There is also a less obvious factor. The Arts Council's advisory committees are inevitably a forum for debate about the way in which the visual arts are developing. While purchasing decisions are now for the most part handed over to individual committee members, the choice of these individuals reflects the artistic climate of the time as well as the strength of various factions represented on the art panel. Finally there is the question of financial stringency, assessment of genuine need and the de-





Top, Snake by Euan Uglow, 1976, bought by the Arts Council in the same year; above, Artist's Studio by Patrick Caulfield, 1964, acquired in 1965.

sire to cover as many options as possible.

In theory, all of these aspects are hostile to the aim of producing a collection of high standard which truly reflects the development of British art in the course of several decades. In fact, many of the apparent disadvantages cancel one another out, to the point where they become strengths if the enterprise is considered as a whole.

The exhibition at the Hayward was deprived of certain key works because these were required for shows elsewhere, or because (in a few cases) they were too large and cumbersome to be used. But it was successful in reflecting the general character of what had been bought. One understood how British art, and with it the Arts Council, had fallen under successive waves of influence. The Kitchen Sink School of the 1950s is now far enough away to make a historical point,

without the aggressive clamour of John Berger and his Marxist followers to distract one from its true virtues. On the other hand, the large-scale abstract art of the 1960s is still out of focus. Early Bernard Cohen looks original and inventive, the rest seems inflated, clumsy and rather over-bearing.

By contrast, the exhibition justified some of the minimal painting which followed a little later. The all-black canvas by the often-denounced Robert Law animated the space around it, taking on a subtle optical pulsation as the colours beneath the black surface bled through to tease the retina.

Certain insular styles proved to be stubbornly persistent, most of all, perhaps, Sir William Coldstream's confrontation with observed reality. Slade School Realism has never made its mark abroad; here was a chance to assess its consequences at home, both as an idea about the nature of art and as a pervasive political influence.

But the main pleasure and justification of the exhibition was its emphasis on individualists. Some of the best pictures belonged to no movement and possessed no real stylistic affinities with anything else in the show. In figurative painting this was true of a ravishing early work by the late Claude Rogers, of Michael Andrews's study for *All Night Long*, of the Expressionist canvas by John Bellany and the vast recent painting by Colin Couch, so new a purchase that it has not found its way into the standard catalogue.

The weaknesses of the collection are obvious. The fact that the English are not on the whole collectors of contemporary art works can be paired with the paradoxical fact that the works of certain British artists have in the last two decades risen very rapidly in price. There is no recent work by Francis Bacon, for instance—the two in the Hayward (a screaming pope and a painting of Van Gogh) date from 1952 and 1957 respectively, and the Council possesses no others. There are David Hockney drawings from the early 1970s in the catalogue, but no painting later than 1966. The only painting by R. B. Kitaj is small and uncharacteristic.

During the past decade the purchasers appointed by the Arts Council have shown a tendency to neglect a strong school of English Realists in favour of the more esoteric conceptual styles. There is no painting by David Hepher, none by Ben Johnson, and none by Michael Leonard. Rory McEwen's miraculously precise drawings of natural objects, such as fallen leaves, are also absent. Perhaps one argument was that these artists needed no help from the Arts Council.

One might also argue, howeverand the idea has already been put forward by critics of the Arts Council's current policies—that the institution has become a specialized market in itself; that there is now such a thing as Arts Council art. Art of this type, if it existed, would peddle reassurance disguised as rebellion, conservatism tricked out in the finery of the avant-garde. Certainly such work was not entirely absent from the final section of the Hayward exhibition, where chic photo-pieces by Victor Burgin and others were gathered together. But it is only fair to point out that art of this type has been an important component of the British art scene in general during recent years.

The two most reassuring qualities of the collection the Arts Council has put together, seemingly almost by accident, are eclecticism and an engaging fallibility. The flaws are so openly visible that in a curious way they demonstrate the fairness of the methods whereby this great accumulation of works of art has been brought together. Meanwhile the obvious duds are more than counterbalanced by the equally obvious successes

Battle of Britain and the Blitz

The Battle of Britain began on June 5, 1940, when the air raid sirens were heard in Britain for the first time since the false alarm of September 3, 1939, the day war broke out. They signalled the beginning of a series of small-scale daylight raids by the Luftwaffe which developed into an all-out offensive in August and early September as the Germans tried to destroy the RAF in the air and on the ground. probably as a preface to invading Britain. That they failed was due to the courage and skill of outnumbered but dedicated British pilots, aided by a new and secret invention, radar. At the beginning of the Battle of Britain the Germans had 2,800 aircraft, Air Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding's Fighter Command had 650 operational fighters. As Churchill put it, "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." But British survival was touch-and-go: by September 5 British aircraft and, even worse, pilots were being destroyed more quickly than they could be replaced, airfields were out of action and the RAF was in a perilous state. There is little doubt that if the Germans had persisted with their daylight attacks in spite of dismaying losses they would have won. But instead, responding to British air raids on Berlin, they switched to night bombing, and Britain faced the Blitz. In 24 nights in September, 1940, the Luftwaffe delivered about 5,300 tons of high explosives on London. Liverpool and Birkenhead had been attacked in late August in night raids, and other provincial cities also suffered later in the autumn, notably Coventry in November. But London bore the brunt of attacks designed to terrorize and bludgeon the British into surrender but which conjured from the population a steely resolve and a notable display of the bulldog spirit. A series of remarkable photographs of the conditions endured by Londoners during the Blitz is on show at the Museum of London for a month from September 2, under the title of "Life in the Shelters". They have been chosen from 200 commissioned by the Ministry of Information to record for posterity the scenes that took place every night in the Underground and basement shelters at the height of the Blitz; an example below, taken by Bill Brandt, in an East End station shelter, reminds us, 40 years later, how some Londoners lived then. By the end of September 177,000 men, women and children were using the Underground as their shelter every night, their passport to relative safety a ticket-1+d was the cheapest one in those days.













Left, a group of "the Few" after a raid in July, 1940, in which 50 German bombers tried to bomb Dover harbour and lost 20 per cent of their aircraft. Above, Paul Nash's impression of the Battle of Britain. Top, a group of Hurricanes, which were the backbone of Fighter Command, credited with destroying more German planes than all other aircraft combined.

NEPRIALWA

Little brothers

by Andrew Moncur

Small trade unions, sometimes representing only 20 craftsmen, will not make much impact at this month's Trades Union Congress, but they have so far resisted the current trend of united we stand, diminished we fall.

Photographs by Anne Billson.

The Healders' and Twisters' Trade and Workers' Union has more than two mil-Friendly Society, representing just 95 of Britain's 12 million trade unionists, will disappear from the fabric of industrial life this year.

In the face of dwindling membership and, literally, "trouble at t'mill", it has decided to throw in its lot with a larger union. In the ponderous language of the movement, it has taken steps to "transfer its engagements". So another of the small trade unions-the really small trade unions-has accepted the new dictum; united we stand, diminished we fall.

But others, still smaller, survive. They live on not only to fight (in the most restrained way) another day but also to provide their members with a service which suits their peculiar needs. That may mean seeking industrial harmony for builders of brass band instruments or a fair whack for makers of cricket balls. They believe that they remain both viable and useful, although they may only be able to claim a handful of members and a budget of minute proportions. One such union published a balance sheet this year showing an annual income from members' contributions of £75.95 and an expenditure on sending delegates to meetings amounting to £9.60. Another reports a membership of 27. This is in a world of big battalions where, it has been said,

what profits are to a businessman. The small unions can claim to be bastions of democracy. When the entire membership turns up for the union's annual general meeting, held in the back room of a public-house, it is difficult for the leaders to lose touch with their rank and file. Sometimes the whole union works in a single factory shop; often they are craftsmen possessing rare trade skills who have traditionally clung together. Usually they employ no fulltime officials. Instead, they are represented by workmates in their spare time.

membership is to a trade union leader

These are the union leaders who stay in back-street boarding-houses during the great conferences in Blackpool or Brighton. Their headquarters may extend to a briefcase and a cupboard in the sitting-room at home. They send to the Trades Union Congress a single delegate, armed with a single vote, to take his place beside the massed strength of the big brothers. Unions affiliated to the TUC are entitled to be represented by one delegate for every 5,000 members (or a fraction of that number) on the basis of one vote for every 1,000 members. The Transport and General

lion members The TUC attitude towards small un-

ions is difficult even to discuss with Mr Len Murray, General Secretary of the TUC, because of a general reluctance to tread on the toes of the little brothers. But the TUC points out that it is happy to see smaller unions absorbed into more powerful groupings, and that this has been the trend for many years. In 1943 there were 230 unions affiliated to the TUC; there are now 112.

Small unions continue to disappear at a steady rate. Among the recent departures have been the National Wool Sorters' Society, with 757 members, which has merged with the Association of Professional, Executive, Clerical and Computer Staff, and the National Union of Wallcoverings, Decorative and Allied Trades, with 3,820 members. which has "transferred its engagements" to the National Graphical Association. Other small unions soldier on, convinced that no monolithic organization could truly understand their needs. They may be affiliated to the TUC or they

Who else knows anything about cricket ball making other than the people who actually make them?" asked one union secretary who works in that industry.

Who, for that matter, knows anything about healding and twisting? George Booth does, for one. He has been a member of the Huddersfieldbased Healders' and Twisters' Trade and Friendly Society for 20 years and its general secretary for nine. He has also had ample first-hand experience of the troubles which during that time have afflicted his members and the British wool textile industry which employs them, contributing to the slow decline of

Mr Booth, who now works as a weaver in the fancy worsted trade, has been made redundant three times in the past two years. "I know people that have been made redundant a dozen times in their careers. There have been mills closing since 1960. As it goes on you lose good people; they look to go out of the trade," he said. His union was formed in 1896 to serve healders, skilled workers who draw the warp thread through the weaving loom (a process which has become increasingly mechanized) and twisters, who join lengths of thread on the loom by hand in a manner which their job title describes.

At its peak the union boasted about 500 members who were content to remain independent while similar societies in Leeds, Bradford and Halifax merged. Then came the decline. The little Huddersfield union, with its scattered membership-four or more members at 11 firms and groups of two and three elsewhere-was ill-equipped to halt that slide. "Nobody would take any notice of us if we went on strike tomorrow. They would say 'go ahead, get on with itthere's all that cloth on the shelves'." said Mr Booth. Now the leaders have recommended a merger proposal and

the union has accepted.

The healders and twisters now plan to join, as a craft section, the National Union of Dyers, Bleachers and Textile Workers, which has more than 61,000 members. It has grander ambitions to create a single union for the entire textile industry and that has a certain appeal for Mr Booth: "We shall have a bit of clout then." Meanwhile there is a little sadness. "It is a regret for me. I shall lose a bit of my empire, it is inevitable," he said. That empire was always a modest affair. The union receives an income of about £1,800 a year; it has a filing cabinet in a shared office at the Friendly and Trades Societies Club in Huddersfield and a desk in a corner of Mr Booth's home in Hepworth; it has sent him four times to the annual Trades Union Congress, armed with his one vote. "It is sad but it is reality. A trade union is there to look after its members' interests, not to

perpetuate a name," added Mr Booth. Other names have a better chance of survival, probably because the small unions which bear them are serving a membership concentrated in one or two workshops. In the case of the Wool Shear Workers' Trade Union, the smallest union affiliated to the TUC, every member works under the same roof. The general secretary, Mr Jim Billard, and his 26 members are all employed by Burgon & Ball, a Sheffield firm which can trace its links with the shear and hand tool trade for 250 years. The union's members make hand-operated sheep shears, which are used all over the

The Wool Shear Workers wish to remain independent, although they have received overtures to join with larger unions, "We have been approached but it has just been cut dead. Members did not want it," Mr Billard explained, "I know the job from A to Z, it's as simple as that. If there are any quarrels I can sort them out whereas if anyone else came in they would not know the ins and outs of all these things.

The union, founded in 1890 ₩→











Top left, Boosey & Hawkes' brass instrument factory at Edgware; left, Arthur Wood tip-stretching and brim-breaking at Failsworth Hats Ltd in Manchester; top, exterior of Alfred Reader & Co Invicta Works at Teston in Kent and, above centre, Nellie Godfrey polishing cricket balls; above, Jeffrey Gill and Robert Bates healding (drawing the warp thread through the weaving loom-a process which has become increasingly mechanized) at J. H. Hagwood Marsh Mills in Huddersfield.

Little brothers

as the Sheffield Wool Shear Grinders', Makers', Finishers', Benders' Union, has not been involved in a strike in living memory, choosing "jaw, jaw" instead of what would be a rather incestuous industrial "war, war". "If anything goes wrong I go and see Percy, the director, and we talk things over and we square it up," said Mr Billard. "We are all a big, happy crowd, you know." Happy they may be, big they certainly are not. The union is able to hold its conferences, with most of the members present, in a room at the Oueen's Ground Hotel just down the hill from Mr Billard's semidetached house which is the union's registered headquarters.

The Teston Independent Society of Cricket Ball Makers is limited to a single factory near Maidstone, Kent, in a village surrounded by orchards, hop fields and oast houses. The union has 31 members. Traditionally the cricket ball makers are drawn from four neighbouring villages: Teston, Nettlestead, Wateringbury and Barming. They are brought together by mutual interest and, more particularly, by their jobs at Alfred Reader & Co, established in 1808 and still going strong as a maker of cricket and hockey balls which are known from Teston to Trinidad.

Teston has had a lengthy innings as a centre of the cricket ball industry. They used to be made in a room at the back of the village post office and stores but now there is a proper factory with a work force on overtime to cope with the demand. Although their products go all over the world the Teston men seem to be reluctant to look beyond their own boundaries. Early this century fellow cricket ball makers ventured out the 9 miles from Tonbridge to ask them to support a strike. The Teston men not only refused, they decided to set up their own union to look after their own affairs. It started life in 1919 with a membership of 24 and has remained stubbornly independent ever since.

The cricket ball makers have avoided affiliation with the TUC (nobody has ever suggested it, so they have never debated the idea) and they have abandoned links, briefly held, with the General Federation of Trade Unions. They were not impressed with the financial aid they received from the federation during the only strike ever organized by the Teston cricket ball makers, a fourweek dispute which took place in 1961. The outcome was hard to calculate.

Mr Don Newick, a turner-seamer who started work at the factory in 1946 as a 14-year-old tea boy, is the general secretary of the union and lives two doors away from the factory. He remembers that historic affair in some detail. "We did not think much of it. When we were on strike we got financial aid from the federation of £1 per head, in total about £39." The cricket ball makers seemed to be better off adopting their usual stance of studied self-sufficiency. They awarded themselves £5 a week in strike pay and eventually

settled their differences over wages with the firm. "We did not actually win at the time of the strike," said Mr Newick, "but it made a hell of a difference in future negotiations. It was more cordial. The meetings were more friendly."

And that, by and large, is how relations have remained between employees and employer. Indeed, there are times when Mr Newick suspects that his small union and the company might be just a little too friendly. "The factory is a family concern; we are on Christian name terms. In some ways there are advantages in being so close and friendly. In other ways it is a disadvantage. In negotiations you might be pulling your punches whereas if you were complete strangers you might not. Mind you, I don't pull many punches."

Mr Newick is a craftsman in an industry that depends on craft skills to convert white hide into shining, polished, hard, red balls that will turn for seamers of an altogether different kind. More craftsmen combine in another small union whose strike record is even more slight. The Military and Orchestral Musical Instrument Makers' Trade Society, established in 1894, staged a walk-out once. It lasted for an afternoon. The next day everyone went back to work as usual and the incident which sparked off the action-someone had said something which upset someone else-became part of the union's overwhelmingly peaceful history. "As a union I suppose we are quite harmonious," said Mrs Hazel Barker, the union treasurer. Her husband, John Barker, is the general secretary and a finisher working on brass instruments at the Edgware factory of Boosey & Hawkes, the musical instrument makers. Mrs Barker is employed as a store-keeper by the same company. In fact, 229 of the union's 230 members work there, too; the 230th is a flute- and piccolo-maker in Clapham.

Mrs Barker can take pride in the products her members manufacture. "We make the best sound in brass," she said, a view obviously shared by the band she saw on television recently. With the sole exception of the chief euphonium player, all the bandsmen were playing instruments from Boosey's Sovereign range. The euphonium was one of Boosey's Bessin models.

The musical instrument makers are happy to continue to produce those pieces of polished brass with as few interruptions as possible. And that suits the employers as well. "We have pretty good relationships with the management. Occasionally it comes to a hard fight—you win some, you lose some,' said Mrs Barker. "They like us because we are reasonable and we don't have strikes. It does not mean to say we wouldn't. I have never been in a strike in my life and I don't think I would like to be in one." Normally union-employer relations are relaxed and informal. But when the time comes for wages negotiations the union's executive committee members introduce a little formality into their dealings with the management.

"John puts a collar and tie on. I wear

my one and only Paris suit so I feel as good as them," said Mrs Barker. The union leaders arrive for the meeting, break for lunch and, when discussions are finished, they go home. They do not return to their work benches.

England's journeymen felt hatters first combined to seek improved wages in the 17th century. It is recorded that in 1696 one journeyman defied his colleagues and accepted the masters' prices. He was promptly seized by apprentices, tied in a barrow and trundled through London "in a tumultuous and riotous manner".

Today there is no evident tumult surrounding the headquarters of the Amalgamated Society of Journeymen Felt Hatters and Allied Workers in Denton, outside Manchester. The union, founded in 1879, now serves 524 members, all male. They create the shaped hat; stitching in bands and linings is regarded as women's work.

The women, 629 of them, belong to the Amalgamated Association of Felt Hat Trimmers and Wool Formers, founded in 1888, which shares with the men its headquarters and the full-time general secretary, Mr Harold Walker. He explains the comparative hush hanging over the trade: "Present-day fashion has gone against us and so our membership is reduced very much. There are not many people wearing hats. But, on the other hand, we have the staple trade of making policemen's hats, traffic wardens' hats and military hats in general. Just recently we have had quite a lot of people making riding hats," he said.

It is enough to keep the hatters going, concentrated now in the Greater Manchester area and in Atherstone, Warwickshire. Their union has been involved in only two strikes this century, one in 1906 and the other, which lasted two days, in 1975. Mr Walker does not subscribe to the conventional wisdom that bigger is better. "Our unions have done very nicely on their own. How could they do better?" he asked.

Other small trade unions have been feeling the pinch. The Cloth Pressers' Society, founded in Huddersfield in 1872—skilled men working in an atmosphere of steam ovens, hot steel plates and pressing paper—reached a peak of about 500 members in the 1930s but has since declined. It now claims between 35 and 40 members. The union has suffered from the introduction of synthetic fibres, the growth of mechanization and the closure of mills.

Cloth pressing is the last process in the woollen textiles production line. It is designed to set the material and enhance the beauty of the cloth. Now the pressers' little union is running at a loss, drawing on its investment income and hoping that it has not yet reached the end of the line. "We remain alive and we remain individual," said Mr George Kaye, the general secretary. He is retired from the industry and now runs the union from his home in Honley and from a desk at the Friendly and Trades Societies Club in Huddersfield.

Mr Kaye has been a regular face at

the annual TUC seaside conferences since 1961. Although he may be one among equals inside the congress hall, outside he has to cut his coat according to his cloth. Grand hotel prices are simply beyond his union's means. "I stay in silly little boarding-houses. I haven't the heart to stay in a nice place. I say I will but I always baulk at it. I go round the corner and have bed and breakfast, then take a run around town and have a meal at the Berni's," he said.

The Pattern Weavers' Society, whose general secretary, Gordon Hawley, lives nearby on a windy hill top at Cumberworth near Huddersfield, seems to be rather more secure. Pattern weavers are employed to make up the small pieces of cloth which are sent out to potential buyers. They make up the bunches of sample patterns that you will find at the tailor's shop. Their union, founded in 1930, now has about 100 members who pay their subscription of 20p a week. It is not a vast income but the union remains financially sound. The pattern weavers are, in his view, particularly well represented just because their union is so small. When the time comes for national negotiations the small union has a seat at the table alongside its larger counterparts. The Dyers and Bleachers, with 61,000 members, may send four representatives. The Pattern Weavers', with 100, sends one. "We really have more say than we should have, which, I must admit, is very unfair for the Dyers and Bleachers," he said.

Britain's spring trapmakers are no less independent but they are considerably more elusive. In fact the Spring Trapmakers' Society, formed in 1890 in Wednesfield, Staffordshire, exists today more as a memorial to a vanished craft than as an active, working trade union. It is kept alive by its association with the National Union of Lock and Metal Workers, whose general secretary, Mr John Martin, admits that its name is only maintained to honour a pledge to the trapmakers made at the time that they threw in their lot with the larger union in 1911.

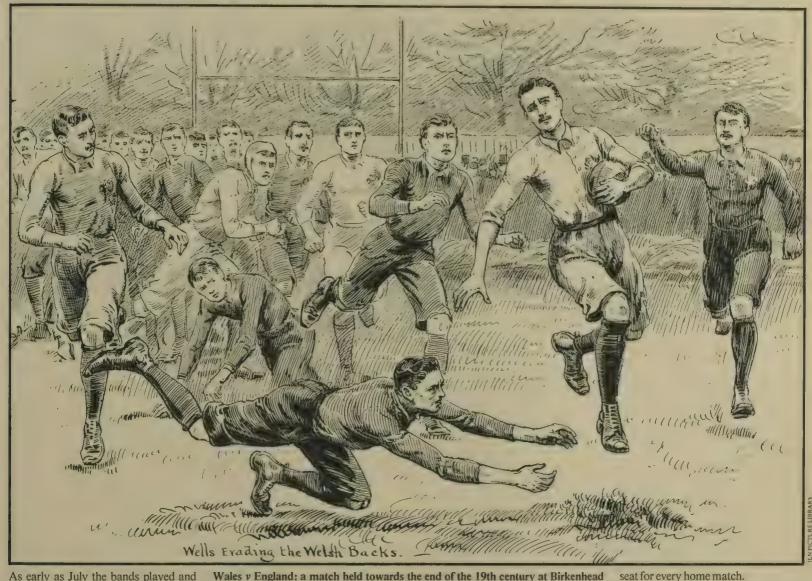
Once the trapmakers supplied the world with traps capable of dealing with a range of creatures from mice to lions and grizzly bears. Wednesfield at one time even produced an elephant trap. But tighter laws at home and changing attitudes overseas have had dire consequences for that trade. Now their union really only exists on paper. "We keep their memory going. It is important to some older people in Wednesfield. It has no significance outside of that; it has no meetings, no records. In point of fact it costs quite a lot of money to keep them going," said Mr Martin.

The Spring Trapmakers' Society does, however, remain affiliated to the TUC in its own right, able to send a delegate to the congress. It has "60-plus members", said Mr Martin. Why not speak to the elderly gentleman who used to tramp around, door-to-door, collecting their penny-a-week subscriptions? We checked in the office. He was, alas, like the industry and the union as a whole—late and lamented

A century of Welsh rugby

by John Morgan

This year the Welsh Rugby Union celebrates its centenary. The author traces the history of the Union. recalling some of its most celebrated players, and considers its future.



the choirs sang to begin the celebrations of the centenary of the Welsh Rugby Union and launch a year of, we hope, fine matches and, equally we trust, victories in the old style over New Zealand, England and all-comers. Other nations have had their centenaries already. Even famous Welsh rugby clubs have had theirs: the Llanelli team, notorious for a long time for their scornful view of the Welsh Rugby Union, among others, were held by many to have taken a generous view of time and enjoyed their centenary before anyone else. The westernmost, Welsh-speaking clubs were always, in their techniques, quickest on their feet (and in saying so I reveal that

Wales is a small country. Fewer than three million inhabit the land from the mountains of Eryri-Snowdon to some—to the wide confluence of the Severn and Wye beneath the formidable bridge which yet lacks a customs post. That Wales should be regarded as the most famous of rugby-playing places is

I write as a member of this group).

Park, reported in The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News. an interesting achievement, especially

since so many of its inhabitants nowadays are English immigrants. So how did it come about that so few won so many matches and gave millions of television viewers such pleasure over the past decade and occasionally earlier?

A century ago the Welsh Rugby Union had less than £100 in the bank. At the time there were allegations that the books were being fiddled, that certain expenses went unrecorded and that players were being bribed. Men paid a shilling or five shillings, at most ten shillings, to watch Wales play its early, humiliating matches at Llanelli, Newport or Cardiff.

As I write I have before me my application form for the matches to be played in the centenary year. Even to possess such a form makes me a member of a privileged class. I am a debenture holder and therefore entitled to buy tickets for each match Wales

plays at home. The Establishment in Wales takes many forms: there are judges, lawyers, brewers, the sons of the rich, Druids, accountants, broadcasters, selectors of the Welsh team, opera singers and, above all, in the eyes of the people, debenture holders. It is a characteristic feature of Welsh rugby and Welsh society that such a social class should exist and be so regarded.

In the 1960s Welsh rugby was at a low ebb; little had been won for a long time. The game was boring everywhere and not just in Wales. A few men galvanized themselves and evolved a scheme whereby a great programme of reform in the style of rugby would be undertaken, as well as the creation of a field of play on which good rugby could evolve. To this end a vast sum of money was needed to develop a stadium in Cardiff. Thus citizens were invited to put up £50 each to buy a debenture entitling them to purchase a grandstand

seat for every home match.

I opposed the system, arguing, along with others, that it would give those with money a seat and deprive the regular followers of club rugby of the possibility of seeing their heroes play. But I was persuaded by a friend, the late Sir Stanley Baker, who argued that debentures were not being bought and that the Union was in trouble. My conscience was lost to the patriotic cause; I bought two for £100 12 years ago, and as the centenary year starts I have been offered £3,000 for them. But I would never sell them. Having this privilege I then need to pay £7 per ticket per seat.

Thus a century after the Rugby Union's total bank balance of £100, there will be six matches during the next six months taking some £200,000 a match—and this in a sport being played

Finance speaks volumes of a people entranced by a game that was, 100 years ago, a rough-house, a tough scramble of big men without guile. In Wales towards the end of

A century of Welsh rugby

the last century the mass of the people became incorporated into a form of football which had been the prerogative of public schoolboys in England and Scotland. Because many Welshmen were small they had to keep out of the way of huge ruffians of the upper middle class and so evolved an aristocratic, working-class style—a Welsh style.

For those interested in pursuing this point, a classic work will appear in October: the official Welsh Rugby Union History, Fields of Praise, by David Smith and Gareth Williams (University of Wales Press, £12.95). Throughout the decades the Rugby Union has been vilified for its selections. In this case it could not have done better: Smith and Williams will be remembered along with other half-back pairings such as the James brothers, Owen and Jones, Tanner and Davies, Edwards and John.

On the question of organization against pure talent in Welsh rugby there are two schools of thought: some think a well taught team will supervene at all times; romantics believe that genius will always out. The conflict is one that endures throughout Welsh history as much as in the brief century of Welsh rugby. It is expressed in the motto of University College, Swansea: Gweddw crefft heb ei dawn which, roughly translated means "hard work is nothing without talent".

Cyclical economic forces were at work. In the 20s the Welsh team was poor because society was undergoing a dreadful collapse; mass unemployment created a misery its football expressed—except that Welsh soccer had its best days then. One could argue that there is no contradiction in this since soccer was professional whereas rugby remained amateur. Had rugby turned professional—and what a great mystery that it did not—how different would its subsequent development have been.

Nevertheless, my view is that the romantics are right. The enduring achievement of Welsh rugby must always be those startling performances by its players of grace. Being a Swansea boy, my heroes are first the James brothers of the 1890s who invented halfback play. Occasionally they would do cartwheels along the try line to announce themselves; they would take a bow along the touchline to the doting crowds. Dickie Owen succeeded them at Swansea. I had the good fortune to have the mischief and magic of the James brothers described to me in my youth by W. J. Bancroft, the great fullback of the 90s. Bancroft was once accused of never tackling, and I asked him about that. He replied that when he was playing behind the James brothers—the "curly-headed marmosets"—he never needed to tackle.

I have been lucky enough to see all the players in that style since 1940—I even had the misfortune in my youth to



Wales v Scotland: Phil Bennett, supported by J. J. Williams, left, evades a Scottish tackle to score a try in 1977.

play against some of them—Tanner, Davies, Bleddyn Williams, Glyn Davies, Lewis Jones, Cliff Morgan, Ken Jones, D. K. Jones, Carwyn James, Onllwyn Brace, Dewi Bebb and that extraordinary crowd who created the success for Wales in the 70s it had not enjoyed since the first decade of the century—Barry John, Gareth Edwards, Gerald Davies, John Dawes, J. P. R. Williams, J. J. Williams and Phil Bennett. They were players who, like their predecessors in style at the turn of the century, saw little of the ball but through their genius transformed that into a perpetual theatre of drama and success.

In one's own time, the nearest in spirit to that first golden age of Welsh rugby was the outside-half, Barry John. It would be missing the point to regard his view of the game as frivolous; no man who could destroy the New Zealand forwards on their home ground takes anything lightly. He played, though, for the fun a perfect player can enjoy. I am lucky enough to possess, snatched from a pub the James brothers once ran, an annotated fixture list by Barry John's predecessor of the 1890s, Evan John. A scribbled note alongside a fixture against England, in which the latter had played a dazzler, reads "nice game of football today"

Yet for eulogy and propaganda of the past to be the end of the tale would be misplaced as a new century begins for Welsh rugby. The last year of that first 100 was in many ways disquieting to a fan with a social conscience. To begin with, the Welsh Rugby Union had a man to announce at the National Stadium—a name itself unacceptable to those of us who call it the Arms Parkin Cardiff: "Would you please be upstanding for the national anthem.' What a wretched lack of comprehension that dreadful locution of too many dinners subsumes. At Twickenham the Welsh team, in an ugly match, fell for the simplest tricks and lost their tempers (and the match) against English provocation and were made to look thugs when they were no worse or better than their opponents. Then the Welsh went to Ireland, where I followed them, and played so badly against a good team that it looked as if they had quite lost their way, and that that way, as some had long argued, depended on a handful of players of genius-just as it had 70 years before-rather than any system of coaching or organization. Worse, there was little sign of an older Wales at work in Welsh players seizing their chance to travel to South Africa with the British Lions team.

Gerald Davies, the greatest of Welsh wing three-quarters, in his superb autobiography has expressed his disquiet about apartheid. And in yet another publication to celebrate the centenary, the bravest of Welsh and Lions players on the matter, John Taylor, glides over his role in his book Decade of the Dragon (Hodder & Stoughton, £7.50) to be published this month. Yet he was the only player willing to appear in a series of television programmes I made in London about sport in South Africa in 1968 which, in small part, contributed towards the Gleneagles Agreement; indeed Taylor withdrew from his Welsh place. But his excellent account of the Welsh matches of the second Welsh golden age lets the matter lie. Not that I would ever accuse Mr Taylor of blandness, but rather point to a self-regard in what has become an Establishment diffident about self-analysis. This may not be helpful when another centenary is celebrated this year: the decline and fall of the Welsh steel industry. John Taylor finishes his book by quoting the great sports journalist, Hugh McIlvanney: "At the end of the day we must remember that sport is a load of nonsense—a very serious nonsense, but still a nonsense." In Wales that remark is an absurdity

To Scotch lovers, the bottle reveals more than the decanter.



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THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE

Dancing-master of glass

by Ursula Robertshaw

Sam Herman, internationally acknowledged as the leading artist working in glass, has set up his first solo studio in London. It is in part of a former flour mill, rechristened Chelsea Wharf, in Lots Road, and there Herman is rejoicing in the freedom to work exactly as he likes. Mexican-born and a subject of the United States, Herman has worked in many countries and his glass has been exhibited globally; but his country of adoption is Britain. His students and admirers, and therefore his imitators, are many but so far none has achieved his panache in handling that most difficult medium, glass. We illustrate some pieces by Herman that will be included in an exhibition of his work at Liberty's from September 18 until October 9 at prices from £60. They include both his classic shapes and his sculptural pieces. Decoration is never figurative, but the imaginative may see in one large jar, trees by a lakeside; in a vase, burning sands under a desert sunset. Glass is, as Herman points out, not a solid but an extremely viscous liquid whose motion is barely arrested. It is this sense of motion that distinguishes most of his work—that and a most wonderful sense of colour which is itself used to impart movement in his objects. Herman calls his art "a dance between the material and the artist". These lovely examples show him as a supreme choreographer in the dance of glass

Right, lustred glass jar, 1979, £345. Below left, lustred jar, £69, and freeform glass vase, £85, both 1980. Below right, free-form shouldered glass jar, £85, 1980, and glass bowl, £92, 1975.







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The Queen Mother: official birthday portraits



On this and the following page we publish a selection of photographs specially taken by Norman Parkinson to celebrate the 80th birthday on August 4 of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.

The above photograph was taken in the grounds of Royal Lodge, Windsor.





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The Queen Mother: official birthday portraits







With the Queen and Princess Margaret, in matching satin capes; with Geordie the corgi; and wearing the sash and star of the Order of the Garter and family orders.





Tel No

Room for Europe

by Kenneth Hudson

It may come as a surprise to many people, especially perhaps in Britain, to learn that the Commission of the European Communities, presided over by Mr Roy Jenkins, has a Cultural Division. Naturally enough, all the publicity is focused on the economic aspects of the Communities' affairs, while culture carries on modestly in the background. Yet few members of the Communities' huge international staff work harder or more effectively than Robert Grégoire and his small group in the Cultural Division. What has just been completed at Norwich Castle is perhaps their most remarkable achievement so far.

Mr Grégoire is an engagingly outgoing Frenchman who divides his time between his home in Luxembourg, where he keeps Irish hunters, and his flat and office in Brussels. The cultural unity of Europe means a great deal to him and for years he has cudgelled his brains to think up new ways of convincing more people of the reality and importance of the concept. Might the Communities be willing, for example, to finance a Museum of the History of Europe, with each country contributing its share of the exhibits, and perhaps of the staff, too? Money apart, this would be a formidable task. Could the French be brought to accept the possibility of a museum which criticized Napoleon? How difficult would it be to persuade museums all over Europe to part with some of their treasured possessions for ever? Where would the best site be?

Even to begin to solve these problems would clearly be a lengthy process and Robert Grégoire, anxious to make progress, hit on the idea of European Rooms in existing museums. These would be, as it were, laboratories where the problems of a Museum of the History of Europe could be explored in a practical way. The Cultural Division would provide the money and the chosen museums the expertise and the premises. For various diplomatic reasons Mr Grégoire decided that the pioneering venture should be in England. What he wanted was a lively, adventurous museum where the visitors represented a good mixture of locals and tourists, including, if possible, a fair proportion from the Continent. It had to be outside London. I was asked for my advice and after considering the matter for several months suggested Norwich. Eventually Mr Grégoire, a properly cautious man with a lot to gain and a lot to lose from the venture, concurred.

A contract was signed and Francis Cheetham, Norfolk's Director of Museums, picked an outside designer, John Allwood, for the job, sensing that his own skilled design staff were more than fully occupied with their normal tasks. The choice proved extremely fortunate as it turned out to be no

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ordinary assignment with more than the usual number of delays, frustrations and unexpected events; John Allwood happened to possess the right blend of forcefulness, adaptability and physical and mental stamina to cope with unforeseen circumstances month after month.

Norwich was allowed a completely free hand in working out a theme for its European Room. After much discussion it chose Norfolk and Europe, the story of the links between Norfolk and the Continent from prehistoric times onwards, with unusually stimulating results. From a design point of view the task was far from easy. About half the area of the ground floor of the Norman Keep was available, but the Lord Mayor of Norwich had to be able to continue to hold his more important receptions there, which meant that his guests would have to congregate and circulate around the Norfolk and Europe exhibits. A further complicating factor was the museum gallery running round the Keep at first floor level; Norfolk and Europe had to look attractive and interesting from above as well as on the ground—and it does.

The exhibition, which opened this summer, is divided into 15 sections, each of which illustrates in its own way the interdependence of this part of Britain and the neighbouring countries across the North Sea and the Channel. There are mammoth and rhinoceros bones dredged up from the North Sea as evidence of the period before the sea finally broke through and cut England off from the Continent; the flora and fauna found today on both sides of the North Sea; and examples of the same primitive technology from Norfolk, the Netherlands, Denmark and Germany. The constant two-way flow of people, objects and ideas since Roman times is excellently documented, with particular emphasis on agriculture and horticulture, industry, trade, building styles and religion. Some of the most interesting exhibits are concerned with the influence of the refugees who came to Norfolk, especially from the Netherlands and France, during the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. You will find the charming history of the canary symbol on the jersey of Norwich City Football Club; it goes back to the 16th-century Dutch refugees who brought their pet canaries over to Norwich and supplemented their income by breeding and selling them.

Some sections are likely to change a little from year to year as individual items are returned to their Continental owners and others take their place. The presentation may be modified, too, as the reactions of visitors are observed and acted upon. Meanwhile, one can say with confidence that Norwich has lived up to expectations and that the Commission has got full value for its money. One awaits the German, Dutch and French European Rooms with great interest

Address

The mystery of Ahhiyawa

by R. A. Crossland

Ancient Hittite texts refer to Ahhiyawans in western Anatolia, but identifying them has proved difficult. The author discusses the two current theories, one of which suggests that the Ahhiyawans were Mycenaean Greeks.

Hattusas, capital of the original Anatolian, Hittite kingdom, Hatti, was rediscovered and identified when its site Boğazköy (now Boğazkale), was excavated by the German Oriental Society between 1906 and 1912. Cuneiform texts from its royal archives showed that its rulers built up an extensive empire in the 14th and 13th centuries BC which included parts of western Anatolia. After these discoveries, which were dramatic at the time, it was natural to ask whether the Hittites ever made contact with the Mycenaeans, whose brilliant Late Bronze Age civilization had been rediscovered during the previous 30 years. The thought of finding references to Troy and the Trojan War in Hittite texts must also have been tempting.

As early as 1924 the Swiss philologist Emil Forrer, one of the pioneers in the translation and study of the historical texts from Boğazköy, announced that he had found in them Hittite versions of Greek names made famous in the Homeric poems and classical legends, notably that of the Achaeans, Akhaiwoi in its pre-Homeric form and represented as Ah-hi-ya-wa(-a) in cuneiform orthography; and also early forms of the names Míletos, Atreus and Eteokles. Forrer claimed that incidents in the Hittites' accounts of their activities in western Anatolia were best explained if the Ahhiyawans whom they encountered there were identified as Mycenaean Achaeans, entering the region and already settled at Miletus. His ideas were naturally attractive to many classical scholars and much of the historical account they yielded is plausible. But some found them unsatisfactory and preferred to regard Ahhiyawa as a native Anatolian kingdom and locate it in the north-west. Forrer's equations of names in the texts with Greek names are certainly not as exact as a modern philologist would wish, but some of them seem possible. The "Ahhiyawa question" was a main subject of discussion at the Fifth International Colloquium on Aegean Prehistory held recently at the University of Sheffield, and both views were newly argued.

Ideally, the question of the location of Ahhiyawa might best have been left aside until the whole pattern of the relative position of the western Anatolian localities mentioned in the Hittite texts had been worked out. But special difficulties were involved and much of the reconstruction is still uncertain. So scholars will hardly refrain from dis-

cussing Ahhiyawa when it involves matters as interesting as the eastward expansion of the Mycenaean Greeks and the possible origin of legends such as the story of Bellerophon.

What can be said confidently about Ahhiyawa? It was clearly an organized and at least moderately important kingdom. It certainly lay somewhere in the west of Anatolia or beyond that region from the Hittites' point of view. It was situated either on a mainland coast or on an island and its people were competent seamen, trading with the ports of Amurru on the Syrian coast. Two of the three relatively well preserved texts in which it figures are drafts or copies of letters sent to its king by a Hittite king (or perhaps two successive rulers; the headings of the tablets that usually contain the author's name are missing), probably between circa 1325 and 1275 BC. The third is the so-called "Indictment of Mattuwattas", the first tablet of a long remonstrance sent by a Hittite king, again not identified, to a rebellious vassal who had had much to do with an Ahhiyawan ruler or freebooter.

The first two documents, the "Tawagalawas Letter" and the "Millawantas Letter", contain key information for a more precise location of the elusive kingdom. The Hittite author or authors were concerned to settle a number of differences with the King of Ahhiyawa and to ensure that outlying territories over which they claimed sovereignty should cease to be troubled by incursions led by Ahhiyawans or other individuals under the king's control. Clashes had taken place in or near the place called Mi-il-la-wa-(an)-tas-aš. This was clearly regarded as part of the territory of the King of Ahhiyawa, but appears to have been somewhat remote from his capital and accessible to the Hittites when they chose to occupy it. The small states near Millanwa(n)tas in which the unwelcome incidents had occurred (they were of a colourful complexity) seem to have lain within the "Lukka lands". South-western Anatolia looks a likely mise en scène, with Millawantas equated with Miletus, provided that the "Lukkans", presumably the ancestors of the Lýkioi of classical times, are thought to have been settled in later Lycia by the Late Bronze Age. Recently most of those who favour a southwestern position for Ahhiyawa have located it on Rhodes as an independent Mycenaean Greek kingdom, though some see it as an outpost of a larger



States and peoples in Anatolia circa 1400-1200 BC, with different interpretations, according to the leading theories, indicated by different type faces.

Mycenaean state with its capital in the Peloponnese.

The Indictment of Mattuwattas is a central document in the second current controversy in Hittite studies over whether certain texts which had long been assigned to the last decades of the Hittite empire, circa 1250-1200 BC, should now be put back to circa 1400 BC on the grounds that their palaeography is archaic. Whatever the date of the text the events in it are clear enough. Mattuwattas, presumably a native Anatolian since his name resembles those of later Lydians like Alyáttes, became a vassal of the Hittites after his own country had been invaded by "Attarsiyas, the man of Ahhiva" (that is, an Ahhiyan but not necessarily the King of Ahhiyawa). Later he turned on his protector and joined his former persecutor Attarsiyas in raiding Alasiya(s), which is generally identified with Cyprus (or, by a few, with some area on the adjacent mainland coasts) and which the Hittite king claimed was subject to him. The client kingdom given to Mattuwattas appears to have lain to the west or north-west of Arzawa(s), the important Luwian-speaking region immediately to the west of Hatti itself, which the Hittites brought into their empire in the 14th century. At the least, Ahhiyawans clearly had an impressive mobility and nuisance value in western Anatolia. Ahhiya and Ahhiyawa appear to represent the same foreign name. Dating the Indictment circa 1400 BC raises no serious historical problem; Arzawa might already have been under effective or temporary Hittite control, if not annexed, and Mycenaeans were already settled in

Rhodes by that date.

Two models have been put forward for determining the scene of all these events: one locates Ahhiyawa, or at least its main eastern outpost, on Rhodes and the other places it in northwestern Anatolia.

Some of the facts that can be deduced about Ahhiyawa are understandable on either hypothesis. One is the inaccessibility of the King of Ahhiyawa to the Hittites. They can march into Millawantas, which they accept as his, but some of their complaints to him imply that he is unaware of the activities of his subjects who live there, and a renegade Anatolian can take refuge in his kingdom with 7,000 serfs or yeomen abducted from a Hittite dependency. A location of Ahhiyawa which puts its main territory on Rhodes, across the sea from Millawantas-Miletus but not as far away as the Peloponnese, will explain these details well.

Accepting the north-western hypothesis, unless the main territory is put as far away as Thrace, one must assume that Millawantas was a town near its border with Hittite lands and that its capital was some distance away over difficult country. Granted the most likely location of Mattuwattas's fief, north-west of Arzawa, we must assume that one Ahhiyawan leader, Attarsiyas, was able to operate well inland up the valley of the Hermos or the Cayster, though not necessarily farther north. This would have been possible if he came from Rhodes, or the north-west, or even from mainland Greece, for the Mycenaeans were efficient seamen. The location deduced for the

ARCHAEOLOGY

Lukka lands in Hittite times is vital for that of Ahhiyawa, but here again opinions differ. A king of Alasiya reported to the chancellery of the pharaoh Akhenaten at El Amarna circa 1370 BC that Lukkans were raiding his cities, which suggests that their homeland was in or near later Lycia. But some prefer to put it in or near the Troad, because Lycians are mentioned as principal allies of the Trojans in the Iliad, occasionally associated with the Dardanians (for example Iliad VIII, 173). It is not impossible that Lukkans were settled both near the Troad and in Lycia circa 1300 BC, especially if their ancestors had migrated into Anatolia from south-eastern Europe, just as Saxons are found both in Germany and in medieval England.

Among the papers concerned with the Ahhiyawa question at the Sheffield colloquium, one renewed the argument for the north-western location and others emphasized that there is no good archaeological evidence that Mycenaeans settled permanently in Anatolia, except at Miletus, or that they traded on an important scale with inland areas through western Anatolian ports. The first paper presented a radical new reconstruction of the layout of regions mentioned in the Hittite texts, putting Karkisa(s), which has been equated with later Caria, in Bithynia or western Paphlagonia. That indicates a northerly location for Ahhiyawa, too, as Karkisa(s) was easily accessible from it.

Hardly any of the ethnic and regional names known to the Hittites remained in use into classical times, and when one did we cannot be sure that the people who bore or used it might not have migrated within Anatolia during the period of disturbance early in the 11th century. The method followed recently in reconstructing Hittite geography has been to work from the areas to the south and south-east of Hatti, which are fixed by evidence from Assyrian, Syrian and Egyptian texts, and to deduce the locations of other areas in Anatolia with reference to them, the evidence coming mainly from itineraries in accounts of the campaigns of Hittite kings. It was claimed at Sheffield that fresh examination of this kind of evidence locates Karkisa(s) and so Ahhiyawa in northern Anatolia, but the details of the argument will need to be examined.

Continued lack of large-scale finds of Mycenaean pottery at sites on the Anatolia coast is not a serious argument against identifying Ahhiyawans as Achaeans or against locating Ahhiyawa in Rhodes. The Boğazköy texts nowhere suggest that Hittites were interested in trade with the west. Their kings were concerned to maintain a cordon sanitaire of controlled satellite states at the western edge of Arzawa or just beyond it. They only became strongly interested in Ahhiyawa when individuals from it disturbed the peace in this neutralized zone. Their letters represent Tawagalawas, for example, as seeking a kingdom for himself in the no-







Top left, the storm god and the sun goddess of Arinna, chief deities of the Hittites, and, top right, King Tuthaliyas IV of Hatti and his patron god, both from reliefs at Yazilikaya, near Boğazköy. Above, a Bronze Age shrine at Iflatunpinar.

man's-land of Lukka in a way reminiscent of Bellerophon's winning of his kingdom in Lycia, as told in the *Iliad* (Book VI, 144-211). Such activities would have left little trace in the archaeological record.

So Ahhiyawa still remains an enigma, almost as if malicious deities of the past had planted ambiguities and uncertainties in the ancient evidence to discomfit modern historians. Should we at least dismiss Emil Forrer's original linguistic equations as delusory? While not exact enough to serve as main evidence for any theory, three of them seem possible when the characteristics of the Hittite language and the cuneiform script in which it was written are taken into account. They are Ahhiyawa-/Ahhiya- compared with the stem Akhaiwó-; Millawantas beside Míletos and Etewokléwes, a reasonable earlier form for Eteokles, beside Ta-waga-la-wa-as since that orthography could represent a spoken form Tawak-

lawas according to normal Hittite rules. For the first equation we must assume that the signs i-va could represent the vowel i, which is possible in some other Hittite words, in which case the Hittites would have distorted the Greek Akhaiwós in borrowing it no more barbarously than did the Romans in their form Achivus: Mi-il-la-wa(an)-ta-as could represent spoken Milwatas, and so pre-Homeric Milwatos, a possible ancestral form for classical Greek Mfletos; and Tawaklawas will represent Etewokléwes with no more than the amputation of an initial e, since cuneiform could not distinguish the vowel o and Hittite did not have it, and probably had only the vowels a, i and u in its late classical period.

If Ahhiyawa was not a Mycenaean kingdom, and not situated on Rhodes or including it, the arm of coincidence must have been vigorously at work. Rhodes was settled extensively by Mycenaean Greeks, technically advanced, enter-

prising and warlike people, from just before 1400 BC. Its inhabitants were then well situated for trading with Syria, as the Hittite texts indicate, and their ability as seafarers would have enabled their kings or nobles to raid and enter Hittite territories near the western Anatolian coast, as Ahhiyawans clearly did. On the other hand, no Bronze Age settlement large and advanced enough to be a likely capital for Ahhiyawa has been found in north-western Turkey. And though the linguistic equations are not exact, it would be rather against the odds to find names as similar as Ahhiyawa(s) and Akhaiwós, and Mil(a)wa(n)tas and Miletos, in different languages in the same area in the same period if they were not identical or in some way connected. But ancient history can always hold surprises in reserve, and we must wait for the next instalment of evidence and reappraisal, perhaps at the Sixth Colloquium on Aegean prehistory

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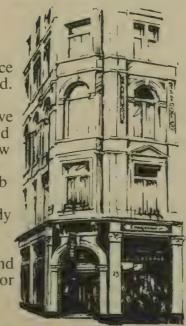
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BOOKS

More of letters than of life

by Robert Blake

Raymond Asquith: Life and Letters by John Jolliffe Collins, £10.95

"There are two fine hunters in the stable... and we enjoy sporting rights over a considerable acreage of the adjacent country. Our groom is stone deaf and our keeper's son has become insane which adds to the interest of a life in itself sufficiently thrilling. We speak sometimes to the groom through a megaphone or communicate with him by means of a motor horn; and at dusk 3 or 4 guns go out to try and get a shot at the keeper's son about flighting time."

Surely this must be the authentic voice of "Saki" speaking through the immortal Clovis Sangrail? No, it is Raymond Asquith, the eldest son of the future Liberal Prime Minister, writing in 1904 to his own future wife from Dalquharran Castle which the family had taken for the summer. It had "5 reception rooms, 24 bedrooms, kitchen, 4 bathrooms, offices etc. But there are no beds in the bedrooms, no water in the bathrooms, no fire in the kitchen, no officers in the offices and no one to receive or be received in the reception rooms." As a letter-writer Raymond Asquith never lets one down. Here he is on Balliol College writing to his stepmother, Margot, in 1897:

"You ask me to tell you of the life up here, but Methuselah with the pen of Swift could hardly do justice to such a subject... Suffice it to say that those parts of the day which are not taken up with eating, are spent by the athletic in drinking, by the more intellectual in smoking or playing poker... The College is for the most part composed of niggers and Scotchmen: and the prevailing dialect is a compound of Gaelic and Hindustani, which is not easily acquired by the average Londoner."

Raymond Asquith acquired a unique reputation as a youth of brilliance and promise. In Oxford his name became a byword. The Professor of Latin, Robinson Ellis, after examining him in his first term, always took his hat off to him when he met him in the street. When his father dined at Trinity, Ellis asked him "Are you related to the Mr Asquith?" The Liberal statesman was understandably proud of his son but it is also true that the son was proud of his father. "It is a curious thing about him," he wrote after the Club dinner at St Andrews, "that whenever he has to do anything he does it better than anyone else-even if it is making a jocular speech to 300 ginsoaked Kerns from the Kingdom of Fife."

But, although Raymond was rightly regarded as an extremely clever and amusing young man, he did not fulfil his promise. He was nearly 38 when he was

killed in action on the Somme in September, 1916—a fearful blow to his father who in the opinion of some friends never recovered from it. The war had been in process for two years by then, but it is unlikely that a person who was really going to the top would not have displayed more signs of it than he had in his mid 30s. By 1914 he was making a living at the Bar and had been made a junior counsel to the Inland Revenue. He had been adopted as Liberal candidate for Derby and some of his speeches were certainly entertaining -for example on Bonar Law. The Conservatives after Balfour, he said "wanted what was called a plain, blunt man who would hit hard and ride straight". But he had now "been twisted completely out of shape by the alternate pressures of the different wings of the Tory party. This man who was so blunt had been sharpened till he was nothing but an edge ... instead of cutting the throats of foes he merely cut the fingers of friends."

But one does not get the feeling that Raymond Asquith's heart was really in either politics or the law. Basically he was competitive but not ambitious. He liked to win prizes but he did not have the hardness and drive of his father, nor the flinty determination which Arthur Balfour concealed under a scarcely less "Saki"-like facade than that of the young Asquith. The person who could write, "The only two general maxims in which I have much belief are 'Carpe diem' and 'never have your hair cut outside Bond Street'. On these hang all the law and the prophets", was not likely to reach the top of the greasy pole. He remained to the end an observer rather than a doer, although he was an excellent officer

It is this power of observation and detachment which contributes in part towards his quality as a letter-writer—and his letters make wonderful reading. Mr Jolliffe, who is a son of Raymond Asquith's younger daughter, has rightly concentrated on the letters rather than the life, and he has edited them admirably insofar as one can judge without seeing the originals. They constitute a fascinating commentary on the life of the grand world from the late 1890s till it was all blown away by war, including the author himself. It is a pity that they were not published long ago.

The great salmon rivers of Scotland by John Ashley Cooper Gollancz, £8.95

The great salmon rivers are the Spey, the Dee, the Tay and the Tweed. They are still clear-running and, in spite of drift-netting at sea, full of salmon, though evidently the salmon are decreasing in size and number. The author knows those rivers well and has fished them for many years. The rivers are described with knowledge and affection, and even if you are not a fisherman you will enjoy the many stories he has to tell.

Recent

by Ian Stewart

The Middle Ground by Margaret Drabble Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £5.95. Fictional Lives by Hugh Fleetwood Hamish Hamilton, £6.50 Moreau's Other Island by Brian Aldiss Cape, £4.95 F for Ferg by Ian Cochrane Gollancz, £5.95

As an observer of a small part of the contemporary scene Margaret Drabble reports back to us faithfully, perceptively but as from a familiar country. Kate, the central character of The Middle Ground, has survived her modest background (father a sewage worker, her education provided by a Secondary Modern school) and the failure of her marriage to become a successful women's magazine journalist. We catch her in early middle age, wondering if as a writer she has anything left to say, coping with an abortion necessitated by spina bifida, and providing a home for a young Iraqi Marxist of whom she has become quite fond but whom she is not sorry to see leaving to get married. If this middle ground of middle age is a trouble spot it is also a place and a time for reconstruction. The past, as she finds on going back to childhood haunts, is no help. One must somehow press on, try to assess what one is and has. Fighting back, one might start (as she does) by giving a party.

The reader may respond with sympathetic recognition to Kate's problems, as to those of her friends, among them Hugo, an anthropologist and journalist with a compulsion for getting involved in Middle East conflicts, and Evelyn Stennett, a social worker who is attacked in a house she is visiting. Evelyn's husband Ted, an immunologist who travels about the world as an "expert", is a man of many affairs, one of them with Kate, hence her abortion.

Miss Drabble has a flair for the small set pieces, with her kind of people giving one another lunch, or being seen at dinner parties or the theatre for unconventional plays. The ground she exposes is instantly recognizable—both the certainties and the uncertainties of the future and the imprisoning past, as these are confronted by people in early middle age. But her exploration of her chosen territory is unadventurous, the characters are not sharply differentiated, and there is some narrative drag as she unavoidably reconstructs their pasts. In other circumstances the gestures of selfconscious, playful, authorial detachment would have been more acceptable.

The four stories in Hugh Fleetwood's Fictional Lives are linked not only by

their theme but also by their morbidness and improbabilities. In one of them a woman, working on the biography of a deceased writer whose work she admired, discovers he was a monster. She persuades herself her book is really a novel but is thankful that its success, and her perception of the courage of the man's widow in providing her with her late husband's diaries, have enabled her to face returning to the real world from her escapist, fictional life in Italy. In the last story an American woman, rich enough to support her husband but not attractive enough to keep him faithful, also supports struggling young writers. She discovers her current protégé plotting a story about a woman in just that situation. The fictional woman experiences terrible stomach pains and suspects her husband is poisoning her, and her real-life origin does the same. In all four stories Mr Fleetwood juggles with illusion and reality, with the interplay of fictional life and real life. The effect is rather forced and monotonous, the obsession with obsessions a trifle wearing.

For those of us still unable to imagine at this late hour the annihilation of much of the human race by, if not before, the end of this century, Brian Aldiss is on hand in Moreau's Other Island with a frightening scenario. Early in the global conflict raging in 1996 a space capsule returning from the moon is sabotaged and crashes into the Pacific. The only survivor is US Under-Secretary of State Calvert Roberts who manages to get to a small island. Its inhabitants, part animal, part beast, monstrous in shape and appearance, prove to be the creatures of a latterday Frankenstein, Mortimer Dart, who is conducting ghastly experiments in genetic surgery that put the vivisectionist trifling of H. G. Wells's Dr Moreau in the shade. Dart is himself a thalidomide victim who, when fully equipped with prosthetic limbs, functions like a robot. But it is not just a matter of his personal fascination with human deformity. Roberts is appalled to discover that Dart's experiments are being financed by the US government, and that his programme is designed to produce a Stand-by Replacement Sub-Race which, in the event of the human race being decimated, will be less vulnerable to radiation, will propagate faster and eat less. A survival kit, in fact. To the sensitive Roberts it is presumably no consolation to suspect that his government is planning to wind up Dart's programme in favour of something more effective. Aldiss has made a disturbing and gripping story out of the American's experiences among the Beast People, but it is not one for the squeamish.

There is an air of calculated improvisation, which puts one in mind of the comedian pacing out a long, well rehearsed story, about Johnny's narration in Ian Cochrane's *F for Ferg*. For much of the time there seem to be girls walking by in his Irish village, more or less willing, as the mood takes them, to have a bit of fun with the lads waiting for them. Johnny, who has a schizophrenic

brother, a mother with piles and a father who gets the sack for smoking where he shouldn't, makes trouble for himself by befriending the factory owner's unprepossessing son Fergus. The lads, in work or out of it, send poor Fergus up something worse than rotten and use one of the girls for this unkind sport. The story is amusingly embroidered and brought neatly to a nasty climax, but Fergus is too gullible for an intelligent youth just going up to Oxford.

Other new books

Antique & 20th-century Jewellery by Vivienne Becker NAG Press, £15

The principal attraction of this book is its illustrations, which consist of 55 colour plates and over 250 black and white photographs. Nearly all are of pieces which have not appeared in books before but which have been offered for sale, within the last three years. The book deals with both precious jewelry and with pieces made from nonprecious or semi-precious materials such as paste, pinchbeck, porcelain and pottery, pebbles, organic materials, iron and steel and plastics. The chapters are not organized in any chronological order but designed to suggest to collectors special fields of interest-for example thematic collections, such as animal jewelry; mourning jewelry; coral jewelry. The result is somewhat confusing since periods and types appear in several places and the book has no sense of stylistic development.

The Trail of Tamerlane by John Ure Constable, £7.95

The British traditionally have a taste for travel. We dream of giving it all up and getting away, of crossing Siberia by train, or following in the steps of Pizzaro, or of Marco Polo, but for most of us the chance never occurs. We have to be content with a week at home doing the roof and a fortnight at Benidorm. Not so the Ures, John and Caroline, who, in the intervals from the practice of diplomacy (John Ure is our ambassador in Havana) actually achieve what the rest of us idly dream of doing.

In 1978 they determined to retrace the steps of Tamerlane, the Mongol conqueror who might fairly be described as being "somewhere to the right of Gengis Kahn", and who ravaged Persia, the Caucasus and Asia Minor in the 14th century. Ure tells the story of Timur the Lame, known to his contemporaries as the "Earthshaker" and whose military genius, appalling cruelties and ruthlessness have become a by-word, while at the same time giving a light-hearted and chatty account of his travels. What the Ures did was to abandon the busshorthand for those air-conditioned, plastic-wrapped comforts which geneaccompany the Western

traveller—and take to the road itself. They struggled across hundreds of miles on foot, mule, horse and occasionally by lorry, braving cold and bugs by night, heat and the natives by day.

The book keeps up a lively pace with present discomforts interspersed with historical anecdote. Suspicious hosts, surly frontier guards, curmudgeonly customs men, dotty senators, all were handled with a charm and tact which augur well for our relations with Castro. How physically fit they must have been, and how impervious to bacteria! Perhaps it has been those years abroad and all that filthy foreign food? And to have done it all without gun, rod or Bible!

Above London

by Robert Cameron and Alistair Cooke The Bodley Head, £14.95

Between the autumns of 1978 and 1979 the photographer Robert Cameron and the journalist Alistair Cooke flew countless sorties over London in a helicopter. The result is a most stunning series of colour photographs showing some of the glories of London from the airwhich today is generally the only way they can be seen in anything like their entirety. Some of the aerial views above the river and St Paul's are contrasted with earlier photographs and engravings to show in the most dramatic form how the city has changed. The river and its attendant buildings come out best in this book, largely because the helicopter can come in lower. Over the buildings the Civil Aviation Authority imposes a minimum height of 1,000 feet. Alistair Cooke's enthusiasm for this new-found land above the city is quickly communicated by means of his own elegant captions as well as by Robert Cameron's eloquent camera.

Pioneers' Scrapbook

Edited by Elspeth Huxley and Arnold

Evans Brothers, £8.50

This book takes the form of a scrapbook of reminiscences of life in Kenya between 1890 and 1968. This was the period when Europeans settled in the country, as farmers, shopkeepers and factory-owners or workers, and here are recorded some of their reactions to life in this beautiful landproblems of cooking a Greater Bustard for dinner, the making of buttons from coconut shells and doumpalm nuts, the first settler in Subukia, bee-keeping by the Mkamba, shooting a python before breakfast, life with Sisal Ltd in 1921the experiences are endless, and almost invariably entertaining. The book is illustrated with photographs and contemporary sketches of wild flowers, animals and birds, and there are two watercolours painted by Princess Alice, Duchess of Gloucester, Patron of the East Africa Women's League, whose members are the main contributors to this attractive publication.

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In the New Forest

by David Tennant

Thirteen years after the Battle of Hastings William the Conqueror ordered the creation of a "new forest" in south-west Hampshire between Southampton Water and the river Avon. Large tracts of land in the area were already royal domains and there was also a considerable amount of existing woodland, but the king wanted a special hunting ground so that he might enjoy his favourite sport in ideal surroundings. Tales of the wholesale destruction of villages, churches and farms to make way for the royal pleasure have largely been discounted, and it is now generally accepted that William created the forest out of desolate and unproductive land.

There were, however, several periods during the New Forest's long history when it seemed as if it would vanish altogether, largely due to neglect. But thanks to various monarchs, notably Charles II, and wise government decisions it survived and flourished until today it is one of the most appealing and popular parts of the country.

Smaller than the area originally decreed by King William, the New Forest is now around 145 square miles, of which all but 40 belong to the Forestry Commission. It is not strictly a forest for although there are many thousands of acres of woodland, for both commercial and recreational purposes, these are mixed with heath and heather, bracken and grazing land and marshes and ponds, and are crossed by small rivers and streams and interspersed with little townships and villages. Almost all of it is accessible on foot or horseback, but motor vehicles are barred from the Inclosures where fencing is necessary to keep out wandering animals, of which ponies and fallow deer are the most numerous.

Not least of the Forest's appeal is its attractiveness throughout the year, even in the depths of winter. I can remember spending a fascinating weekend at Dibden Purlieu on its eastern edge in January several years ago, and enjoying long walks through frost-flecked woodland with deer coming within a yard or two and ponies practically trailing my footsteps. From April through to late October it is quite superb, as I rediscovered earlier this summer when I spent a couple of days at Brockenhurst in the pleasant and comfortable Forest Park Hotel (full marks for its new bedrooms with bathroom adjoining) on the west side of the township with the Forest at the front door.

Although Brockenhurst is to some extent the creation of the railway that arrived there in the 1850s, it has a fine parish church dating from Norman times, a number of picturesque old houses and a watersplash. It rivals Lyndhurst, often called the "capital" of the New Forest, as an excellent base for



A pony and her foal, two typical and attractive denizens of the New Forest.

touring by car and bicycle or on foot and horseback. Indeed it has certain advantages over its neighbour some 4 miles away if one is using public transport, as it has excellent train services to Southampton, London, Bournemouth, Weymouth and Lymington (for the Isle of Wight ferries), with several local and regional bus routes.

It was from the Forest Park Hotel that I hired a bicycle and rode gently westward across Whitefield Moor with its grazing cattle (residents of the Forest have full grazing rights), ubiquitous ponies and handful of fine horses all keeping a respectful distance from each other, to Puttles Bridge over the bubbling stream known as Ober Water. Here I left my bike at the car park (there are over 130 in the Forest area) and walked along the waterside. Skylarks provided a musical background, twice I caught sight of deer, there were wild flowers in profusion and the harmless grass snake with its yellow and white collar obligingly showed itself: the more dangerous adder, which is found all over the Forest, did not. I am pleased to say that there was no litter.

The following morning I was back in the woods again, this time in a horsedrawn wagon following tracks and roads which are largely closed to cars. It was a grand, leisurely way of seeing the Forest, partly because our horseman had an intimate knowledge of the area and its flora and fauna. More deer appeared although the rarer and beautiful red deer were nowhere to be seen. I realized, too, just how varied the types of trees are in the region. The fastgrowing conifers, especially the Scots pine, are the most numerous but there are many acres of oak, beech, birch, yew, alder and willow. In view of the disastrous attack of Dutch elm disease it is fortunate for the New Forest that it had remarkably few of these trees. My horse-drawn ride was organized by an enterprising concern, New Forest

Wagons, based at Brockenhurst. The wagons have been adapted from commercial vehicles such as milk floats and are well sprung, remarkably comfortable and fitted with waterproof canopies; they never travel at any speed. The standard daily rides last around an hour and cost £1.50 with regular departures depending on the season. The wagons are also available for hire.

The Forest has many sites of historic interest, including the Rufus Stone, a couple of miles south-west of Cadnam. which marks the spot where William Rufus, the Conqueror's son, was slain in 1100 in suspicious circumstances. Some 645 years later Earl De La Warr erected the stone which soon became so popular that it had to be encased in iron to protect it, and today it is still one of the most visited spots. But the hamlet of Buckler's Hard on the Beaulieu River is of much greater interest. Here some of the Navy's "wooden walls" were built literally in the village street and launched between the houses into the river. No great ships are built there now, but the houses remain and there is a fascinating museum, a charming hotel (The Master Builder's House) and a tiny church in one of the houses.

A couple of miles away is Beaulieu with its ancient Abbey now in ruins, though part of it is the parish church. Here, too, is the Palace House of Lord Montagu, one of the most visited of our stately homes, and the National Motor Museum which houses one of the world's finest collections of veteran and vintage cars and motorcycles.

By the early 1970s public encroachment on the New Forest had reached serious proportions and was damaging much of its essential character, but in 1973 the Forestry Commission instigated a seven-year improvement plan. Better draining and ditching and Inclosures, and new car parks, camping and caravan sites and signposting were among numerous improvements which

have now been completed. The Commission is to be congratulated both on this work and its literature on the Forest, which is most comprehensive and informative and includes a cheap and excellent guide map.

While on the subject of maps, I would recommend anyone who wants to get to know the New Forest area well to buy the recently published Ordnance Survey map of the region. This is one in the *Outdoor Leisure Map* series on an easy-to-read scale of 1 to 25,000. It is printed on a waterproof and virtually tear-proof material and costs £2.15.

My short stay in the area ended with a visit to Broadlands, home of Lord Romsey and the former residence of his grandfather the late Lord Mountbatten. This lovely house stands just outside Romsey and much of it was opened to the public only a few weeks before Lord Mountbatten's death. It dates from the mid 18th century and is in the Palladian style, compact and elegant, looking across a smooth lawn to the river Test.

Broadlands has a grace and charm, indeed a warmth, often lacking in much grander houses and contains many fine works of art, furniture and decoration as well as a fascinating range of mementoes of Lord Mountbatten's long and varied life. The house is open daily from 10am to 5pm until September 28 and will reopen again early next spring. Admission is £1.30 for adults and 75p for children with reductions for groups.

There are a number of hotels in the New Forest area listed in the latest edition of Let's Go, the English Tourist Board's excellent guide to short breaks from the autumn through to the early summer. Among these are two-night weekend stays at the Forest Park Hotel in Brockenhurst, which cost £37 per person for two sharing a twin-bedded room with private bathroom. This includes full breakfast, dinner on the Friday evening and a dinner-dance on the Saturday. The same arrangements apply at the Burley Manor Hotel a few miles away. Both are under the same control and I can vouch for the excellent food at Burley. These hotels are just two of 1,100 in the Let's Go brochure, which is now available free. A similar publication, smaller but just as useful, is Autumn to Spring in Wales, which lists many hotels, pensions and self-catering establishments in the Principality offering short holidays at special rates. It is also free

Southern Tourist Board, Old Town Hall, Leigh Road, Eastleigh, Hampshire SO5 4DE. Information Centre, Forestry Commission, Queen's House, Lyndhurst, Hampshire. Forest Park Hotel, Rhinefield Road, Brockenhurst, Hampshire. *Let's Go*, English Tourist Board, Hendon Road, Sunderland, Tyne & Wear SR5 9X2. Wales Tourist Board, PO Box 151, WDO Cardiff CF5 1XF.

Contrasts in cruising

by Bill Glenton

It was that steaming African stewpot of Sierra Leone that underlined my firm conviction about cruising: if it is to prove richly satisfying then it has to compare with a box of mixed chocolates. The soft-centred life on board should be matched by excursions that offer a darker, contrasting experience.

After several days of sailing through fine, flying-fish weather down the West African coast, being cossetted with long, cool drinks, multi-course meals and instant service, the more basic, yet vibrant charms of Freetown revived us. This meandering old capital of our former colony is colourful and action-packed—as though a large chunk of the Dark Continent has been compressed into a tube of toothpaste. Squeeze it, just gently, and you get covered in a jabbering mob of native life, tropical fruit and earthy humidity.

These vivid impressions overwhelm the slowly decaying British colonial architecture that gives parts of Freetown the air of a long-forgotten film set. They take away the breath of first-timers to West Africa and there is almost a feeling of relief as you rejoin the tour coach and head out of town.

Now it is nature's turn to buffet one's emotions. The jungle, clinging to the steep mountainside, is steep enough to hide a tribe of Tarzans. Vivid flame trees, colourful bougainvillaea bushes and mouth-watering ripening banana trees line the roadside. The palm-lined white sands stretch for miles, totally devoid of tourists, to restore one's faith in travel brochures. Crusoe would have felt at home here; but being late-20th-century travellers we are more excited by the sight of one of the new-style watering holes—a package hotel.

Sipping our drinks around the swimming pool we watch a folk dance—almost statutory, even in this remote corner—but West African vitality certainly spices the formality of it all. One more safari through the human wild life park of Freetown and we are happily back on board. Nothing is so welcoming as a cruise ship after a packed, perspiring day ashore. It is then you appreciate security and more sensuous comforts.

My voyage in this case was in a Russian vessel, the *Odessa*, as well run as any I have sailed in over the decades, and I have cruised to West Africa in Greek, Italian and Yugoslav ships. The Finns in their immaculate modern vessel, the *Finnstar*, operate there in winter, sailing from the Canaries with connecting flights from the UK.

The Finnstar, which carries 600 passengers, will make four eight-day West Africa cruises this winter departing from Las Palmas, calling at Dakar in Senegal, Banyul, capital of the Gambia and Freetown. Cost with flights from London to the Canaries is between £565



The Prinsendam cruise starts in Singapore and there are seven ports of call.

and £1,290. Union Lloyd are the general agents for these cruises.

On the other side of the globe the Dutch provide exotic sailing through Indonesian waters, calling at islands large and small, some familiar at least in name and reputation, others unknown to most western tourists. The ship is the 9,000 ton *Prinsendam* (Holland-America).

There are seven ports of call in the two-week voyage from Singapore, the Los Angeles of the Far East, which offer another tasty chocolate assortment. At Penang, a day's sailing from your start, you feel you have gone back centuries, but on the island of Nias you are certain you have. Here you sense at least a hint of how Darwin must have felt on his voyage of discovery as you meet natives closer to the Stone Age than to the Age of Concrete, even if they have moved rapidly into the tourist souvenir trade. At Bali you are caught up in that cultural whirlpool caused by the meeting of the Hindu and Buddhist religions. On this exquisite island, too, it is almost a matter of not being able to see the jungle for the temples, so many are there. And after the chaotic fascination of Jakarta, Indonesia's vast, sprawling capital, the peace and quiet of the Prinsendam is sheer bliss.

This fine vessel will operate fortnightly, sailing on alternate Sundays from Singapore starting on October 26 until mid-April of next year. An 18-day holiday with two nights in Singapore and scheduled flights from the UK by KLM costs between £1,500 and £2,410. This includes all gratuities and port taxes. There are several variations allowing longer stays in Indonesia.

This is one of the most exotic voyages available to the UK market on a flycruise basis. And this ability to fly to one's starting point for a sea-going voyage is the greatest facility of all for far-off cruising. I am still amazed just how easily—if more expensively—one can leave cold, cheerless Britain and be laz-

ing in the sun aboard a passenger ship the same day.

Travelling by air in the winter months does avoid the choppy North Atlantic for those visiting the Caribbean. Indeed, Miami and its neighbouring ports of Fort Lauderdale and Port Everglades are now by far the busiest in the cruise business, and there is almost a shuttle of vessels to the islands of the West Indies throughout the year, but especially in winter. UK passengers fly from London, and, on a limited scale, from Manchester, to Miami to be whisked by private coach to the vessel. In addition many companies offer cruise-and-stay holidays with one week or longer at sea and either a few days or a full week on land with a choice of islands or Florida itself. Another increasingly popular starting point for West Indian voyages is San Juan in Puerto Rico. Costs for such holidays either on a cruise-only basis or with a stay ashore included start at around £600 and rise to over £2,000 for the longer holidays and better cabins, flights from and back to the UK included. Among the companies offering such holidays are Cunard, Carnival, Holland-America, P & O, Royal Viking and Norwegian Caribbean.

Norwegian Caribbean have introduced the newest style in Caribbean cruising on the giant liner SS Norway, formerly the France. She operates on a week-long fixed itinerary from Miami to the Bahamas (a day of beach barbecues and swimming is spent on an uninhabited island there owned by the shipping line) and then on to St Thomas in the Virgin Islands. The liner is in effect a complete floating resort (a report appeared in the June issue of ILN) and the nine-day holiday, including flights from and to the UK, costs between £599 and £1,200. She sails throughout the year leaving Florida on Sundays.

After the Christmas and New Year festivities have ended, world cruises start. The *Oueen Elizabeth 2* sails on

January 18 from New York (two days later from Port Everglades) with connecting flights from London to both places. And 74 days later, on April 2, she docks at Southampton, having sailed through both the Panama and Suez Canals and called at Honolulu, Sydney, Port Moresby (New Guinea), Hong Kong (for Canton), the Seychelles, Mombasa and Haifa among other ports. The entire trip including flights from the UK costs from £5,240 to about £30,000. The voyage is also available in segments on a fly-one-way basis, such as New York to Sydney, or Hong Kong to Southampton.

If you prefer to start your globeencircling trip from the UK, the Canberra (P & O) leaves Southampton on her 90-day voyage on January 7, again going west-about through the Panama Canal and visiting Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, Singapore, Sri Lanka, Mauritius and home via Durban, Cape Town and the Canaries. The cost of the cruise (again available in segments) is from £2,848 to £14,448.

The third of the globe-trotter cruises is on the *Rotterdam* (Holland-America) departing from New York on January 10, again going west through Panama and including Hawaii, Japan (Kobe), Shanghai, Manila, Bali, Bombay and Suez, before various Mediterranean calls, arriving back in New York on April 10. For UK and European travellers Barcelona, where the ship arrives on March 28, is a more convenient alighting point. The cost from London, including the transatlantic flight, is from £4,616 to £15,258.

The Navarino (Karageorgis Lines) has established a high reputation for herself in the last year or two. In addition to her voyages to South Africa (she sails from Southampton for that destination on November 20), she is operating a series of cruises along the South Atlantic seaboard of South America based at Rio de Janeiro. Undoubtedly the most fascinating of these is to Cape Horn and Tierra del Fuego. This leaves Rio on January 23 (UK passengers fly from London the previous day) and calls at Santos (for Sao Paulo), Montevideo, three Argentinian ports including Buenos Aires, Cape Horn and the Falkland Islands, arriving back in Rio on February 13. Cost with flights from London is £2,050 to £3,090.

All prices quoted are for one person (except the top *QE2* grade which is for two) sharing a cabin and are subject to surcharges

Union-Lloyd Limited, 26/27 Cockspur Street, London, SW1Y 5BG. Holland-America Cruises, 176 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DE. Cunard Line, 8 Berkeley Street, London, W1X 6NR. P & O Cruises, Beaufort House, St Botoph Street, London, EC3A 7DX. Karageorgis Lines (UK), 36 King Street, London, WC2 8JS.

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Alfasud updated

by Stuart Marshall

If ever a car could be called the automotive equivalent of a golfer's hole-in-one, it is the Alfasud. When Alfa Romeo launched it ten years ago it broke a tradition. Until then they had been makers of sporting carriages for the affluent. The Alfasud was their breakthrough into the mass-market, previously the preserve of Fiat, who for years had supplied more than one Italian in two with his motor car.

The Alfasud broke all Alfa Romeo traditions. It had front-, not rear-wheel drive; its engine was a "boxermotor"— a horizontally-opposed four-cylinder—and not a typical Alfa Romeo in-line four- or six-cylinder, with twin overhead camshafts under gleaming alloy covers.

Yet Alfa Romeo got it right first time. The Alfasud family saloon had better handling and roadholding than any of its family car rivals (better than several of Alfa's sporty, traditional cars, said some). Its 1.2 litre engine, though small, gave it a lively performance, providing the four-speed gearbox was freely used. The whole car had a unique *brio*; the harder you drove it, the better it went.

Today the ten-year-old Alfasud carries its years lightly. Only two features give its age away: instead of being trendily angular, its body panels are curved and, while it looks as though it should be a hatchback, it is a saloon with a fixed rear window and a not too convenient boot lid underneath. General Motors paid it an oblique compliment by making their first front-drive small car, the new Opel Kadett, look remarkably like the Alfasud in profile, though it has sharp edges and comes as a hatchback as well as a saloon. But the Alfasud's handling and roadholding and the sharp accuracy of its steering still set an example that many other makers strive to attain.

Why Alfasud? Because Alfa Romeo's main factory is in Milan, northern Italy, while the Alfasud is made in a specially created plant just outside Naples, in the south of Italy-that is the sud. Political pressure was responsible for their setting up in motor manufacturing in a nontraditional area. The unemployed needed jobs. They got them and then proceeded to demonstrate once again the truth of the old saying that if you do someone a favour, he will never forgive you. The labour relations and productivity record of the Alfasud plant at Pomigliano d'Arco makes Longbridge look like a shining example of workermanagement co-operation. The Italian government, it is said, loses money on every Alfasud made, which need not concern those who buy them. It is hardly a unique situation, anyway, with state intervention in manufacturing industry so widespread.

Over the years the engine size has gone up from just under 1.2 litres to a



The tradition-breaking Alfasud: ten years after it was launched it still sets the standard in handling and roadholding.

choice of 1.3 or 1.5 litres and a fivespeed gearbox is now standard. The last Alfasud I drove, in the early summer. was a 1.5 litre with 84 horsepower, an increase of more than 30 per cent on the original car. Although the engine was as happy as ever to spin up to high speeds, it pulled smoothly and hard at low revolutions. The fairly close ratio gearbox gave urgent acceleration (0-60 mph in under 12 seconds). Motorway cruising was quiet and unfussed and fifth gear was flexible enough to be used in town. The car flew round corners without rolling or becoming unbalanced and seemed to have limitless reserves of adhesion. Complementing its vice-free handling were powerful brakes and a level, comfortable ride.

The latest styling changes have given the Alfasud smart, black, wrap-around bumpers, door handles and external body hardware. There are protective plastic mouldings along the sides and the badge on the open boot lid no longer clouts the rear window. In Naples putting anything on a roof-rack is an open invitation to thieves but the Alfasud owner can carry his skis and fishing rods inside simply by taking out the rear seat armrest.

The 1.5 litre Alfasud costs about £4,300, including free routine service parts for the first 24,000 miles; the 1.3 litre, identical in almost everything but engine size, is about £4,100. There are few more enjoyable yet practical family cars available today.

An estate car version of the Alfasud has been on sale in Italy for some years but has never been made with right-hand drive. Those who have to carry bulky loads but still enjoy quick, well-controlled motoring will find this a cause for regret. But another variation on the Alfasud theme, the delightful Sprint

four-seat coupé, has been available here for several years. Recently a high-performance version of the Sprint with a 95-horsepower engine came to Britain. Despite its front-wheel drive and flat-four engine (and because of its flawless handling) it felt to me even more of a traditional Alfa Romeo than some of the more softly sprung, executive-type models from the company's factory in the north of Italy.

These include the Giulietta and Alfetta with a choice of twin overhead camshaft engines of 1.6, 1.8 and 2 litres. Though front-engined with rear-wheel drive, these Alfa Romeos show their individuality by having the gearbox integrated with the rear axle. This equalizes the weight distribution, which pays dividends in high-speed handling and in sheer good manners. Because of the long linkage between gear lever and gearbox, the shift needs getting used to but any clumsiness at low speeds disappears when the Giulietta or Alfetta are driven as Alfas are meant to bewith enthusiasm. These really are ideal cars for businessmen who do not mind admitting that they enjoy their motoring, even though it may be part of the

The seats are extremely comfortable and well matched to the suspension, which is highly shock-absorbent because it allows long wheel travel, almost on the pattern of the typical French saloon car. Although the ride is soft enough to please any passenger, the taut muscularity of the Alfa Romeo is there, too. Prices start at about £5,100 for the 1.6 litre Giulietta, which is just a little cheaper than the Alfasud Sprint Veloce. The GTV two-door coupés bear the same relationship to the Alfetta as the Sprint does to the Alfasud: they sacrifice a little passenger accommodation to

sportier lines and more performance.

Alfa Romeo are shortly to introduce into Britain their latest and biggest car—the Alfa 6. This five-seat business executive's saloon breaks new ground for Alfa Romeo in having a V6 engine of $2\frac{1}{2}$ litres capacity and the choice of automatic transmission. It is their first multi-cylinder car for more than 20 years. The V6 engine develops a modest 160 horsepower, but Alfa say it could easily be made to produce 200 horsepower without any loss of refinement.

These are not the happiest of times for large cars. A combination of soaring oil prices and the economic recession has bitten deeply into sales of those with engines of 2 litres capacity and over. Alfa, however, are confident that their simply named "6" will offer an attractive alternative to other quality cars like BMW, Mercedes and Jaguar. Perhaps uncharacteristically, Alfa stress the new big car's great flexibility in traffic and its virtual silence at motorway cruising speeds more than its maximum speed (for the record, it does 125 mph). Most unusually, the engine has six carburettors-one for each cylinder-which Alfa say uses fuel better and "allows the engine to give spontaneously what for others is an effort". By which they mean a consumption of around 24 mpg for the manual "6" and an engine that one notices for its flow of power, not its noise, when driven very hard.

Windows, driving seat height and door mirror adjustment are all electric and air conditioning is a standard option. The Alfa 6 models due here in the near future will have a most comprehensive specification and will be priced, it is thought, at about £12,000, low enough, Alfa hope, to persuade business users to reduce their luxurious travel costs without lowering their standards

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THE SKY AT NIGHT

Learning from quasars

by Patrick Moore

For more than half a century now it has been known that our star-system, or Galaxy, is only one of many. It contains about 100,000 million stars, and the Sun is no more than average in size and luminosity; and though the Galaxy itself is fairly large by cosmic standards it is not exceptional.

Our Galaxy is a spiral, and there are many other known examples—in fact, spiral galaxies are common in the universe. Yet they are by no means all alike. Messier 77, in the constellation of Cetus (the Whale) has a bright, condensed nucleus and relatively weak spiral arms; there is evidence of great activity going on inside it. Systems of this kind are known as Seyfert galaxies, because attention was first drawn to them by Carl Seyfert in 1942.

Different again are the quasars, first identified in 1963. They appear faint, but this is only because they are so far away; their distances are measured in thousands of millions of light-years, and some of them may be very close to the edge of the observable universe. They are superluminous and shine much more energetically than any galaxy. What exactly are they, and what is the source of their incredible energy?

The spectrum of the Sun consists of a rainbow background crossed by dark lines; each line is individual to some particular substance, and so it is possible to tell what materials are present in the Sun. The stars show spectra, most of which are basically of similar type, and so do the galaxies and quasars; it has been found that apart from a few relatively close systems all the spectra of galaxies and quasars show red shifts. This means that they are moving away from us, and that the entire universe is expanding. The greater the distance, the greater the velocity of recession. Quasars, the most remote objects known, have red shifts which indicate that they are receding at almost the velocity of light itself.

Our distance-estimates depend almost entirely on the spectral red shifts, and some astronomers, notably Halton Arp in America, maintain that these red shifts are not pure Doppler effects. Arp has pointed out lines of objects, some of which are galaxies and some of which are quasars; the red shifts are different, and he believes that the alignments cannot be due to chance. However, his is a minority view, and it is more generally thought that coincidence is responsible, so that the quasars really are tremendously remote.

There is also an increasing tendency to believe that quasars and Seyfert galaxies are simply two stages of evolution of the same class of object. If a Seyfert galaxy were viewed from a distance of thousands of millions of light-years, the spiral arms would be invisible and the object would look very like a quasar; indeed, with some quasars there are signs of underlying galaxies. In this case the quasars may be nothing more nor less than the nuclei of exceptionally active and luminous galaxies. Yet this does not account for their remarkable brilliance. All sorts of theories have been proposed, but it is now widely believed that the basic cause is a Black Hole in the centre of the system which causes tremendous release of energy and may well account for the power of the quasars.

There have been suggestions that even our own relatively undistinguished galaxy may have a Black Hole at its centre. However, an active galaxy would presumably have a central Black Hole of much greater mass—perhaps in the range of a million to 1,000 million times that of the Sun. One possible candidate is Messier 87, a galaxy in the constellation of Virgo, which is a true giant and is also a source of radio waves. With a quasar, the central Black Hole would be more massive still.

The spectra of quasars are informative in another way, too. There are lines which seem to be due not to the quasars but to material in the space between the quasars and ourselves. This material is distributed through the universe either in association with galaxies, or else floating freely in intergalactic space. The gasclouds are made up of light elements, chiefly hydrogen and helium, which remain much as they were when they were formed just after the origin of the universe itself around 15,000 million years ago. However, the galaxy-related clouds are different, and also contain heavy elements. It seems that we are observing normal galaxies in silhouette, as it were. In fact, a remote quasar may be used as a distant "lamp" allowing us to study the whole region in front of it.

A recent discovery has been that of three quasars lying side by side, showing identical spectra. The explanation seems to be that these are really separate images of a single quasar. The light, coming from far away, passes close to a massive object (presumably a galaxy) and is "bent", so that the intervening galaxy acts in the manner of a lens.

There seems, indeed, to be almost no end to the information which quasars can give us, and we can now take matters still further. The satellite known as the IUE, or International Ultra-violet Explorer, is circling the Earth well above the top of our atmosphere, and quasar spectra photographed from it are of great interest. It enables us to make much better measurements of the very large red shifts.

Immensely remote and incredibly powerful, the quasars are probably the most important objects to be identified since it was established that galaxies really are external systems, nearly 60 years ago. When we try to probe to the limits of the observable universe, it is to the quasars that we must turn

Strauss at Glyndebourne

by Margaret Davies

The operas of Richard Strauss have had a regular place at Glyndebourne for 30 years since the first production of Ariadne auf Naxos. In 1959 Der Rosenkavalier was chosen to mark both the 25th anniversary of the festival and the retirement of Carl Ebert from the post of artistic director which he had held since its inception. There has been a Strauss opera in the programme of eight of the ten most recent festivals, in the course of which Glyndebourne's director of production, John Cox, has successfully explored some of the composer's lesser-known works which are particularly well suited to the dimensions of the theatre. This year it was again the turn of Der Rosenkavalier and an opportunity to demonstrate what this work, which is usually associated with much larger houses, can gain when attention is more sharply focused on the individual characters so that their interrelationships can be seen in close-up. Using the reduced orchestration approved by Strauss, the musical director, Bernard Haitink, balanced the orchestra and voices so that a high proportion of the words were audible without diminishing the lushness of the ensembles, and brought out the bitter-sweet flavour which permeates the score.

Visually there was a tendency for sweetness to dominate, most notably in Erté's designs for the Marschallin's bedroom—a confection of pink, quilted satin walls and white, buttoned furniture adorned with tassels and plumes. But a split-second change to a powder-blue boudoir for the levée came just in time to prevent the eye from becoming sated. This was capped with an interior of superb, show-stopping vulgarity, decked in gold lamé and scarlet velvet, for the residence of the nouveau riche Faninal. It all dated from about the middle of the 19th century, Erté having opted for this period rather than the early years of the reign of Maria Theresa as specified in the libretto. If Strauss could introduce a 19th-century Viennese waltz into 18thcentury Vienna, Erté no doubt felt justified in setting the action in the world of operetta. One anachronism could be said to invite the other. Surprisingly the atmosphere of the piece survived the change of style which did not detract from the humanity of the characters.

Of these Donald Gramm's Ochs was the most unusually drawn: he had the florid complexion of the countryman, but his scarlet coat and polished boots displayed a certain elegance and his raven hair and dashing high spirits betrayed his youth. It was a sympathetic and splendidly sung performance. His wooing of Sophie, though exuberant, was not such as to scare an innocent; but in any case Faninal's daughter was not portrayed as a girl of extreme sensibility, Krisztina Laki invested her

with a certain shrewdness while singing with cool control.

The opening scene between the Marschallin and Octavian especially well handled, their relationship being conveyed with tact through exchanges of tenderness rather than passion, the time for the latter having passed. There was nothing of the grande dame about Rachel Yakar's youthful, dignified Marschallin: she sang with eloquence and the rueful resignation of her soliloguy was touchingly expressed. Felicity Lott made a lithe, impulsive Octavian, handsome in her white military uniform, and sang with ardour.

The background scenes against which individual performances were set were directed with restraint and a mordant humour by John Cox: the surging levée with its succession of well-judged caricatures, the undercurrent of excitement at Faninal's house followed by the mêlée of Ochs's servants, and the eruption of the crowd at the inn. There was a nicely rounded Faninal by Derek Hammond Stroud and sound performances of the minor characters.

The past season at the Royal Opera House was dogged by industrial disagreement: it began with the cancellation of Der Rosenkavalier and ended dismally with Norma and Parsifal being given in reduced versions of their original productions. In the case of Norma. already denuded last year of every scrap of atmosphere when the staging was drastically revised. It would have been better to perform it on a bare stage than with one small, central podium and a cutout tree—or rather, in the absence of a Norma, it might have been better not to perform it at all. Sylvia Sass, engaged to sing the title role, offered her already familiar ability to sing pianissimo, some unpleasantly hard and strident sounds when she increased the volume and a series of poses varied only by the angle of her waving arms. It was a travesty of one of the great bel canto roles. The extent of Miss Sass's inadequacies was underlined by the unaffected, wellfocused singing of Agnes Baltsa as Adalgisa. Charles Craig was the forthright Pollione and Robert Lloyd an authoritative Oroveso.

In the case of Parsifal, the paring away of some of the excesses of last year's new production was an advantage. Gone were the fungus-encrusted forest, the felled trees suspended on chains; there was again no attempt at a transformation from forest to temple, when Gurnemanz and Parsifal's long perambulation along the paths of a maze contributed nothing but confusion; and those dancing Flower Maidens were still too obtrusively present. But the musical strength of the performance was some compensation. In the virtually unchanged cast Peter Hofmann's Parsifal had grown in vocal stature and Yvonne Minton's Kundry was a more finished portrayal

A birthday tribute

by Ursula Robertshaw

London's busy summer dance season peaked at the beginning of August with a gala performance at Covent Garden on the Queen Mother's birthday which included a new work by Sir Frederick Ashton, dedicated to that gracious lady. Called Rhapsody and danced to Rachmaninov's Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini for piano and orchestra, it is a plotless ballet created on Mikhail Baryshnikov and it is difficult to imagine another dancer bringing off the spectacular tours de force that it contains. For although, as one might expect with an Ashton work, all is strictly classical, yet in performance Baryshnikov makes the steps highly idiosyncratic. High, spinning leaps contain strange twists of the body; great jetes are performed with the back foot oddly trailing; there are startlingly sudden changes of direction, as though the dancer were a steel ball bouncing off some invisible pin. The whole performance has a dry. ironic humour which is epitomized in the final gesture as the curtain comes down: almost a shrug, it seems to say "But what is all this virtuosity, after all?" It is an endearing and exciting performance.

But Baryshnikov is not the only—though he is the major—jewel in this short ballet. There is also Lesley Collier, who is given solos involving extremely fast and brilliant footwork, and one fine pas de deux with Baryshnikov; and there are six boys and girls, chosen from the younger members of the Royal Ballet, who are used inventively in this valuable addition to the Ashton canon.

The set, designed by Ashton, is a colonnaded arch upstage, painted a warm apricot. The rather fussy costumes are by William Chappell—layers and layers of chiffon in shades of lemon, orange, flame and pink for the girls, baby pink for Collier, all with spangles; more spangles on the boys' tights and on their curious helmets which look like crystallized morels; and for Baryshnikov tawny tights, a metallic gold cuirass and a gold-dusted wig. He looked Olympian; the rest of the cast rather Come Dancing.

The middle item of the birthday performance was Ashton's A Month in the Country, with Natalia Makarova making her debut in the role of Natalia Petrovna. Needless to say her dancing was lovely-poetic, fluent and assured. But dramatically she did not match one's memories of Lynn Seymour in the same role. The vivacity and flirtatiousness of the early scenes were missing: Makarova was dignified, bored but very much the grande dame and one felt that Rakitin, her admirer, might well have given up an endeavour so obviously hopeless years ago: this Natalia was never going to yield to him.

The scene with the young ward, Vera

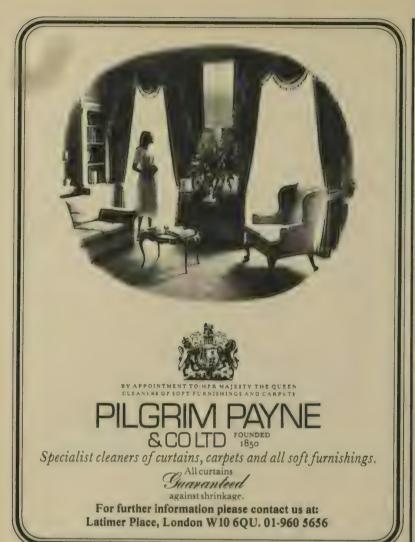
(most promisingly danced by Karen Paisey), was fraught and fiery enough though it was a pity that its climax, Natalia's slapping of the girl's face, was muffed (as indeed was Vera's attack on Natalia later in the ballet). In her pas de deux with Beliaev, the tutor—in which role we welcomed back Anthony Dowell, commanding the stage like a prince—the considerable rubato Makarova uses in her phrasing did not always accord with Dowell's preciser interpretation; and her arm movements seemed exaggerated from time to time.

The evening began with the recently revived Mam'zelle Angot, Leonid Massine's relentlessly winsome piece of frou-frou, frenetically busy and determinedly cute. Massine's motto in this piece seems to have been "When in doubt, wave it about", be it an arm, a leg, a bottom or a frilly French skirt. The ballet is redeemed by Derain's wonderful designs and by four rewarding dancing roles, here excellently taken: Rosalyn Whitten, vivacious and nimble as the spunky little Mam'zelle: Michael Coleman, very funny and agile as her suitor, the ridiculous Barber (a role originally created for Alexander Grant): Jennifer Penney, at once cool and comehither as the Aristocrat; and Stephen Jefferies, witty and mischievous as the lady-killing Caricaturist.

The Royal Ballet's other main event this summer was the presentation of *Giselle*, after five years out of the repertory, in the 1960 production revised by Norman Morrice and using refurbished designs by James Bailey. The results were less than happy. The Act I designs included tea-cosy, thatched cottages, a Disneyland backcloth and ridiculously over-dressed peasants wearing short crinolines in fruit salad colours, with embroidered furbelows, frilly aprons and bestreamered head-dresses.

Act II was better, being provided with a reasonably atmospheric moonlit lake and inoffensive costumes. You can't go far wrong with white, as every young girl's mother knows. But among mistakes in the production were the usual uncertainty about whether or not Giselle stabs herself (the programme note says "makes as if to kill herself", but surely to justify burial in unhallowed ground in the forest she must be a suicide?); the decision to omit any dance of death for Hilarion and to bustle him off upstage into the wings, instead of pursuing him into the lake; and an extraordinary extra grave in Act II. Giselle, having risen vertically in the usual manner from her cross-marked tomb at Myrtha's bidding, sinks at the end horizontally into a funny little mound upstage right, to the bafflement of all.

Both Marguerite Porter and Lesley Collier made creditable but not sensational debuts as Giselle, and Stephen Jefferies danced his first Albrecht, showing once again what a talented allrounder he is



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Ensanguined musical

by J. C. Trewin

It seems a long time since my introduction to an already dying form of melodrama. There were brisk nights in that seaport gaff—A Woman Beyond Redemption, The Heart of a Shopgirl, The Blackguard of the Queen's Regiment—and a company of tough professionals never hinted by the tremor of an eyelash that the material was absurd. Still, Sweeney Todd had a plot that, even then, struck me as too silly for enjoyment. Though I never saw Tod Slaughter in it, I doubt if he could have persuaded me that it was at all alluring.

Now the Sweeney fable has appeared at Drury Lane as a full-scale musical: score and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim; Denis Quilley upstairs with the demon barber of Fleet Street's razor, Sheila Hancock below in the bakery with Mrs Lovett's pies. Everything from the grimy stage skylights to the blood—which has a special programme credit—is designed to keep us in a state of palpitating claustrophobia. Alas, for me the story is as unpersuasive as ever: something that, like the Fat Boy, wants to make our flesh creep and glumly fails to succeed.

We can acknowledge Mr Quilley's menace and Miss Hancock's peripatetic exuberance, but the composer leaves little for memory, and we must get what we can from incidental atmospherics, trap-door work, and the attempt to wrest black comedy from an ancient anecdote.

Really, I preferred to this another, and unmusical, comedy, *Buried Child*, in the bandbox of the Hampstead Theatre. The American dramatist Sam Shepard may have symbolic intentions. It is simpler to take these goings-on in rural Illinois as a counterpart to the English Cold Comfort Farm: instead of something nasty in the woodshed, something unpleasant in the garden. The Hampstead players, Marty Cruickshank in particular, were safely in their fantasy world and the last moments could have been an animated exercise by Charles Addams.

It was at Hampstead that we first met a more durable piece, Bernard Pomerance's The Elephant Man, now installed at the Lyttelton with the reverence due to a play of serious intention and unexaggerated performance, which might easily have been cheapened into the blacker comedy. Mr Pomerance writes of the terribly deformed "freak" brought by the surgeon Frederick Treves to the London Hospital from the humiliation of a Victorian side-show. Under the patronage of London society he passed, in effect, from one side-show to another. The play is a close study in psychology-of both the surgeon and his subject-and it is acted, as it deserves, by David Schofield, who produces his effects by the subtlest suggestion, and Peter McEnery, who can express Treves's inner conflict.

On another National stage, the Cottesloe, Athol Fugard added to his unsparing narratives of modern South Africa. A Lesson From Aloes is so called because, according to a programme note, "The ability to flower during adverse conditions is a characteristic of many aloes." The house in Port Elizabeth—the year is 1963—is lined with these plants; they speak at once for a play in which an Afrikaner and his wife are caught in the country's political trap. We have to ask whether the man has been a police informer, and what his wife suffered under interrogation. There are other questions in a relentless tale acted superbly by Marius Weyer, Shelagh Holliday and Bill Curry from Johannesburg. The Port Elizabeth house is called Xanadu—less, one imagines, to do with a "stately pleasuredome" than "ancestral voices prophesying war".

It was odd to go from this stinging revelation to a Chichester revival of Old Heads and Young Hearts, a trivial period comedy from 1844 by Dion Boucicault, "freely adapted" by Peter Sallis. On stage there is much impersonation and mistaken identity; off stage there seems to be a "rotten borough" election, in the style of Eatanswill. It might be far livelier at those unseen hustings, but I should wish to visit them in the company of Lally Bowers: she is the night's joy, playing a grande dame called Lady Pompion. who views the world around her with surprised and languid hauteur. This is true high comedy; Boucicault would have been happy with Miss Bowers in his cast.

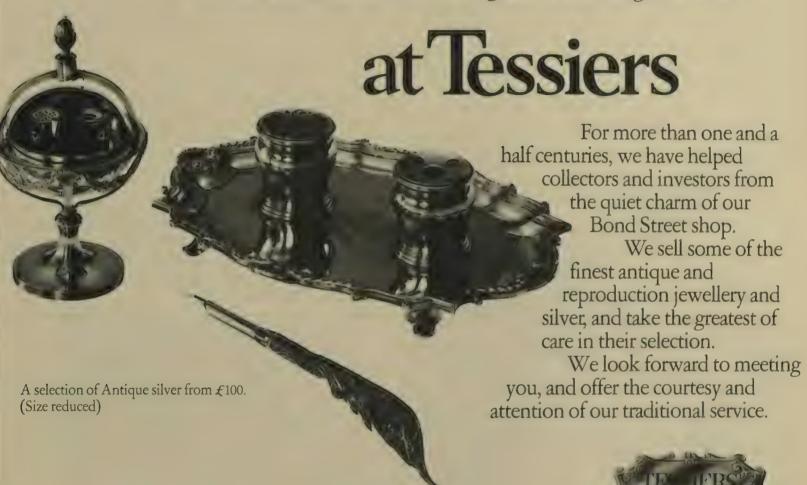
Recently I complained of the wrenching of Hamlet to suit a director's whim. Though the tragedy, like the aloes, can "flower during adverse conditions", we are infinitely happier when it is allowed to grow unimpeded; John Barton's current revival at Stratfordupon-Avon is civilized and lucid with, for once, a prince who has the "eye, tongue, sword" of Ophelia's tribute. Michael Pennington is so true and direct that it may be ungrateful to suggest that his performance lacks the ultimate excitement. Still, often a heartening night, with the Gertrude and Polonius of Barbara Leigh-Hunt and Tony Church to add to it.

Of other Shakespeare revivals, the best was Richard Cottrell's production of A Midsummer Night's Dream at the Old Vic, brought up from the other Vic at Bristol; its glimmering wood—fairies in midnight-blue and black—was genuinely haunted. Elsewhere, the principal disappointment was Much Ado About Nothing (Chichester) which, except for Gemma Jones's glinting Beatrice, remained limp from the first. We might have been less uneasy about The Blackguard of the Queen's Regiment

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Films of the book

by Michael Billington

I would guess that the hardest film to make is the one that appeals simultaneously to adults and children. But Carroll Ballard's *The Black Stallion*, based on an American best-seller by Walter Farley, is just such a one. Its story of a boy and a horse that he trains and finally rides to victory is one that most children can identify with. But the film also has a grave beauty and underlying mysticism which will keep adults engrossed. A classic book has, in short, been turned into a classic film.

It is, in fact, a rather strange story. It begins in 1946 on board a ship off the coast of North Africa. A boy, travelling with his father, sees and is captivated by a headstrong Arab stallion. But what is immediately remarkable is the way the director, Ballard, conjures up a sense of ominous danger. The decks of the ship seem wind-blown and deserted except for the boy, and below decks his father is involved in a card game where the atmosphere seems thick with smoke, knives and tension. Eventually this tension is released in a spectacular sea storm that leaves the boy and horse stranded on a craggy, desert island.

What follows is a wonderfully unsentimental display of the harmony between the boy and the stallion which, on the ship, seemed full of throttled. menacing power. The boy feeds the horse with the seaweed that he himself lives on; the horse, in turn, tramples on a snake about to strike at the sleeping child. And there is a miraculous underwater shot of the boy leading the horse, their spindle shanks looking remarkably similar as they do a slow-motion nearminuet. Not since Peter Shaffer's Equus have I seen anything that caught so surely the sense of oneness between the human and the equine.

The danger is that this mood of mystical harmony will be ruptured once the boy and horse are rescued and the story shifts to Flushing, New York. But Ballard manages to retain a sense of something dark and strange. When we first see Mickey Rooney, who plays a retired racehorse trainer who befriends both boy and stallion, he emerges sinisterly out of the circumambient gloom of a barn. And when horsefanciers come down to judge the stallion's speed, the trials take place on a deserted racetrack on a pouring wet night with people sitting in elegant sedans peering through the rain to catch a glimpse of the horse flashing by. Even the climactic, triumphant race is much more than a souped up National Velvet: it is unfaked, palpable and gives one a thrilling, jockey's-eye view of what it is like to overtake the competition.

In lesser hands the film might have been silly slop. But Ballard's images are beautifully composed, there is a constant parallel drawn between the legendary Bucephalus (the horse Philip gave to his son, Alexander the Great) and the performances are throughout excellent: from Kelly Reno as the attentive, watchful boy, from Mickey Rooney as the stubby, balding trainer, from Teri Garr as the mother caught between concern for the boy's safety and sympathy with his love of the horse, and not least from Cassolé as the magnificent, stampeding black stallion.

Hal Ashby's Being There, based on a cult novel by Jerzy Kosinski and photographed (like The Black Stallion) by the admirable Caleb Deschanel, also strives for myth: it is, quite simply, the story of an illiterate Washington gardener who is taken to be a fount of wisdom and who ends up as a potential Presidential candidate. As a satirical fable for our times it is undeniably pertinent, and it captures particularly well the hunger for simple certainties in the fevered Washington world: when Peter Sellers's gardener tells Jack Warden's American President that "there will be growth in the spring" his statement of horticultural fact is regarded as a profound economic portent. But although it is an intelligent film which makes one laugh a lot at the reverence with which the hero's every remark is greeted, it strikes me as something that works better on the page than on celluloid. Once the action is set against a realistic background of Washington politics and New York talk shows questions of credibility intervene; and though Sellers gives a splendid performance as the beneficent, lobotomized gardener, you cannot dismiss the feeling that in real life he would have been rumbled in five minutes.

Questions about plausibility also nagged at me during Clint Eastwood's Bronco Billy, a simple-minded Capraesque story about a jolly, tatty circus where a group of life's no-hopers and failures get the chance to act out their fantasies and become whatever they want to be. A runaway heiress joins the troupe and falls in love with the headman, Bronco Billy, an ex-New Jersey shoe-salesman role-playing as the fastest gun in the West. The story might just work if you felt everyone believed in it; but Eastwood both directs and acts with a nudge-and-wink irony that lets you know he is only kidding. Indeed, given his tough, leathery, heroic presence, it becomes impossible to believe in him as a sham cowboy.

For the pits, however, one has to descend to Ronald F. Maxwell's *Little Darlings*, which is about two teenagers at summer camp involved in a repellent wager about which of them will lose her virginity first. Pitched half way between sniggering exploitation and desperate sincerity, the film is an embarrassment only partially relieved by a genuinely promising performance by Kristy McNichol as the 15-year-old Angel Bright. But for real cinema give me *The Black Stallion* every time

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Realizing savings

by John Gaselee

It is fairly easy to obtain reasonable guidance about when and how to invest. or start a savings scheme. Stockbrokers, insurance brokers, bankers, accountants and others are pleased to give advice, bearing in mind that usually they will receive some commission.

For an individual the problem lies in when to get out of a particular investment. Even the city editors of national newspapers concentrate on what should be bought, rather than on the profits which could be taken by selling shares.

National savings certificates are a first-class investment in view of the taxfree return. This, however, is at its best only if certificates are held for their full initial term. If at the end of that period the money is not needed, a reasonable return can usually be obtained by leaving it invested. A person of retirement age with a holding of index-linked certificates should keep them through thick and thin, if possible while inflation continues at high levels.

High-rate taxpayers often favour buying low coupon gilt-edged securities for the capital gain which will be tax-free if the stock is held for at least 12 months. Here, there is the guarantee of capital appreciation if the stock is held until redemption, but it may be preferable to sell the stock shortly before redemption, while it is cum-interest, to avoid receiving the final interest payment which would be highly taxed.

Unit-linked single premium life assurance policies have been bought in large numbers in recent years since there are several tax advantages from the investment point of view; one is that for up to 20 years 5 per cent of the initial purchase price may be withdrawn, with any tax liability being deferred until final encashment. When a policy is finally cashed the total gain (taking into account the withdrawals already made) is divided by the number of full years for which the contract has been in force. and the resulting figure is added to your income for the year in question to establish the rate of income tax (less standard rate tax) which shall apply; that is then applied to the whole gain.

In view of this it is better to realize such a policy after retirement (when your income is likely to be lower) than shortly before retirement. With professional advice action can sometimes be taken so as, artificially, to reduce your taxable income in a year in which a single premium policy is realized. If a number of single premium policies are held, or if the contract with a life office consists of a cluster of identical policies, it is likely to be preferable to spread their encashment over a number of years.

The investment aspect also needs to be watched. If the value of the policy is relatively high a few years before you intend to realize it, it could be a sensible plan to safeguard that value by switching the linking of the policy from any of the more volatile funds to a "cash" fund, where the value can only appreciate (in view of the interest earned) and there is no scope for depreciation. Admittedly, this "safety first" course may result in the loss of gains which would have been achieved if the original units had been retained. On the other hand, it guards against loss if those original units should drop in value. Much the same argument can be adopted in the case of unit trust holdings. It may be sensible to realize gains a few years before the cash is needed.

One of the drawbacks of traditional profit-sharing life policies is that, normally, they provide a good yield only if held until the predetermined maturity date. Every year a large number of people cash in their policies before that date and often receive poor value.

There are exceptions. The Scottish Provident Institution pioneered the idea of flexible endowment policies, whereby a policy is arranged at the outset for a given term. However, once premiums have been paid regularly for ten years the policy can be surrendered for a sum guaranteed at the outset, plus bonuses. While you pay for that flexibility, in the form of a premium loading, it can prove to be money well spent for anyone who is not certain when cash from such a contract may be needed in the future.

More recently, savings policies have been introduced where premiums are payable only for ten years. Thereafter, effectively, the maturity value of the policy is put "on deposit", earning special bonuses which are tax-free in the policy holder's hands. The Scottish Equitable Life Assurance Society was one of the pioneers in this field. If a policy holder wishes to leave his money invested with the Society after the initial ten-year period, a "cheque book" is issued. As cash is needed a "cheque" is completed and forwarded to the Society. Interest continues to be credited in the case of money remaining invested.

Many people who are self-employed, or who are not eligible for an occupational pension, have arranged personal pension policies, with important tax advantages. There is no need for a pension from these to be taken all at the same time: they can be staggered.

Generally, if stock-markets are buoyant when a pension is needed it may be best to use a unit-linked policy. But if the value of such a policy is high a few years before retirement it may be best to switch the linking of the policy to a cash fund. If, on the other hand, the value of a unit-linked policy looks unattractive, a with-profit policy which is in force could be used since, even if the office declares a terminal bonus, the overall value of the policy will be much more stable and less affected by market influences than a policy linked to funds investing mainly in equities

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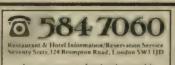


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FOOD

Eating in Covent Garden

by Nicholas de Jongh

Covent Garden has become fashionable, and in a new style. The Piazza. which looks like an American tourist's dream of Victorian London, has not caused the change. It is the arrival of art, fashion and places to eat which has caused the alteration. I have chosen three Covent Garden restaurants which offer sharply different pleasures but similar degrees of satisfaction.

Boulestin in Southampton Street was originally opened more than 50 years ago and in the 1920s the restaurant was chic; but until Maxwell Joseph arrived to spend £200,000 on restoring it to post-Edwardian grandeur it had become rather a backwater, and even now you need to know about its exquisite charms. There are no visual enticements to be seen from outside. But once inside you arrive in what looks like a private Edwardian dining-room. There are crystal chandeliers, amber, cinnamon and dark-salmon ceilings, artfully subdued lights and a valuable collection of animal paintings on the wall. I have been to few restaurants with such a developed sense of atmosphere.

The inventiveness of the hors d'oeuvres is suggested by a Petit pot de mousseline de St Jacques à l'orange (£3.75) which was described to me as a refined sort of fish cocktail in a soufflé. It tasted sumptuous and rare. My companion, believing that a fine restaurant needs also to be judged by its simplest dishes, tried a tomato soup flavoured with pear and was delighted. My main course was a difficult choice. The loinsteak of veal stuffed with fresh crab meat and cooked in a butter, wine and lobster sauce teemed with possibilities and calories at £6.60, so I chose instead Magret de canard cooked in the façon de Tante Simone, which proved to be medium-rare sliced duck in a delicate garlic, shallot, mushroom and olive oil sauce (£7.50). My companion chose a Rouladine de saumon with vinaigre de framboise (£6.25) whose taste was piquant and fine.

We both had a fresh fruit salad which had been cloaked in a very light and soft crème caramel, a wonderful combination. And there are also restaurantmade orange and passion fruit sorbets.

Boulestin is not a low-priced restaurant, but for all that is offered it is not an expensive one either. You can dine out in London at less gloriously accoutred places with far less spectacular menus for £34, with a bottle of Bordeaux the cost of our meal here.

Poon's is Covent Garden's Chinese restaurant and far more agreeable than any in Gerrard Street. West meets east here and not only in a social sense: the attractive, open-bricked walls are decorated with silk-screen portraits of Mick Jagger, and the one Chinese aspect of the huge, simply furnished room, with

its glassed-in cooking area at the centre, is the menu. A manager, recruited from Wilton's, charmingly presides over the proceedings.

I was anxious to try Poon's winddried meat which is a true Cantonese delicacy. I cannot describe the process by which meat is wind-dried, though it is different from smoking, curing or baking. The result is a variety of delicately chopped meat served on lettuce leaves. The meat is like nothing else I know and I could not identify the varieties contained within the mixture. But what a delight. It is best taken as a second hors d'oeuvre, after some tingling hot and sour soup or one with succulent dumplings.

There is no better way of eating a fillet steak than in the Chinese style. My meat was cooked to succulent softness and luxuriated in mouth-watering juices (£4.50). A duck in plum sauce (£4.10) should not be anything sensational for anyone who frequents the more rarefied of restaurants but here once again it is exquisite. There is a wide repertoire of Cantonese alternatives to these dishes, from crab to chicken, and a choice of rices and crispy vegetables. The portions are not over-large, so you do not end the meal feeling glutted.

Only the final offer of some Chinese oranges was a distinct anti-climax. They tasted rather like sweet-sour miniature oranges in sweet glue. A bottle of Sancerre at £11 seemed expensive. But the entire meal, with the wine the only example of high pricing, came to £32.

Covent Garden is not all high prices. however. Porters in Henrietta Street is a huge, pale-green and beige coloured restaurant which aspires to satisfy those with limited resources. The very British menu is not wide-ranging and its most remarkable feature is its superlative puddings: the home-made water ices, (only 65p) of which I tried both the strawberry and blackberry flavours, tasted just like iced fresh fruit and the bread-and-butter pudding is a glory.

The main courses include a repertoire of pies made with very light coverings and including chicken and leek with chopped ham and herbs, lamb and apricot, turkey and chestnut (all at £1.95). The chicken with forcemeat in poacher's sauce, a devilled sauce with marinade from game added to it, gently braised, was fine (£2.25) though my breast of veal seemed rather overwhelmed by its rosemary, thyme and lemon seasoning. With a bottle of house wine the bill for two came to £13.60outstanding value and very pleasant service. Porters is open for lunch and dinner seven days a week

Boulestin, 25 Southampton Street, London WC2 (tel: 01-836 7061). Poon's, 41 King Street, London WC2 (tel: 01-240 1743).

Porters, 17 Henrietta Street, London WC2 (tel: 01-836 6466).





Quaffing, drinking and sipping

by Peta Fordham

To enjoy the wines of Beaujolais to the full you must learn to drink them as they are drunk in the region. There is young wine, there is mature wine. There are also three distinct districts with differing appellations and the inhabitants will tell you "Beaujolais is for quaffing, Beaujolais-Villages is for drinking and the crus are for sipping." All in all this is a pretty fair assessment, though the quality of different years can alter the standard of the "ordinary" Beaujolais considerably, sometimes pushing it into the higher class as has happened this year, for the 1979 is extremely good throughout the whole area and much is as good as average Villages.

Where the new, young wine is concerned, it really is only to be quaffed: it is a trap for the unwary drinker and there are those like myself who simply cannot take it. In short, it is immature wine, delicious and intoxicating, but it is also out of balance and frequently indigestible, though extremely popular with those who can enjoy it in quantity. The region is glad to sell it, leaving its best barrels to mature and saving storage space. There are a number of stories about how it became so popular, but as good a version as any is that during the

German Occupation, when wine was scarce, journalists who had had to trek south from Paris scoured the neighbourhood for anything drinkable and discovered the pleasant young wine.

Particularly relevant to the story of this wine is the nature of the country from which it comes. There are rolling, sun-baked hills, rocks and a poor soil of the type on which the vine thrives best. combining to produce a light, fresh wine which seems to typify the light-hearted, friendly inhabitants of the region-for this is one of the most pleasant places to visit in all France.

I was lucky enough to go back this June with M le Comte de Rambuteau as my guide. As well as making Beaujolais himself in the southern part of the region he is steeped in its history and lore, and he drove me through parts rarely seen by the tourist. We stopped to look in casually at any of the caves we fancied-Beaujolais is a fine place for lucky dips of this sort—and paid more formal visits to well known houses. I can warmly recommend the "ordinary' southern district; it is a most beautiful and little-known area.

The formal visits were made to three big names. Pasquiers-Desvigne have been making wine at St-Lager since 1420 and to taste their 1979 was to confirm old impressions of this firm's knowhow. The Fleurie (very much to English taste as a rule) will clearly be one of the best buys of this good year. Theirs is already delicious, with a lovely Gamay nose, and it has not yet developed its full potential. The Moulin-à-Vent was surprisingly advanced, with nice balance and lasting finish; this is always a wine to mature and age gracefully. The English agents, Rawlings Voigt, must be well pleased, as they will also be with the Chiroubles, a little lighter than it sometimes is but very fruity.

There were other good wines and the ordinary Beaujolais was of unusual standard, but the St-Amour was very difficult to assess. I was relieved to find that the problem was not just with my palate but was shared by the experts with us. There is nothing wrong with the wines from this district but there is something that seems at odds with expectations. Perhaps we are seeing a new development in the region.

Thorin are old friends and they keep up high standards. They take my guide's wine, which is good, straightforward "ordinary" Beaujolais about which he is modest, but Château des Granges can be warmly recommended this year in any case. Again it was the Fleurie, Ch Bachelards which tempted: a "laster", it was entirely "correct" and, once more, to the English palate.

Moulin-à-Vent, Ch de Jacques is an old friend in England and did not let us down; perhaps the star performer of the tasting, it was strong, firm, with a lovely balance; and once again that baffling St-Amour made one speculate.

Beaujolais is, historically, a land of small producers but, regretfully, space does not permit details of some stopovers en route, where some very good wine was tasted most informally. But if, like me, you have increasing doubts about whether big is beautiful, it is consoling to realize that the mammoth négociant business of Georges Duboeuf can gather in the best of everything that he considers good enough. M Duboeuf is an enthusiast who warms to his visitors as soon as they exhibit serious interest and, no formal tasting having been arranged, a formidable array of bottles began to grow before us until I doubted whether palate and nose could take the strain. His main export is to England and the 1979s-Beaujolais-Villages, a supple Chiroubles, a Brouilly to keep and a not-ready Juliénas-were all of top quality, with a wonderful Fleurie (undoubtedly this region's year) and a superb Moulin-à-Vent. We eventually reached a tasting of old wines, interesting but for the dedicated collector rather than the drinker. Beaujolais is not for prolonged laying-down





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Flowers for the fall

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

One of my favourite flowers at this time of year is liriope, pronounced not, as I did when an embryo gardener, to rhyme with hope but with Calliope, one of the Muses. The original Liriope was a Greek woodland nymph and her plant will grow well in light shade although it flowers better in full sun. The tiny violetmauve flowers are carried on crowded spikes 1 foot high rising from straplike. grassy, evergreen foliage. It is a plant with vertical lines, useful for providing contrast with other plant shapes. It cannot compete with brilliantly coloured flowers but is effective near grey stone paving or used as a filler and ground cover at the front of a shrub border or against a wall.

Liriope increases well and is easily divided, so that one plant will soon provide you with a large patch. There are various kinds on the market but the one usually offered for sale is Liriope muscari, named from its vague similarity to muscari, the grape hyacinth. But the shape of the spike is different, since liriope flowers all the way down the stem and is blunt, not pointed at the top. Two taller, improved forms from America are "Majestic", 18 inches, with a darker, more purple flower and "Silvery Sun Proof" with variegated leaves—but this one flowers in spring.

Perhaps the most beautiful herbaceous plant flowering in September is Anemone hupehensis, a tall perennial long known to British gardeners as Anemone japonica. It comes originally from Hupeh province in China but, like so many flowers, had been introduced to Japanese gardens and it was a cultivated form with double mauve flowers, dark pink on the reverse, that was first discovered and described by European botanists. Then in 1844 Robert Fortune, the explorer botanist, found the species growing in the graveyards around Shanghai and soon it was common in European gardens. He thought them "a most appropriate ornament to the last resting places of the dead" and there is something about these graceful plants with pink or white flowers suspended on slender stems 2 or more feet above clumps of vinelike foliage that could make one think of souls rising to heaven. They are as lovely against a background of shade under trees as they are against the sky.

The plants now available to us are the result of crossing the original forms with Anemone vitifolia, a rather delicate white-flowered anemone from Nepal. The choice is wide and there are many named hybrids, pink and white, double and single. Good choices would be the old favourite, "Louise Uhink", large, single, white, and the even larger "White Queen". "Queen Charlotte" is a semidouble pink, "Prince Henry" a darker pink and "September Charm" a com-

pact variety with soft, clear pink flowers. As plants they are wonderfully useful: they need no staking, the foliage is beautiful, they make excellent ground cover as the roots are fibrous and so dense that weeds do not seem to invade them, and they will stand some degree of shade. They thrive in ordinary garden soil but enjoy and repay a dressing of leafmould or peat. Young plants take a little while to get established.

You may prefer autumn flowers that have the bonfire warmth and sunset colours of some members of the daisy tribe in which case there are many varieties of Helenium autumnale. A few of these flower early and are probably hybrids of H.bigelovii. For September flowering the best would be "Moerheim Beauty" a rich, brownish red, "Bruno", crimson mahogany, "Butterpat", yellow, all about 3 feet high, and "Wyndley", only 2 feet with orange flowers flecked with brown. The name helenium comes from the legend that the flowers first sprang from ground watered by the tears of Helen of Troy.

Also among the daisies there are some autumn-flowering rudbeckias including some cheerful Black-eyed Susans, Rudbeckia fulgida "Deamii", 3 feet and R.f.Goldsturm, 2 feet, both with yellow rays spreading from coal black centres, and "Goldquelle", 3 feet, with bright yellow mop heads. Some rudbeckias are best grown as annuals. These are mainly forms of R.hirta, another Black-eyed Susan with gold petals round a dark brown central cone. They include the showy gloriosa daisies, tetraploid selections, many of them bicoloured in yellow with red, orange and dark brown. They might be worth sowing in the spring as they flower from July until the first frosts and seed themselves in good conditions.

An autumn-flowering plant that one might mistakenly despise is Golden Rod or solidago. The common sort is lanky and angular and I have been uprooting it from gardens for years but it has a strong constitution and looks fine when it escapes and naturalizes in waste places, giving us some idea how lovely it must be as a wild plant in North America. It can be a useful background for bunching round more showy flowers in borders or flower arrangements. There are some delicate dwarf species, Solidago virgaurea (brachystachys) and S.caesia, but I prefer the hybrids derived from them, "Lemore", soft primrose, "Golden Mosa", with mimosa-like flowers, and "Golden Shower". The important thing is to grow strong colours and soft colours wide apart and on no account ask the aristocratic tall pink anemones to fraternize with egg-yolk yellows and orange browns.

Because I write about garden plants I am often asked about house plants. All is answered in The House Plant Expert by Dr D. G. Hessayon (pbi Publications, Waltham Cross, Herts, £1.95)



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A temperamental North

South

by Jack Marx

On first acquaintance the player sitting North on the hands to be found below seemed a rather temperamental person. After a time, however, a pattern might be discerned among his peculiarities. His wilder excesses in the bidding were apt to be reserved for those cases where his partner was likely to become declarer. Once the playing phase was in operation, he himself preferred a quieter life where he was either dummy or was not called upon to handle the trickier

	↑ 753	De	ealer South
	♥K8		Game All
	♦K65		
	A 109	86	
*KQJ		♦9642	
V 10976		V 532	
♦ J4		♦932	
*QJ72		♣K43	
18 17	♠A 108		
	♥AQJ4		
	♦ A Q 10	87	
	* 5		
-			

The East-West partnership took no part in the auction:

North 2♣ 4♦ 4NT 5NT 6♦ 1♦ 2♥ 4♠ 5♠ 6♣ No South

In spite of a certain excitability by North, the final contract was in fact quite a good one. South, however, who had long held a jaundiced opinion of North's bidding, took an unduly pessimistic view of his current prospects.

He won West's lead of Spade King with his Ace, drew two rounds of trumps with Ace and King, and reflected that he could only succeed if the defender with the outstanding trump also held four hearts—not a very promising chance. He therefore played off four hearts, pitching two spades from dummy. But East ruffed the fourth and left South with two losing spades and only one trump in dummy to take care of them. In a less depressed mood South would no doubt have detected the winning play: duck the first spade to keep control, draw two rounds of trumps, take three rounds of hearts only while pitching dummy's third and last spade, then ruff his own third spade.

```
Dealer South
      ♣A4
      ♥J1074
                  North-South
                      Game
      ♦A82
      *AJ86
♠KQJ87652
¥953
              ♦Q109765
              *Q10953
      ♠ 109
      VAKQ86
      ♦K43
      *K72
```

Here it was a different South who was the dealer. He opened One Heart, West bid Four Spades, and the same North, admittedly somewhat fixed, cut his corners with a leap to Six Hearts. This South was made of sterner stuff and his performance could not be faulted.

West's lead of Club Four was ducked in dummy and taken by South's King. Noting that West followed to three rounds of hearts, South concluded that West's most probable shape was 8-3-1-1, in any case the only one that afforded him a chance of success. Dummy's Diamond Ace was cashed to deprive West of an exit card and West was then thrown in with Ace and another spade. West had nothing but spades to lead and was compelled to give declarer a ruff-and-sluff, dummy ruffing with its last trump and declarer pitching his second last club. South returned to hand via Diamond King and his last two trumps squeezed East between diamonds and clubs. South's last two cards were a small diamond and a small club, North's were Ace Jack of Clubs. East could not guard both suits.

Dealer West AA ¥A52 Game All ♦J10762 *KJ75 ♣J105 ♥KQJ97 ♥863 ♦Q98 **\$** 5 *A2 ♣Q10863 ♠KQ763 ₩ 104 ♦ AK43 +94

When West as dealer opened One Heart, our North was somewhat frustrated. He felt a strong and natural urge to bid something and he was tempted to use one of his favourite weapons, the "unusual" no-trump to show a two-suiter in the minors. He reluctantly discarded the idea on realizing that he had neither the suit lengths nor the top-card strength to justify a vulnerable overcall of Two No-trumps, a bid which from his viewpoint had the advantage of probably causing partner to become declarer rather than himself. However, to pass with as much as 13 points was not in his nature, so he found himself bidding Two Diamonds. Thereafter his partner would not leave him alone until they had climbed to Five Diamonds.

North won the opening heart lead and happily assumed, the Club Ace being marked with West, that 11 tricks were in the bag and 12 if the trumps split. Up to a point he played the hand with due care. He unblocked his Spade Ace and took only one high trump, leaving the other as entry for an established fifth spade. He pitched two hearts on dummy's top spades and ruffed a fourth spade, West throwing a heart. Entering dummy with a top trump, he played a fifth spade. But West ruffed, led a heart and left North in his own hand to lead away from his broken clubs.

Of course the fifth spade could have waited. It was imperative to lead a club from dummy at that point. North could also have got by if he had preserved the humble Two as his last trump



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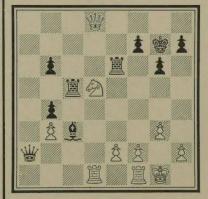
by John Nunn

The list of Western players who have really challenged the East European domination of the chess world in the last 35 years is short, but no one would deny that the Danish grandmaster Bent Larsen should be included. Although he has never done particularly well in the fight for the World Championship, his tournament record is second to none. Larsen's list of first prizes in the period 1964-70 is too long to give here, but his victories in the 1964 Amsterdam Interzonal (shared with Smyslov, Spassky and Tal) and the 1967 Sousse Interzonal deserve special mention.

In the 70s other Western players have emerged and Larsen's performances have not been so outstanding. However in the past year he has once again returned to his fantastic form of the late 60s with first prize at Buenos Aires "Clarin" in 1979, an astonishing 3 points ahead of Spassky and others, and now in 1980 with second prize at the immensely strong Bugojno tournament, just ½ point behind World Champion Karpov. At 45 he has a good few years of first-class chess in front of him.

Larsen's play is distinguished by his powerful will to win. Although his positional play and especially his endgame ability are great assets, he differs from his contemporaries mainly in his willingness to take risks. When he is in good form his judgment of how far to go in his quest for victory is remarkably accurate, but when he is in poor form he does not adopt the safety-first strategy of other grandmasters and frequently oversteps the mark. As a consequence Larsen's results have an alarming upand-down character unique among top players. Here is a typical piece of Larsen brinkmanship.

Jelen Larsen
White Black



In this position from a game at Ljubljana-Portoroz 1977 it is Black to move and his main worry is the threat of N-K7 followed by Q-N8ch.

26 ...QxNP Not 26...QxKP 27 N-B4.

27 N-K7 Q-B5!? 28 Q-N8ch K-B3 29 Q-R8ch K-N4

Not 29...KxN 30 Q-Q8mate but

now further checks would be pointless as the king could go to KR6 safely.

30 Q-KB8!

Thus preparing N-N8 followed by Q-R6ch. Black's position is critical but Larsen continues to pose problems.

30 ...RxP 31 N-N8 P-R4

Larsen recommended 31...K-N5 after the game, but 32 N-R6ch K-R6 33 NxP threatens Q-R6ch followed by N-N5ch and Black is still in trouble.

32 N-R6!

An excellent move, cutting off the king's route to KR6 and threatening 33 P-R4ch K-B3 34 Q-R8ch K-K2 35 Q-Q8ch K-K3 36 Q-Q6mate. Larsen finds the only reply which, by blocking the Q-file, prevents Q-Q8ch in the above line.

32 ...B-Q7!

33 NxPch?

White could have won by 33 P-R4ch K-B3 34 RxB RxR 35 R-K1 with the deadly threat of O-R8mate.

-	only citt out or	A venime
33		K-N
34	RxB	RxR
35	P-B3ch	K-R
26	O Deah!	

The point! If 36...RxQ 37 N-N5 mate while the rook cannot interpose since Black's queen is unguarded.

36 ...Q-N5!

The exclamation mark is for seeing this move well in advance!

37 N-N5ch

3/ IN-INSCH

Forced, since 37 QxR allows mate in three starting with 37...R-N7ch.

37 ...RxN

38 Px

Most players would now be glad to take the draw with 38...R-N7ch and 39...RxPch but Larsen spots a final way to play for a win.

38 ...R-N7ch 39 K-R1 R-OB4!

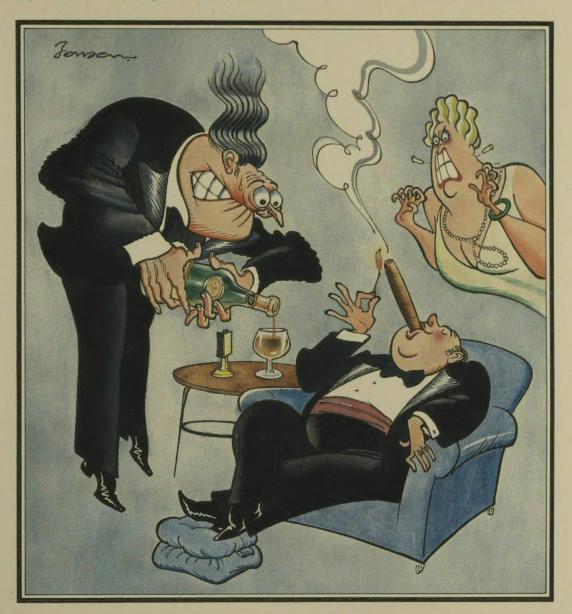
The previous complications had left Jelen short of time and so move 40 had to be made instantly.

40 Q-Q8?

Fortune favours the brave! With 40 Q-Q7 or Q-K6 White could have forced Black to take the draw by perpetual check.

40 ...RxPch 41 K-N1 P-KN4!

One of the most singular positions ever to occur in international chess. Despite White's enormous material plus he cannot defend against the threat of 42...R(4)-B7 followed by 43...R(B7)-N7ch, e.g. 42 Q-KR8 R(4)-B7 43 QxPch KxP or 42 PxP R(4)-B7 43 Q-Q5 R(B7)-N7ch 44 QxR RxQch 45 K-R1 P-N6 46 P-R6 P-N7 47 P-R7 R-R7ch 48 K-N1 KxP 49 R-B3ch KxR 50 KxR P-N8=Q mating. In fact the game was adjourned here and White sealed 42 R-N1, but in view of the forced continuation 42...R(4)-B7 43 Q-Q5 R(B7)-N7ch 44 QxR RxQch 45 K-B1 PxP 46 RxP RxP 47 RxQNP R-QR6 with an easy win, White decided to resign without resuming play

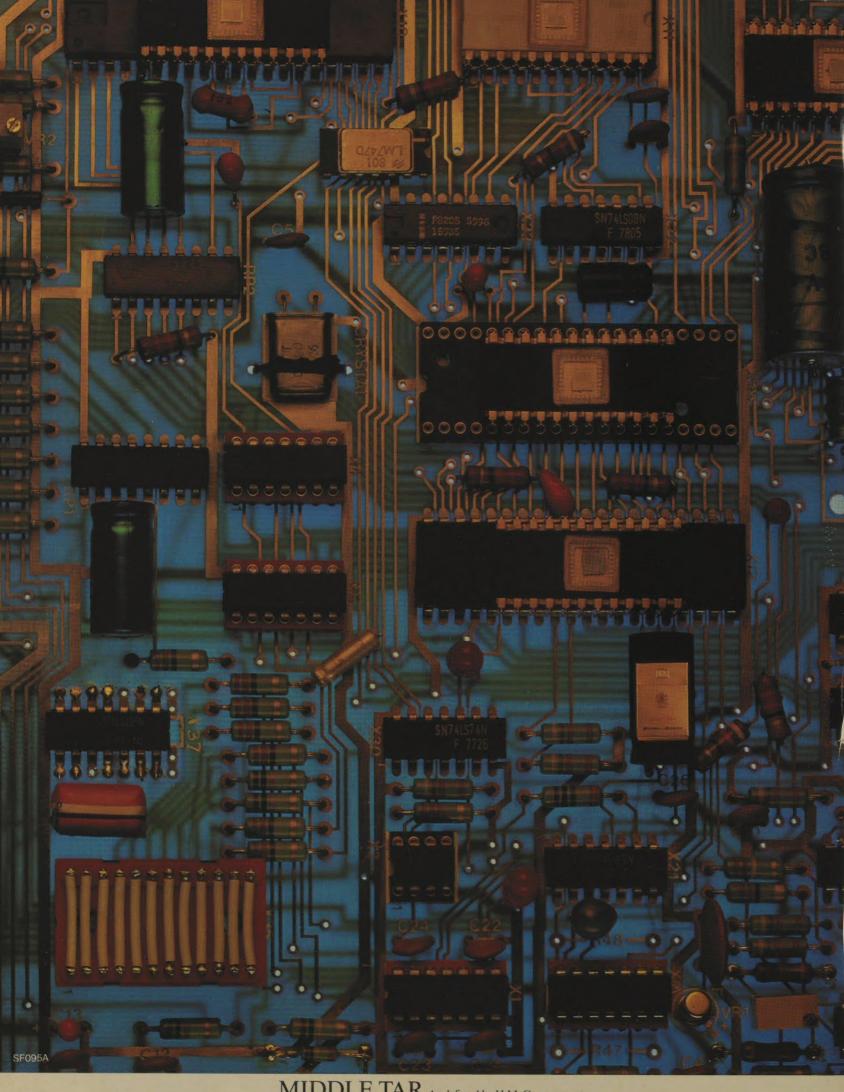


THE GUEST WHO FORGOT TO SAY "WHEN" TO BISQUIT COGNAC.



Bisquit

COGNAC FOR THOSE IN THE KNOW THREE STAR AND V.S.O.P.



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